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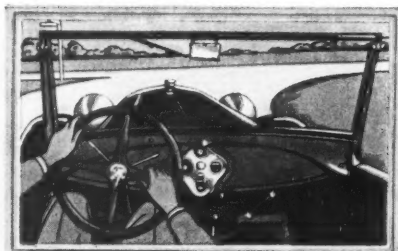
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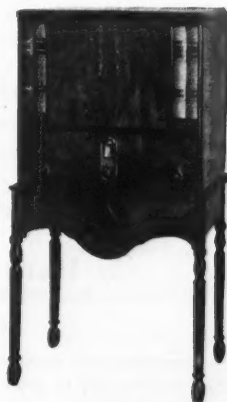
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Hearst's International
Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG,
Editor

By O. O.
McIntyre

My Dog



FOR many years I have had a sneaking suspicion that a number of friends have regarded what they consider a foolish sentimentality of mine with a tinge of disgust. They think I am a nut about dogs.

Indeed, so frail is the odd texture we know as friendship, there are several friends I am certain avoid me because of this devotion. The man who appears to me to have the greatest understanding of the matter is my friend Albert Payson Terhune.

This is neither an explanation nor an *apologia*. I was born with an overwhelming love for all dumb animals—especially dogs. It is as natural as breathing and to see them suffer actually makes me ill.

I live at an expensive hotel solely because of their consideration for dogs. I like France best of all European countries because of the freedom accorded them there.

I prefer to stay at home rather than travel without my dog. He has been to Europe three times, traveled from coast to coast six times, crossed the Gulf of Mexico, journeyed to Bermuda, Florida, Texas and over the border into Mexico.

There are sensible people who own dogs and love them doubtless as much as I. They would not think of sitting all night in a baggage-car as I have done just to keep a dog company. They would not permit a dog to sleep every night on the foot of their bed and, if he seemed restless, get up and take him for a walk.

Just now I happen to own a dog that is stone-deaf which makes the care of him doubly exacting. He can be taken nowhere off a leash and he has the shy aloofness that often comes with deafness. But I have not seen enough money—and I have been through several mints—to buy him.

I know many of the theories about dog lovers. Some sharks at analyzing human emotions say it merely represents an overflow of human kindness, while others just as learned say it is a camouflage for a streak of cruelty often expressing itself in such playful didoes as wife beating.

I am inclined to believe there is a middle ground. I am not overly sympathetic nor have I beaten my wife—yet. I would describe the great love a man frequently has for a dog as “just one of those things.”

Kipling, in excellent panegyric, warns us of giving our hearts to a dog to tear. And I know something about that too, for a beloved dog was sent to an agonizing death under the wheels of

a motor-car obeying a careless order of mine to cross the street.

For three days and nights I walked the streets battling with the greatest anguish I ever had known, trying to get hold of myself. Cynics may indulge a disdainful shrug. Yet the effort of that dying dog to comfort the master who had sent him to death, by licking his hand and trying feebly to wag his tail, will remain so long as memory lasts.

I concede it is far more admirable to bestow such affection on a child, but I have no children and as much as I love them I have so far shrunk from the responsibility of adopting one. Perhaps some day I shall and then maybe I'll realize how mawkish has been my devotion to a dog.

I do not, however, agree with the specious reasoning that the person who becomes the owner of a dog is doing little but storing away an eventual heartache. The heartache is the eventual climax for all affection in this world.

It is the nature of material substance to be transitory. One might as well say it is unwise to love human beings, or humanity, for the same reason. The child loves its mother and the mother her child and when anything happens to either there comes the inevitable anguish.

But the recollection of the happy companionship—the spiritual essence—remains to compensate. My dogs have taught me many things I unfortunately never have been able to learn as well from human beings. I know, for instance, of no loyalty surpassing that of the dog.

There was a day when my world seemed to collapse about me. From the utter depths of poignant despair I saw nothing but the blackness of utter futility. There seemed to me no way out.

As though sensing the acuteness of my misery, I felt a cold dewy nose nuzzling against my hand. I looked down into pleading eyes set in the quizzically cocked head of a faithful dog.

Then he trotted into another room and returned with a rubber ball which he placed at my feet and backed away expectantly as though to say: “Come on, old partner, there is a lot of fun left in this life.” It was the first glimmer of hope I had had in days and affected me profoundly. My courage was buoyed and from that moment I carried on.

And that is only one of the many helpful inspirations that have come to me through my devotion to a dog.

By CHARLES



Summer

S DANA GIBSON



er
Styles

The First
of Some New Humor

by
P.G. Wodehouse

Creator of Archie
and Jeeves



"RIGHT ho," said Algy Crufts. "Then I shall go alone."
"Right ho," said Ambrose Wiffin. "Go alone."
"Right ho," said Algy Crufts. "I will."
"Right ho," said Ambrose Wiffin. "Do."
"Right ho, then," said Algy Crufts.
"Right ho," said Ambrose Wiffin.
"Right ho," said Algy Crufts.

Few things are more painful than an altercation between two boyhood friends. Nevertheless, when these occur, the conscientious historian must of necessity record them.

It is also, no doubt, the duty of the historian to be impartial. In the present instance, however, it would be impossible to avoid bias. To realize that Algy Crufts was perfectly justified in taking an even stronger tone, one has only to learn the facts.

It was the season of the year when there comes upon all right-thinking

young men the urge to buzz off to Monte Carlo, and the scheme had been that he and Ambrose should edge into the ten-o'clock boat-train on the morning of the sixteenth of February. All the arrangements had been made—the tickets (*billets*) bought; the trunks packed; the "One Hundred Systems of Winning at Roulette" studied from end to end. And here was Ambrose, on the afternoon of February the fourteenth, oiling in and saying that he proposed to remain in London for another fortnight.

Algy Crufts eyed him narrowly. Ambrose Wiffin was always a nattily dressed young man, but today there had crept into his outer crust a sort of sinister effulgence which could have but one meaning. It shouted from his white carnation; it shrieked from his lemon-colored spats; and Algy read it in a flash.

"You're messing about after some beastly female," he said.

Ambrose Wiffin reddened and brushed his top-hat the wrong way.

"And I know who it is. It's that Wickham girl."

Ambrose reddened again, and brushed his top-hat once more—this time the right way, restoring the *status quo*.

"Well," he said, "you introduced me to her."

"I know I did. And, if you recollect, I drew you aside immediately afterwards and warned you to watch your step."

"If you have anything to say against Miss Wickham—"

"I haven't anything to say against her. She's one of my best pals. I've known young Bobbie Wickham since she was a kid in arms, and I'm what you might call immune where she's concerned. But you can take it from me that every other fellow who comes in contact with Bobbie finds himself sooner or later up to the Adam's apple in some ghastly mess. She lets them down with a dull, sickening thud. Look at Roland Attwater. He went to stay at her place, and he had a snake with him—"

"Why?"

"I don't know. He happened to have a snake with him, and Bobbie put it in a fellow's bed and let everyone think it was Attwater who had done it. He had to leave by the milk-train at three in the morning."

"Attwater had no business lugging snakes about with him to country houses," said Ambrose primly. "One readily can understand how a high-spirited girl would feel tempted—"

"And then there was Dudley Finch. She asked him down for the night and forgot to tell her mother he was coming, with the result that he was taken for a society burglar and got shot in the leg by the butler as he was leaving to catch the milk-train."

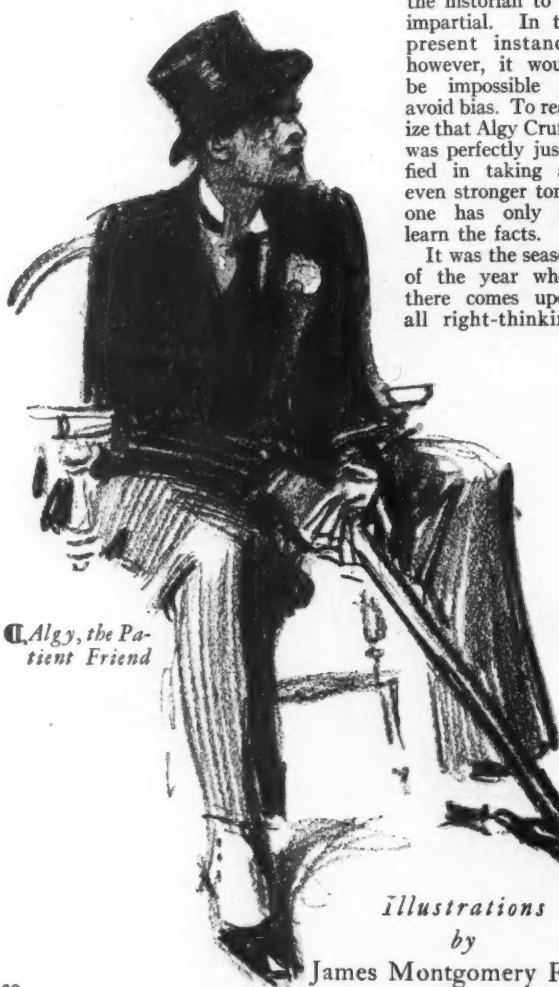
A look such as Sir Galahad might have worn on hearing gossip about Queen Guinevere lent a noble dignity to Ambrose Wiffin's pink young face.

"I don't care," he said stoutly. "She's the sweetest girl on earth and I'm taking her to the Dog Show on Saturday."

"Eh? What about our Monte Carlo binge?"

"That'll have to be postponed. Not for long. She's up in London, staying with an aunt of sorts, for a couple of weeks. I could come after that."

"Do you mean to say you have the immortal crust



Illustrations
by

James Montgomery Flagg

AThe glassy-eyed man closed his eyes, opened them and uttered a hoarse cry. The mouse was still there.



The Passing of Ambrose

to expect me to hang about for two weeks, waiting for you?"

"I don't see why not."

"Well, I'm not going to."

"Right ho. Just as you like."

"Right ho. Then I shall go alone."

"Right ho. Go alone."

"Right ho. I will."

"Right ho. Do."

"Right ho, then."

"Right ho," said Ambrose Wiffin.

"Right ho," said Algy Crufts.

At almost exactly the moment when this very distressing scene was taking place at the Drones' Club in Dover Street, Roberta Wickham, in the drawing-room of her Aunt Marcia's house in Eaton Square, was endeavoring to reason with her mother and finding the going a bit sticky. Lady Wickham was notoriously a difficult person to reason with.

She was a woman who always knew her mind.

"But Mother!"

Lady Wickham advanced her forceful chin another inch. She had rather prominent features and, in addition, an eye like Mars' to threaten and command.

"It's no use arguing, Roberta," said Lady Wickham.

"But Mother! I keep telling you! Jane Falconer has just rung up and wants me to go round and help her choose the cushions for her new flat."

"And I keep telling you that a promise is a promise. You voluntarily offered after breakfast this morning to take your cousin Wilfred and his little friend Esmond Bates to the moving-pictures today, and you cannot disappoint them now."

"But if Jane's left to herself she'll choose the most awful things."

"I cannot help that."

"She's relying on me. She said so. And I swore I'd go."

"I cannot help that."

"I'd forgotten all about Wilfred," said Roberta.

"I cannot help that. You should not have forgotten. You must ring up your friend and tell her that you are unable to see her this afternoon. I think you ought to be glad of the chance of giving pleasure to these two boys. One ought not always to be thinking of oneself. One ought to try to bring a little sunshine into the lives of others. I will go and tell Wilfred you are waiting for him."

Left alone, the girl wandered morosely to the window and stood looking down into the Square. The faint light of the February afternoon gleamed on her striking red hair, but there

was no accompanying gleam in her hazel eyes. Her aspect was that of a girl who is fed to the teeth.

From where she stood, she was able to observe a small boy in an Eton suit sedulously hopping from the pavement to the bottom step of the house and back again. This was Esmond Bates, next door's son and heir, and the effect the sight of him had on Bobbie was to drive her from the window and send her slumping onto the sofa, where for a space she sat gazing before her and disliking life.

It may not seem to everybody the summit of human pleasure to go about London choosing cushions, but Bobbie had set her heart on it, and the iron was entering deeply into her soul when the door opened and the butler appeared.

"Mr. Wiffin," announced the butler. And Ambrose walked in, glowing with that holy, reverential emotion which always surged over him at the sight of Bobbie.

Usually, there was blended with this a certain diffidence, unavoidable in one visiting the shrine of a goddess, but today the girl seemed so unaffectedly glad to see him that diffidence vanished. He was amazed to note how glad she was to see him. She had bounded from the sofa on his entry, and now was looking at him with shining eyes like a shipwrecked mariner who sights a sail. "Oh, Ambrose!" said Bobbie. "I'm so glad you came."

Ambrose thrilled from his quiet but effective sock-clocks to his slicked-back hair. How wise, he felt, he had been to spend that long hour perfecting the minutest details of his toilet. As a glance in the mirror on the landing had just assured him, his hat was right, his coat was right, his trousers were right, his shoes were right, his buttonhole was right and his tie was right. He was one hundred percent, and girls appreciate such things.

"Just thought I'd look in," he said, speaking in the guttural tones which agitated vocal cords always forced upon him when addressing

the queen of her species, "and see if you were doing anything this afternoon. If," he added, "you see what I mean."

"I'm taking my cousin Wilfred and a little friend of his to the movies. Would you like to come?"

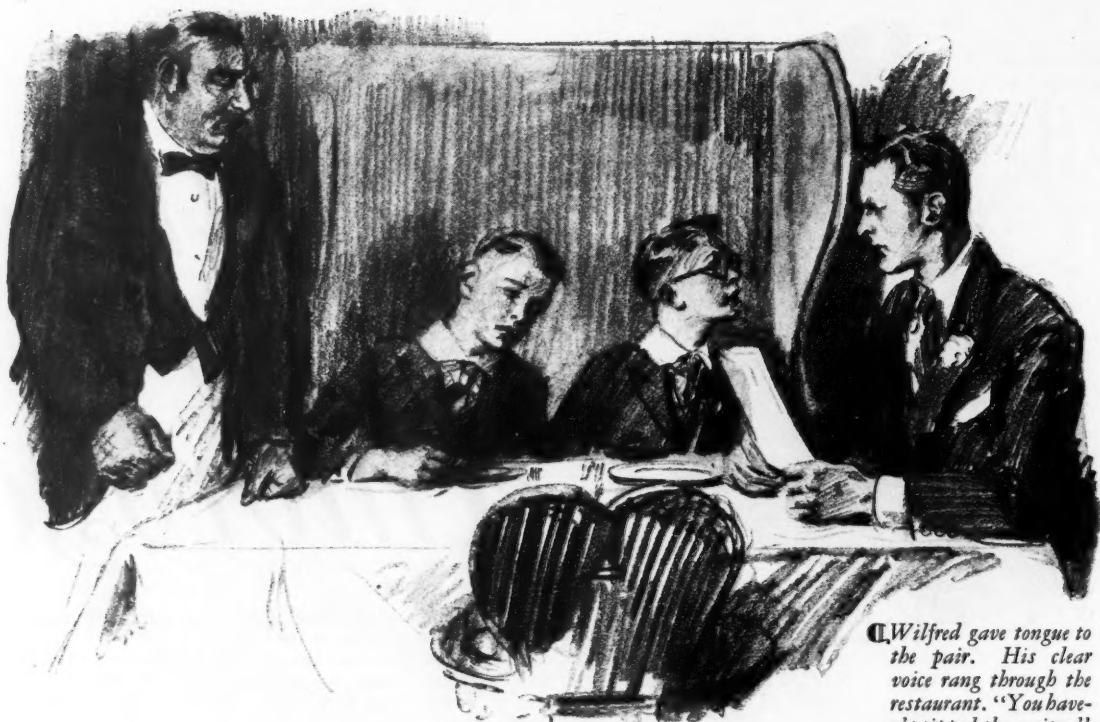
"I say! Thanks awfully! May I?"

"Yes, do."

"I say! Thanks awfully!" He gazed at her with worshipping admiration. "But, I say, how frightfully kind of you to mess up an afternoon taking a couple of kids to the movies. Awfully kind. I mean kind. I mean I call it dashed kind of you."



ARoberta,
the Siren



Wilfred gave tongue to the pair. His clear voice rang through the restaurant. "You haven't tipped the waiter."

"Oh, well!" said Bobbie modestly. "I think I ought to be glad of the chance of giving pleasure to these two boys. One ought not always to be thinking of oneself. One ought to try to bring a little sunshine into the lives of others."

"You're an angel!"

"No, no."

"An absolute angel," insisted Ambrose, quivering fervently. "Doing a thing like this is—well, absolutely angelic. If you follow me. I wish Algy Crufts had been here to see it."

"Why Algy?"

"Because he was saying some very unpleasant things about you this afternoon. Most unpleasant things."

"What did he say?"

"He said—" Ambrose winced. The vile words were choking him. "He said you let people down."

"Did he! Did he, forsooth! I'll have to have a word with young Algernon P. Crufts. He's getting above himself. He seems to forget," said Bobbie, a dreamy look coming into her beautiful eyes, "that we live next to each other 'n the country and that I know which his room is. What Algy wants is a frog in his bed."

"Two frogs," amended Ambrose.

"Two frogs," agreed Bobbie.

The door opened and there appeared on the mat a small boy. He wore an Eton suit, spectacles and, low down over his prominent ears, a bowler hat. Ambrose thought he had seldom seen anything fouler. He would have looked askance at Royalty itself, had Royalty interrupted a tête-à-tête with Miss Wickham.

"I'm ready," said the boy.

"This is Aunt Marcia's son Wilfred," said Bobbie.

"Oh?" said Ambrose coldly.

Like so many young men, Ambrose Wiffin was accustomed to regard small boys with a slightly jaundiced eye. It was his simple creed that they wanted their heads smacked. When not having their heads smacked, they should be out of the picture altogether.

He stared disparagingly at this specimen. A half-formed resolve to love him for Bobbie's sake perished at birth. Only the thought that Bobbie would be of the company enabled him to endure the prospect of being seen in public with this outstanding piece of cheese.

"Let's go," said the boy.

"All right," said Bobbie. "I'm ready."

"We'll find Old Stinker on the steps," the boy assured her, as one promising a deserving person some delightful treat.

Old Stinker, discovered as predicted, seemed to Ambrose just the sort of boy who would be a friend of Bobbie's cousin Wilfred. He was goggle-eyed and freckled and also, as it was speedily to appear, an officious little devil who needed six of the best with a fives-bat.

"The cab's waiting," said Old Stinker.

"How clever of you to have found a cab, Esmond," said Bobbie indulgently.

"I didn't find it. It's his cab. I told it to wait."

A stifled exclamation escaped Ambrose, and he shot a fevered glance at the taxi's clock. The sight of the figures on it caused him a sharp pang. Not six with a fives-bat, he felt. Ten. And of the juiciest.

"Splendid," said Bobbie. "Hop in. Tell him to drive to the Tivoli."

Ambrose suppressed the words he had been about to utter, and, climbing into the cab, settled himself down and devoted his attention to trying to avoid the feet of Bobbie's cousin Wilfred, who sat opposite him. The boy seemed as liberally equipped with these as a centipede, and there was scarcely a moment when his boots were not rubbing the polish off Ambrose's glittering shoes.

It was with something of the emotions of the Ten Thousand Greeks on beholding the sea that at long last he sighted the familiar architecture of the Strand. Soon he would be sitting next to Bobbie 'n a dimly lighted auditorium, and a man with that in prospect could afford to rough it a bit on the journey. He alighted from the cab and plunged into the queue before the box-office.

WEDGED in among the crowd of pleasure-seekers, Ambrose, though physically uncomfortable, felt somehow a sort of spiritual refreshment. There is nothing a young man in love finds more delightful than the doing of some knightly service for the loved one.

And though to describe as a knightly service the act of standing in a queue and buying tickets for a motion-picture entertainment may seem to the more hard-boiled of the reading public straining the facts a little, to one in Ambrose's condition a service is a service. He would have preferred to be called upon to save Bobbie's life; but, this not being at the moment feasible, it was something to be jostling in a queue for her sake.

Nor was the action so free from peril as might appear at first sight. Sheer, black disaster was lying in wait for Ambrose Wiffin.

He had just forced his way to the pay-box and was turning to leave after buying the tickets when the thing happened. From somewhere behind him an arm shot out, there was an instant's sickening suspense, and then the top-hat which he loved nearly as much as life itself was rolling across the lobby with a stout man in the uniform of a Czecho-Slovakian rear-admiral in pursuit.

In the sharp agony of this happening, it had seemed to Ambrose that he had experienced the worst moment of his career. Then he discovered that it was in reality the worst but one. The

sorrow's crown of sorrow was achieved an instant later when the admiral returned, bearing in his hand a battered something which for a space Ambrose was unable to recognize.

The admiral was sympathetic. There was a bluff, sailorly sympathy in his voice as he spoke.

"Here you are, sir," he said. "Here's your rat. A little the worst for wear, this sat is, I'm afraid, sir. A gentleman happened to step on it. You can't step on a rat," he said sententiously, "not without hurting it. That rat is not the rat it was."

Although he spoke in the easy manner of one making genial conversation, his voice had in it a certain purposeful note. He seemed like a rear-admiral who was waiting for something; and Ambrose, as if urged by some hypnotic spell, produced half a crown and pressed it into his hand. Then, placing the remains on his head, he tottered across the lobby to join the girl he loved.

That she could ever, after seeing him in a hat like that, come to love him in return seemed to him at first unbelievable. Then Hope began to steal shyly back. After all, it was in her cause that he had suffered this great blow. She would take that into account.

Furthermore, girls of Roberta Wickham's fine fiber do not love a man entirely for his hat. The trousers count, so do the spats. It was in a spirit almost optimistic that he forced his way through the crowd to the spot where he had left the girl. And as he reached it the squeaky voice of Old Stinker smote his ear. "Golly!" said Old Stinker. "What have you done to your hat?"

Another squeaky voice spoke. Aunt Marcia's son Wilfred was regarding him with the offensive interest of a biologist examining some lower organism under the microscope.

"I say," said Wilfred, "I don't know if you know it, but somebody's been sitting on your hat or something. Did you ever see a hat like that, Stinker?"

"Never in my puff," replied his friend.

Ambrose gritted his teeth. "Never mind my hat! Where's Miss Wickham?"

"Oh, she had to go," said Old Stinker.

It was not for a moment that the hideous meaning of the words really penetrated Ambrose's consciousness. Then his jaw fell and he stared aghast.

"Go? Go where?"

"I don't know where. She went."

"She said she had just remembered an appointment," explained Wilfred. "She said—"

"—that you were to take us in and she would join us later if she could."

"She rather thought she wouldn't

be able to, but she said leave her ticket at the box-office in case."

"She said she knew we would be all right with you," concluded Old Stinker. "Come on, let's beef in or we'll be missing the educational two-reel comic."

Ambrose eyed them wanly. All his instincts urged him to smack these two heads as heads should be smacked, to curse a good deal, to wash his hands of the whole business and stride away. But Love conquers all.

Reason told him that here were two small boys, a good deal ghastlier than any small boys he had yet encountered. In short, mere smack-fodder. But Love, stronger than Reason, whispered that they were a sacred trust. Roberta Wickham expected him to take them to the movies and he must do it.

AND such was his great love that not yet had he begun to feel any resentment at this desertion of hers. No doubt, he told himself, she had had some good reason. In anyone a shade less divine, the act of sneaking off and landing him with these two disease-germs might have seemed culpable; but what he felt at the moment was that the Queen could do no wrong.

"Oh, all right," he said dully. "Push in."

Old Stinker had not yet exhausted the theme of the hat.

"I say," he observed, "that hat looks pretty rummy, you know."

"Absolutely weird," assented Wilfred.

Ambrose regarded them intently for a moment, and his gloved hand twitched a little. But the iron self-control of the Wiffins stood him in good stead.

"Push in," he said in a strained voice. "Push in."

In the last analysis, however many highly salaried stars its cast may contain and however superb and luxurious the settings of its orgy scenes, the success of a super-film's appeal to an audience always must depend on what company each unit of that audience is in when he sees it. Start wrong in the vestibule, and entertainment in the true sense is out of the question.

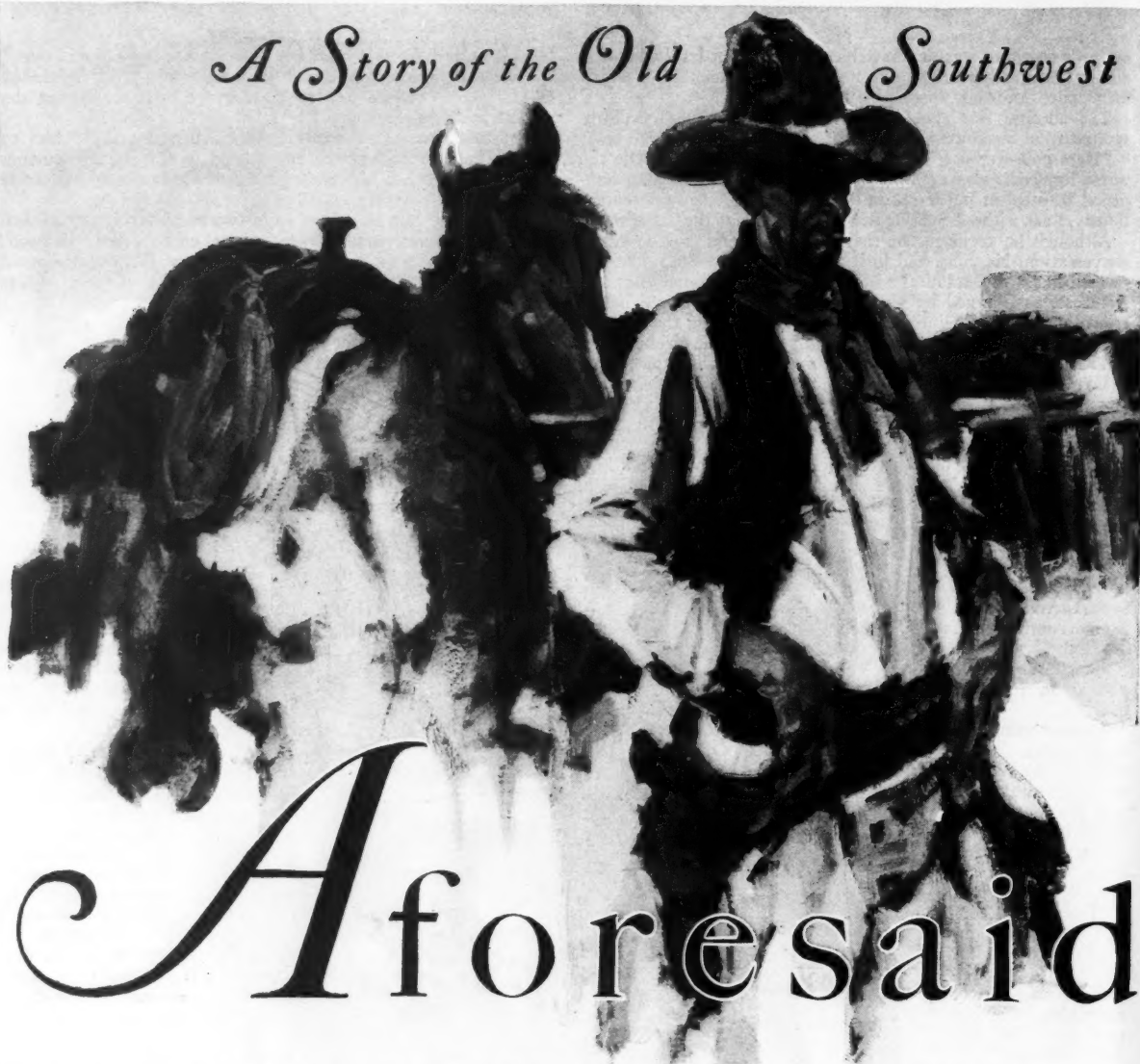
For the picture which the management of the Tivoli was now presenting to its patrons, Hollywood had done all that Art and Money could effect. Based on Wordsworth's well-known poem "We Are Seven," it was entitled "Where Passion Lurks" and offered such notable favorites of the silver screen as Laurette Byng, G. Cecil Terwilliger, Baby Bella, Oscar the Wonder-Poodle and Professor Pond's Educated Sea-Lions. And yet it left Ambrose cold.

If only Bobbie had been at his side, how different it all would have been. As it was, the beauty of the story had no power to soothe (Continued on page 148)



"I say, that hat looks pretty rummy," said Esmond. "Absolutely weird," assented Wilfred. Ambrose gritted his teeth.

A Story of the Old Southwest



"I WOULDN'T mind goin' broke so much," said Dick Mason, "but I sure hate to see the cattle die, and me not able to do the first thing to save them." He dipped a finger in spilled beer and traced circles on the table. In shirt-sleeves for the heat, they sat in the cool dimness of Jake's Place—Mason, Bull Pepper, Blinker Murphy and Big Jake himself.

"Tough luck," said Murphy. "Losin' 'em fast?"

"Not so many, not yet. But the bulk of 'em are dyin' by inches. Dyin' on their feet. Here it's August, no rain, no grass—not a steer in shape to sell—and me with a mortgage comin' due. Feenish. And I've got a wife and kids now. Other times, when I went broke, it didn't make no difference. Tham!"

"No, this one's on me," said Jake. "Four beers, Tham."

"We're none of us cattlemen," said Bull Pepper. "And you know us Tripoli fellows never get along too well with your bunch anyway. All the same, we're sorry to see you boys up against it this way."

Lithpin Tham came with the beer. "I gueth all of you won't go under," he said as he slipped the glasses from tray to table. "They thay Charlie Thee ith fixed tho he won't looth many."

"Not him," said Mason sourly. "Charlie See, he had a leased township under fence to fall back on. Good grass, cured on the stem." The door opened and Aforesaid Bates came in, unseen by Mason. "Him and Aforesaid Bates, they're wise birds, they are!"

"What's all this about Aforesaid Bates?" said Bates, in the doorway. "What's the old man been doin' now?" His voice was acid. They turned startled faces toward him.

"You know well enough," said Mason sullenly. "You run a drift fence across Silver Spring canyon, kept your cattle out on the flat so long as there was a spear of grass, and now you're hoggin' that saved-up pasture for yourself."

"Well, what are you goin' to do about it?" demanded Bates. He pushed back his hat; his grizzled

beard thrust forth in a truculent spike. "Fine specimen, you are—backcappin' your own neighbors to town trash!"

"Except'on!" cried Bull Pepper sharply, rising to his feet. But Bates ignored him and continued his tirade, with eyes for none but Mason.

"Hopper and See and me, we sold out our old stuff last fall. Cut our brands in half, bein' skeery of a drought. And if the rest of you had as much brains as a road lizard, you could have done the same, and not one of you need have lost a cow. But no, you must build up a big brand, you and Hall—hold on to everything. Now the drought hits us, you can't take your medicine."

Mason tried to rise and Bull Pepper pulled him down. "Don't mind him, Dick—he's half shot," said Pepper. Simultaneously, different advice reached Mason's other ear.

"Beat his fool head off, Mason!" said Murphy.

"You lettin' Bates run your business now?" asked Jake.

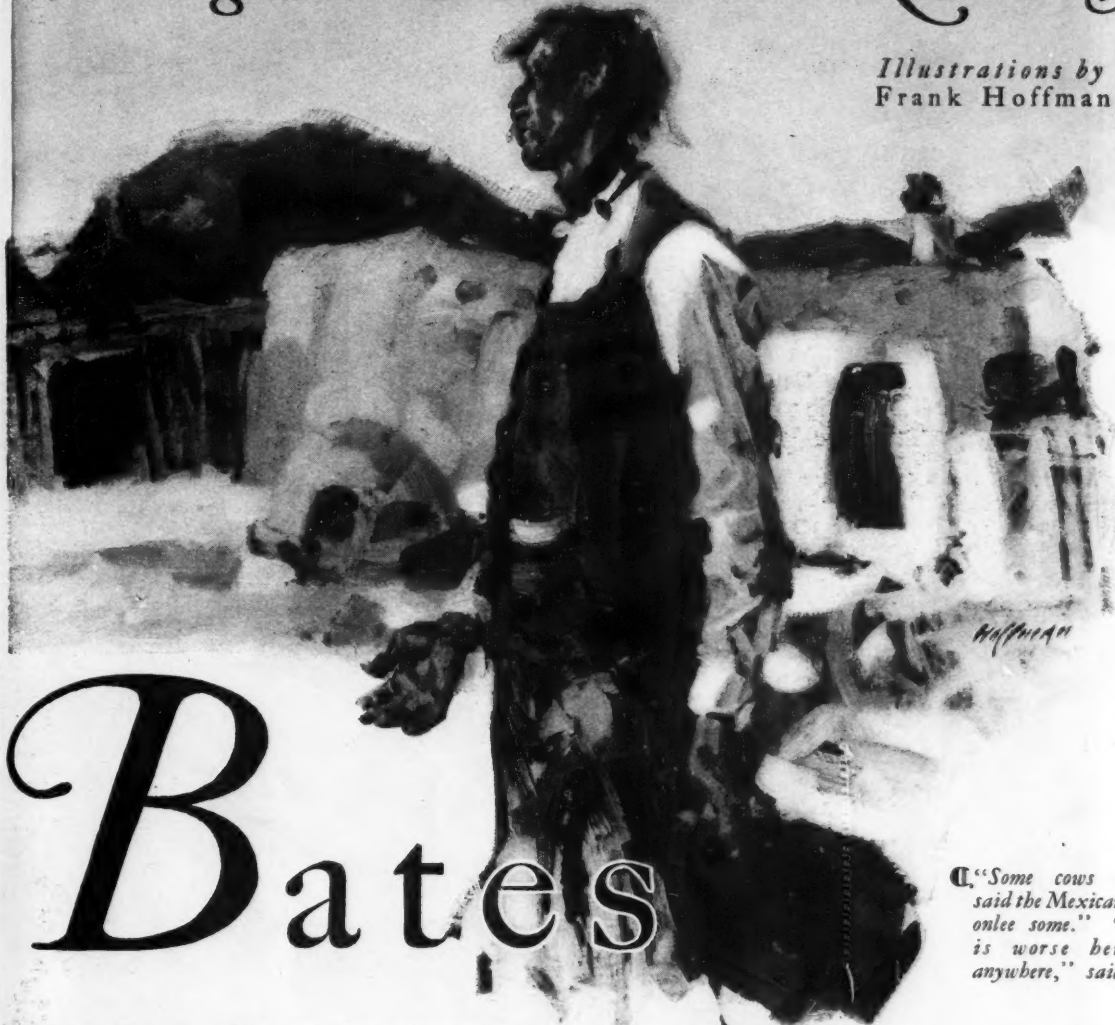
Meanwhile Bates went on. "Both of you got twice as much stock on the range as you got any right to have. Both goin' broke, and serves you right. But instead of blamin' yourselves, as you would if you was half-way decent, you go whimperin' around, blamin' us that cut our stock in two whilst you was a-doublin' yours!"

"You goin' to stand for this?" whispered Murphy.

Concurrently, Andrew Jackson Aforesaid Bates raised his voice to a bellow. "Ever since you got married, you been narratin' around that you wasn't no gunman." He unbuckled his pistol belt and sent his gun sliding along the floor. "Stand up, you skunk, and take it!"

by Eugene Manlove Rhodes

Illustrations by
Frank Hoffman



Bates

*"Some cows is die,"
said the Mexican, "but—
onlee some." "Drought
is worse here than
anywhere," said Hobby.*

Mason sprang up. They met with a thud of heavy blows, give and take. Pepper tried to shove between, expostulating; Murphy and Jake dragged him away.

"Let 'em fight it out!" snarled Jake.

There was no science. Neither man tried to guard, duck, sidestep or avoid a blow in any way. They grunted and puffed, surging this way or that, as one or the other reeled back from a lucky hit. Severe punishment; Mason's nose was spurting blood, and Aforesaid's left eye was closed.

Just as Mason felt a chair at his legs, a short-arm jab clipped his chin; he toppled backward with a crash of splintered chair. He scrambled up and came back with a rush, head down, both arms swinging. A blow caught Bates squarely on the ear; he went down, rolled over, got to his feet undismayed; they stood toe to toe and slugged savagely.

The front door opened, someone shouted, a dozen men rushed into the saloon and bore the combatants apart. Words, questions, answers, defiance—Kendricks and Lisenard dragged Mason through the door, protesting. After some persuasion Mr. Bates was also led away for repairs by Evans and Early, visiting cowmen from Saragossa; and behind them, delighted Tripoli made animated comment, a pleasing tumult which subsided only at a thoughtful suggestion from the House.

"I been expectin' something like this," said Spinal Maginnis, as they lined up to the bar. "Beer for mine, Tham. Them Little World waddies is sure waspy. I'm s'posed to be representin' there for the Diamond A, you know. But they wouldn't let me lift a finger. Said their cattle couldn't stand it to be moved one extra foot, and the Diamond A stuff would have to take their chances with the rest. Reckon they're right, at that.

"Well, it was funny. See and Johnny Hopper and old Aforesaid was walking stiff-legged around Hall and Mason.

Red Murray, he was swelled up at Hopper, 'cause Turnabout Spring was dryin' up on him and he'd bought that from Hopper.

And all hands sore at Bud Faulkner, on account of his bunch of mares, them broomtails wearing out the range worse than three times the same amount of cattle. They was sure due for a bust-up. This little fuss was only the beginning, I reckon. Well, here's how!"

"I hope they do get to fightin' amongst themselves," growled Murphy, putting down his glass. "Mighty uppity, overbearin' bunch. Hope they all go broke. Old man Bates, in particular. He's one a' round thoroughbred this-and-that!"

As Murphy brought out the last crashing word, Bull Pepper, standing next to him, hooked his toe behind Murphy's heel and snapped his left arm smartly so that the edge of his open hand struck fair on Murphy's Adam's apple. Murphy went down, gasping. First he clutched at his throat and then he reached for his gun.

Pepper pounced down, caught a foot by heel and toe and wrenched violently. Murphy flopped on his face with a yell; his gun exploded harmlessly. Pepper bent the captive leg up at right angles for greater purchase and rolled his victim this way and that. Murphy yelled with pain, dropping his gun. Pepper kicked the gun aside and pounced again. Stooping, he grabbed a twisting handful, right and left, from bulging fulness of flannel shirt at Murphy's hips.

The shirt peeled over Murphy's head, pinioning his arms. Pepper twisted the tails together beyond the clawing hands, dragged his victim to the discarded gun, and spoke his mind.

"I don't agree with you," he said. "Bates has never been overly pleasant with me. Barely civil. But I think he's a good



C "We're sorry you boys are up against it this way," said Bull Pepper. "Charlie won't lose

man for all that, and not what you said. Be that as it may, it is not a nice thing to be glad because any kind of a man is losin' his cattle in a drought. No. Anybody got a string?"

Curses and threats came muffled from the bundle.

"Did you hear me?" said Pepper sharply. He swooped down and took up Murphy's gun from the floor. "String is what I want. That silk handkerchief of Tham's will do nicely. Give it to Jake, Tham. You, Jake! You come here! Now, you take two half-hitches around Mr. Murphy's shirt-tails with that handkerchief. Pull 'em tight! Pull 'em tight, I said! Do you maybe want me to bend this gun over your haid? That's better.

"Now, Murphy, get outside and let Tripoli have a look. You and Joe Gandy, you been struttin' around right smart, lately, admirin' yourselves as the local heroes. I don't like it. Peace is

what I want—peace and quiet. What's that? Shoot me? Not with this gun, you won't. This gun is mine." He laid a large hand to Murphy's back and propelled him through the door. "You go on home, now."

As Pepper turned to cross the plaza, Spinal Maginnis fell in step beside him. "Goin' my way, Mr. Pepper?"

The pacifist stopped short. "I am not," he said with decision. "And I don't know which way you're goin', either."

Spinal rubbed his chin, with a meditative eye on the retreating Murphy. "I don't know that I ever saw a man sacked up before," he said slowly. "Is them tactics your own get-up, or just a habit?"

Mr. Murphy's progress was beginning to excite comment. Men appeared in the deserted plaza, with hard unfeeling laughter.



much," said Mason. "Him and Bates, they're wise birds, they are!"

The hostility faded from Mr. Pepper's eyes, to be succeeded by an expression of slow puzzlement. He turned to Maginnis and his tones were friendly. "Overlookin' any ill-considered peevishness of mine, dear sir and mister—you put your little hand in mine and come along with me."

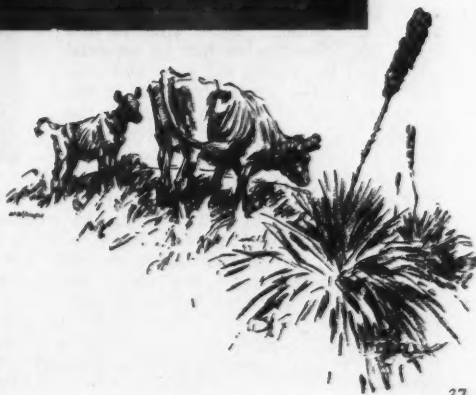
He led the way to a shaded and solitary bench; he lighted a cigaret and surveyed the suddenly populous plaza with a discontented eye.

"Well," said Maginnis at last.

"Not at all," said Pepper. "No, sir. This Dick Mason, he's supposed to have brains, ain't he? And the Aforesaid Andy Jackson Bates, he has the name of bein' an experienced person? Wise old birds, both of 'em?"

"I've heard rumors to that effect," admitted Maginnis.

"Well, they don't act like it," said Pepper. "Tripoli and the cow-men, they've been all crosswise since Heck was a pup. But Mason, he opens up and lays it all before us. Lookin' for sympathy? I don't (Continued on page 151)





WO

By *Benito* MUSSOLINI

She is A Thing Apart

THERE are realms of human activity where neither man-made laws nor rule can intrude. Man-made laws are intended for the stability and security of the state, for the welfare and happiness of its citizens, but there is a vast sphere of human activity and relationships which belongs to the individual.

There the individual rules in his own circumscribed self, with his own peculiar problems—literally his own business—locked up with him in his privacy where the law of the land affects him only indirectly, where custom and instinct prevail more than law and prepare the bases for the written law by an unwritten code of morals.

Men are engaged and sometimes engrossed in their own tasks, perhaps the task of making a living by working hard, perhaps an attempt to achieve some far-off goal. Each strives to do something—either by force or choice, depending on circumstances and the horizon. And while each goes in his own way, each day working out his problem, I have thought of the unity in the common struggle, one seemingly universal motive which spurs men on, perhaps to realize happiness, perhaps to achieve happiness for the community and the nation.

And while this zeal for achievement, common to all, may dominate a man's course of action and furnish the incentives for his whole effort, he, through the passing years, is destined to meet accompanying problems which cause him additional thought and ado. Career may be his master thread of life, but there will be other and minor threads helping to make it more complete and consonant with living.

On the threshold of life he is submitted and submits to the influence of the soul which gave him birth, the first woman in his life, his mother. At her knee, he first learns life. She teaches him its essential power and the reason for good and evil. She thus creates him twice—first, in the living attributes of the flesh; second, in the shaping and molding of his character, which is the essence of education.

Thus formed, he prepares to do battle with the world. He proceeds to order his life. He cannot forego some little learning, at least. He must have contact with his fellows, for he is endowed to a major degree with the desire to mingle with his kind. He will play and be amused. He will fall in love. He may get married and have a family. He may fall in love again.

Many things will come across his path as he plods on with his own little aim in life. The country he will serve and the religion he will worship are perhaps the only two major things he is not, at first, forced to settle for himself.

And one of his own intricate and constantly recurring problems will be the attitude he will adopt towards woman. It will not necessarily mean the attitude he will adopt regarding women as a class, but the attitude he will adopt towards the various women who are alluring enough to interest him—some of them by their charms calling him aside from his pursuits, others spurring him on with more power and a strengthened will to achieve his aims.

It begins, indeed, before he has launched himself properly on his career, while he is yet in the training stage when he is impressionable and when the woman is liable to have an overpowering influence over him. He will be prone to think of nothing else and will neglect his studies and lose many nights' sleep thinking of her, for it is his first touch of love and it overwhelms him. And then he may tire of one and then the other, and will gain little by little a certain skill in discerning women. Afterwards he will fall in love with greater discretion, for he will find that a certain amount of annoyance is attendant on getting out of love and so he chooses with a constantly accumulated sagacity.

And as the years go on the love clashes grow less and less and he becomes more constant to the woman he deems worthy of his earnest devotion. He also feels with ever-increasing impulsion, the dominating call of his career. Love becomes no more a reckless adventure but a subconscious attribute beneath the fabric of life, and a secondary thing.

Reaching forty, he will be at the climax of his feminine devotions, and already may have settled his course through life. Beyond forty, he generally will have resolved his loves and will be ready to devote himself even more assiduously to his work. Women may interest him but he should now be sober, serious about his career and bent on the achievement of his life's aims. The ten years of the forties should be the period of his most strenuous and determined struggle to arrive at his goal before it is too late.

But in a mad uncontrollable passion for the love of a woman, a king may sacrifice his throne, a prince his hereditary rights; one man may kill another or send an army into battle. And the world loves a love clash even if it is mingled with tragedy. Love tragedy multiplies on love tragedy, suicides and homicides, in the daily routine of a nation's life, as we read it chronicled for us in the pages of the newspapers.

The world observes these love clashes with eager and avid interest, devouring the devices and (Continued on page 146)



MAN



By Lord *BIRKENHEAD*

Her Place Is In the Home

IT IS unfortunate that many fundamental problems of life cannot be solved with a definite *yea* or *nay*. Such, for example, is the question, "Ought women to take part equally with men in the economic and political life of the present day?" In my view, it is impossible adequately to answer this by either a simple affirmative or a simple negative.

On the one hand, the most ardent feminist will hardly assert that it is a good thing for husband and wife to compete for the same post, for the wife to get it and for the husband to live at home in unemployment. But on the other hand, no one, however opposed on principle, would refuse women the right to work in certain exceptional circumstances.

Suppose a father dies and leaves grown-up daughters without means. Clearly it is their right and their duty to endeavor to wring from this competitive world means sufficient to support themselves.

About this there can be no argument. But it does not affect the real point at issue.

I never have had any sympathy with the widely urged claim that men and women are equal and that, as a consequence, equal rights, equal opportunities and equal treatment should be accorded to them in every case. Enough crimes already have been committed in the name of equality without an additional fabric of false judgment being built upon it. For in what sense can men and women be considered "equal"?

Is it suggested that their physical strength is equal? Absurd. Yet there may be some occupations in which women engage which make them physically stronger than men engaged in certain other professions. But, leaving such comparisons aside, it is a matter of universal knowledge that women are, in the main, neither so robust nor so powerful as the other sex. Indeed, it has been suggested that excessive muscular strength in a woman is likely to be a source of eventual illness rather than of health to her.

Any fanatical feminists who go so far as to hold that there is no reason why women should not compete equally with men in work necessitating considerable muscular strength should ponder the revelations of some twenty years ago concerning a branch of the chain-making industry in England. It was discovered that

in a remote branch of this industry women still were employed to forge chains. I do not remember that a single feminist in England came forward to assert the right of these women to ply this trade.

Rather did they—properly, in my view—take the line that the employment of women in such tasks was an exploitation of their sex.

The contention also that men and women are intellectually equal carries no conviction to me. The words have no meaning. I have yet to meet two men who could be considered intellectually "equal."

I have yet to meet two women who could be considered intellectually "equal."

What does "equality" mean, used in this sense?

To me the whole conception of intellectual equality is absurd, and so is any argument based on it. Those who make the claim mean, I presume, that given equal intellectual power—in itself, I repeat, an absurdity—any man and any woman will apply the same powers of reasoning to any given subject.

I submit that, by general experience, this is false. Nor do I intend to depreciate woman's mental equipment. As physically, so mentally, men and women are equipped differently. To man has been given the power of hard reasoning, the calculated imagination, the determination to get things done; to woman receptiveness to impressions, intuition, delicacy of intellectual resource.

Nature has not created man and woman equal. Rather has she made them mentally and physically complementary.

I shall be told that it is useless to draw deductions from this view in the face of modern circumstances. I shall be told that, equal or opposite, woman has taken her

place in the work of the world in competition with man, and that she is maintaining the entry she has made.

I do not for one instant accept this. From what I have seen of the problem in practise, the successes gained by women have by no means been commensurate with the efforts expended by them. And in many directions I detect actual defeat.

In England during the war, when millions of men were drawn away from industry for military purposes, (Continued on page 144)



The world lay spread below Cass Condon's windows. Daily he was hypnotized by the shifting beauty of what lay there.



Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

THOUGH he breakfasted each morning at eight-thirty, Cass Condon always breakfasted in twilight. Eighteen thousand a year, though a goodly rental, does not insure perfection in a New York apartment. When the Condons had taken the place, nine years ago, even the dining-room had been bright. Flooded—as the agent had daringly put it—with sunshine. How could they have known, even in this maniacal city, that the substantial twelve-story building on the south was almost immediately to be tumbled down and whisked away like a child's house of blocks, and a twenty-story apartment-house shot up in its place, plunging the Condon dining-room into gloom?

For that matter, Hilda Condon argued, suppose you did move to one of those bungalow roof apartments among the clouds! You might very well wake up some morning to find that a modern Aladdin had caused newer and higher bungalow roofs to spring up about you overnight, hemming you in so that you on your roof were really living at the bottom of a well.

Then, too, moving was such a hideous process. All of Cass' books; new carpets (they never could be made to fit); and running around Madison Avenue matching things and rowing with decorators. Besides, this was as nearly perfect as most apartments of its class. It was something of a landmark (ten years old); the rooms were large and lofty, on the fourteenth floor, at Park Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street.

Though the dining-room was dim, all the others were bright enough—except, of course, the kitchen and the maids' quarters. The drawing-room, a gracious thirty-five-foot expanse, boasted six windows commanding an uninterrupted view of the windows of the apartment-house on the opposite corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street.

Hilda Condon had solved the problem of the dim dining-room by causing gold gauze curtains to be hung at the windows. They gave the effect of synthetic sunlight as Cass drank his morning orange juice.

That orange juice never had so much as a seedling afloat on its surface. Certainly Hilda Condon could pride herself on the gift of making a man comfortable. A perfectly managed household. Fresh bed linen daily. Cass' soap dish never was gelatinous. Hilda never said who was that on the phone, dear. There was his room; there was her room; a dressing-room between.

Hilda had done his room as carefully as hers. Very male it was, with dark solid furniture vaguely Italian, many books and a jumble of Wall Street and highbrow magazines, on the wall a

9 to

Van Gogh nude posterior view of a stout sturdy woman, slightly knock-kneed. Cass had bought that. Hilda thought it hideous.

In the perfumed and orderly dressing-room were shelved closets holding piles of great soft bath towels, embroidered hand towels, gay wash-cloths, and rosy stacks of Hilda's exquisite undergarments over which women in the provinces of France had bent their gaze to pick out gossamer threads in order to put in their place other gossamer threads in a pattern of embroidery and hemstitching.

Then Hilda's room, with its chaise longue, its silk-petticoated dressing-table, the scent of expensive perfume, and a battalion of jars and flasks flashing orange and amber and jade in the rosy lamplight.

When the curtains of the apartment were all drawn (you pulled a slender cord and they advanced on each other, marching two by two, like figures in a quadrille) the place shut you in with its warmth, its secrecy, its intimacy.

Cass was a Wall Street broker by trade and terribly rich in a quiet way. Cass Condon and old Cass before him had always had so much money that they had learned the discomfort and futility of spending a lot in the hope of making oneself completely comfortable. They had one motor-car, Hilda's, and Cass practically never rode in that. Hilda never could understand his horror of owning Things—country houses, motors, opera boxes—fat plush Things.

He fraternized with men who owned these Things in numbers. It irked Hilda terribly that he, too, would not summon the rich beautiful objects at his command. He actually preferred to ride in taxis, for example. She had been Hilda Whozis of the Long Island Whozises. They had been married thirteen years . . . Can't I drop you somewhere, dear, on my way over west? . . . I'm putting you next to that pretty Passavant girl at dinner, and I guess that makes me a pearl among wives . . . Why don't you snatch forty winks before time to dress? . . . She knew the colors he preferred; the foods that agreed with him; his taste in clothes, women, music, books. In their talks she often could have told you what he was going to say before he said it.

She knew nothing about him.

"Me, I'm married," she sometimes admitted, gaily, to her intimates, "to that gent you read about—the Tired Business Man. Of course I know it's horrible Down There. From nine to five he's under terrific strain. So I try to see to it that he's relaxed and amused and stimulated after hours. If it weren't for me he'd grub like a mole between this house and his office. If I didn't make him see and do beautiful things once in a while—Why, poor darling, I've actually known him to fall asleep at the opera, like the fellow in the funny papers. One night—I remember it was the Russian Ballet—Prince Igor—you know, all that gorgeous color and movement—I nudged him, and he opened his eyes and looked sort of glassily at the stage a moment and said, very solemnly, 'Pooh!' and shut them again. When we got home I asked him what he had meant, but he only answered, 'If I said pooh I must have meant pooh.'"

THEY were always the same, the routine rites performed by Cass preliminary to issuing forth at nine. A shower, hot and cold; an abstemious breakfast, with a lightning first-page glance; a look in to see if Hilda was awake amidst her pillows and her ostrich and her pink. Hilda was one of those women who appear very well in bed, though perhaps a shade ochreous at nine A.M.

" . . . really wish you'd speak to Otto, because yesterday the

5

By EDNA FERBER



"Like this tie, Miss Rosen?"
"You look better in more mas-
terful colors, Mr. Condon."

car looked filthy . . . seven sharp because we're dining early with the Gebhardts before the theater . . . your coat, even if the sun is shining, because Nettie says it's quite nippy . . . remember to see about the tickets, for the nineteenth . . . cut yourself . . . why a man with millions chooses to shave himself! . . ."

He kissed her.

Cass Condon always walked from his apartment at Fifty-fourth down Park Avenue to Thirty-fourth. One New York mile. On the way he saw other men like himself walking a self-conscious mile toward Wall Street, clothed in expensive well-tailored garments, treading the pavement in hand-made shoes, their gait, oh, so springy. At Thirty-fourth he hailed a taxi.

SOMETIMES, on a brilliant spring day, if he happened to be a bit early, he would alight a block or two short of his office-building and walk the rest of the way for the sheer exhilaration the sight afforded him.

He thought—not very originally—that the street was like a chasm in a mountain range, the Woolworth Tower one of its loftiest

peaks. Those white shafts were so dazzling against the crashing blue of the sky. He wondered if, some day, those shafts would seem huts compared to others that would soar in their place. Or would the whole Island, perhaps, yielding to the pressure put upon its

base, crumple under the weight of the latest gigantic monolith, and tipping inch by inch, slip slowly into the Bay of New York?

He saw the frantic crowds rolling pell-mell down the narrow streets, over and over, clutching futilely at the spire of Trinity, grabbing at the tip of the Singer Building, clinging to a fiftieth-floor parapet as they whirled and bounded by, only to end inevitably as wriggling specks in the sunken island of debris made up of granite and brick and steel and men and women, the top-most stone of the highest sky-scraper and the nethermost slab of the oldest gravestone in Trinity churchyard all mingling and blending in affable accord at last. Time and progress in the discard where they belonged.

. . . tickets for the nineteenth . . . speak to Otto . . . seven sharp . . .

Half past nine. It was the malest street in the world. They poured into it—into this region known as Wall Street—from the "L" trains, and the subways, from ferries and surface lines and taxis—men and men and men, all curiously young and all curiously alike in some indefinable way.

The Street had a vitality so terrific that it struck you with the impact of a blow. No other street in the world was so alive, so overwhelming. There were women here, too, but they were in the minority. Cass liked to see them coming briskly to work, so fantastically out of place in this mad world of finance.

They appeared very businesslike and efficient and absurd in their smart slim dresses and their good silk stockings and their little high-heeled shoes. Sometimes you saw one of them looking down at the pavement as she went, her head cocked a little to one side, like a bird; or you saw her looking up at the sky and bumping into other pedestrians, and as she walked thus her lips were wreathed in loveliness, and she smiled a little secret smile.

The *whish-whoosh* of the revolving doors that led into his granite mountain was as steady and relentless as the surge of the sea against a cliff.

He stepped into one of the thirty bronze elevators. Cass' father, old Cass, in his day had been able to exchange a morning greeting with the grizzled veteran who manned the convulsive lift in the old building that had then housed the solid firm of Minch & Condon: Good morning, Pete! Good morning, Mr. Condon, good morning! And how are you this fine April day? None of that between Cass and this tight white gimlet-eyed young Icarus who slammed the great bronze



Cass liked to see women coming briskly to work. They appeared very businesslike and efficient and absurd in their smart slim dresses.



Cass Condon saw other men like himself, walking a self-conscious mile toward Wall Street.

gates in an Olympian clangor of great bronze gates being slammed all about him. That sort of pleasantries had no place in this grimmer, sterner day. Millionaire brokers

were no treat to the employee of a building that housed a hundred of them.

"Three out!" called a passenger. Cass never failed to find this amusing. Three out meant that someone wished to stop at the thirtieth floor.

"Four out!" The lift swooped to the fortieth.

Cass' office was not so high, but high enough. Through the outer office where clerks already were tick-tacking with chalk on blackboards; down the corridor; into his own office. It was not the room itself, though that was well enough. Fawn-color, beige and blue. A vast walnut desk over which time and an artist in the cabinetmaker's ancient craft had spread the deep delectable patina of hot maple fudge. But it was past all this that the eye leaped to the windows.

The world lay spread below Cass Condon's office windows. They were huge windows, high, wide and thick to withstand the western gales. Cass Condon actually spent half his day looking out of his office windows. He himself did not realize this. He was like one hypnotized by the shifting beauty of what lay there. He probably would have denied that he drifted to those windows twenty times a day and stood there ten minutes at a time. But it was true.

There he stood, Cass Condon, stock-broker, in his stock-broking office a quarter of a mile up in the air; and all about him was high piercing beauty like the music Kreisler makes on his violin. A fifty-story

building pointed toward the sky like a white finger taunting God. Looking down, you saw the scarlet and black and orange funnels of mammoth ocean liners resting in their slips, and they were toys that little boys pull by a string in the park pond. The dockyards were etchings of black and gray and smoky white. To the south, toward Rector Street, lived the Armenian and Syrian families huddled in the decayed splendor of the old mansions where once had dwelt the prosperous Dutch and English of another day—shipping men, merchants, solid families. Now Central and Eastern Europe hung its exhilarating washing on lines between the area ways, where it whirled and flaunted a frieze of blue and orange and scarlet and purple and pink against the dingy courtyards below. Beyond this lay Battery Park, sunning itself. From that the eye traveled the breadth of the North River with what not of craft darting like gaddies on its surface.

Cass had stood at his window above the river while a President had gone majestically by on his way to Europe a hero, and had returned a broken old man. Troop-ships had gone by, and ships bearing queens and generals and aviators; bands playing, flags flying, hats in the air. Beyond this lay the Bay of New York, Ellis Island, the Kill Van Kull, the open ocean. And just there, on the opposite shore of the river, Jersey,

and back, back to where the blue-gray outlines of the Orange hills were dimly sketched against the sky.

A sight, surely, to have blanched the visage of one of the sturdy red-faced Dutch settlers of three hundred years ago; a sight shocking in its force and vigor and exhilaration.

There it lay for Cass Condon to see. It moved and changed and shifted daily, hourly, momentarily. It was thus at ten, and thus-and-so at noonday and quite another thing in color and form in the early winter twilight.

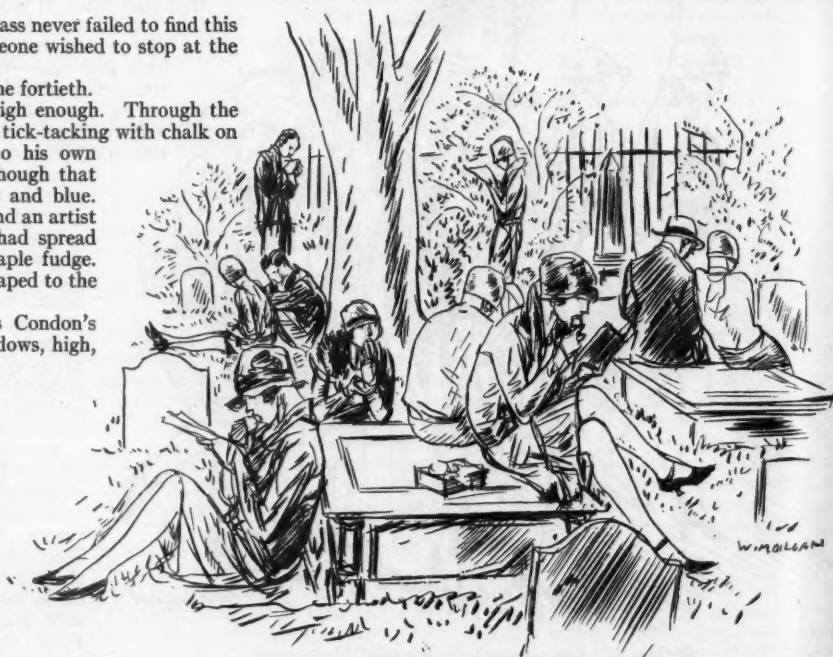
Prince Igor indeed!

Miss Rosen. Miss Rosen knocked and entered. She bore his mail, all neatly documented, and the papers over which his expert eye would travel, digesting the cryptic figures at a glance. Anacosta, Mont., said the letters; Del Monte, Cal.; New Orleans, Denver, Waco, Yazoo City, Little Rock, Chattanooga, San Francisco, Macon.

"Hello, Miss Rosen! Good morning." He turned from the window. "Anything to get excited about?"

"Good morning. Um—no. The usual stuff."

Miss Rosen was a tall, well-built big girl with abundant reddish hair, long, and parted in the middle. In coloring and conformation she was like the women you see in the old Italian paintings,



Cass Condon saw other men like himself, walking a self-conscious mile toward Wall Street.

During luncheon hour little stenographers perched on the flat slabs in Trinity churchyard and munched apples and read.

and had an effect very restful amidst the beige and blue and fawn of Cass' office. Her clothes were in excellent taste, smart, becoming, expensive. She was efficient, but feminine. Miss Rosen never had married. She got (and earned) ten thousand a year which an occasional lucky flier swelled to fifteen.

She could, if necessary, have run the firm of Minch & Condon single-handed. She had worked downtown since she was sixteen. There was nothing she did not know about Cass Condon's business. No letter reached him that she had not first scanned. No letter reached him that was not worth his scanning. His telephone calls passed first through her. She separated the gold from the dross, the goats from the lambs; she was the alimentary tract which predigested Cass Condon's tasks for him.

The men she met in the course of her business day in Wall Street had spoiled her taste for the kind of men she might meet in her ordinary social contacts. Her family said she was stuck up, and so she was. Miss Rosen's family squatted on her broad shoulders; sat hunched there; possessed her, fed on her. It was her unrealized dream to live in a two-room apartment in the East Fifties, alone. Sometimes she went to the theater, to a concert. Her escape came when she left the house at quarter past eight in the morning.

The relation between Cass and Miss Rosen was friendly, cozy, intimate and innocent. Miss Rosen was not in the least in love with him, nor he with her. Miss Rosen understood him better than his wife. She knew more about him than did any human being in the world. She liked him. She reminded him of wedding anniversaries, birthdays, insurance premiums, taxes, tailor's appointments. Her taste was exquisite and unerring. She could select an emerald or a box of candy.

"Do you like this tie, Miss Rosen?"

She would turn upon it the appraising gaze of her warm brown eyes with the little gold flecks in them.

"Not much. I think it's a little sissy—all that blue. Mrs. Condon selected it, didn't she?"

"How did you know?"

"Well, women think men's ties should match their eyes. You look better in more masterful colors."

Hilda disliked her. They were very polite to each other.

By this time Cass knew the trend of the day's market, had digested his mail, had read the trade sheets, had manipulated his own business through such speedy media as the cable, telegraph, telephone and Miss Rosen. Through and above and about all this, like a motif in a symphony, he swung back to the window and he wandered over to the ticker. He never tired of the Esperanto of the ticker tape as it spewed up its story, chattering chattering fortune or disaster.

UNC 50 $\frac{3}{8}$ STU 62 $\frac{3}{4}$ WEP. VIR VKK GHR 27 EPU
2.41 $\frac{7}{8}$ TX 10.52 $\frac{1}{2}$ WA

It reminded him vaguely of something. Of the talk at one of Hilda's dinners: Seven sharp because we're something or other early with the Gebhardts . . . third hand high . . . they say she won't give him a divorce and can you blame her after all . . . I go down there for the sunshine. I don't care for all that gambling and society God knows I get enough of that right here but you take the Bath and Tennis Club beach for example at noon why there's nothing on the Riviera can touch it . . . little Paris model but modified of course they can't put in a tailored sleeve decently but when it comes to evening clothes you have to hand it . . . did you hear the one about the drunk in the subway it seems he . . .

A directors' meeting at eleven.

That long bare mahogany table; those long bare mahogany

faces, burned red-brown from golf at Aiken, at Palm Beach, and Pinehurst.

They were not solemn as their fathers had been before them, gathered at similar mahogany oblongs under like circumstances. They did not smoke fat black cigars. Their stomachs were concave, their faces rather expressionless. Like the men in the street below they all strangely resembled one another. It was not an actual similarity of features. It was as though, after being finished, each had been coated with a glaze of varnish out of the same pot.

There were nine of them at this meeting. Their attitude toward each other was affable, easy, slightly humorous. An outsider would have been puzzled to know why these men hour of the morning. They races at Belmont, of transpective merits of this car quietly, and laughed a little, they turned to the actual



"This is Mr. Cass Condon, and you better be nice to him," said Heaven-rich. "Nice! I'm thrilled! I'm really scared to death!" cried Emmy.

business in hand they disposed of it quickly and tersely, tossing millions lightly into the air. Cigarets at fifteen cents a pack came out of gold and platinum cases from Cartier's. Capital stock seventy million. Surplus million million. Resources billion billion billion. They talked smoothly and composedly.

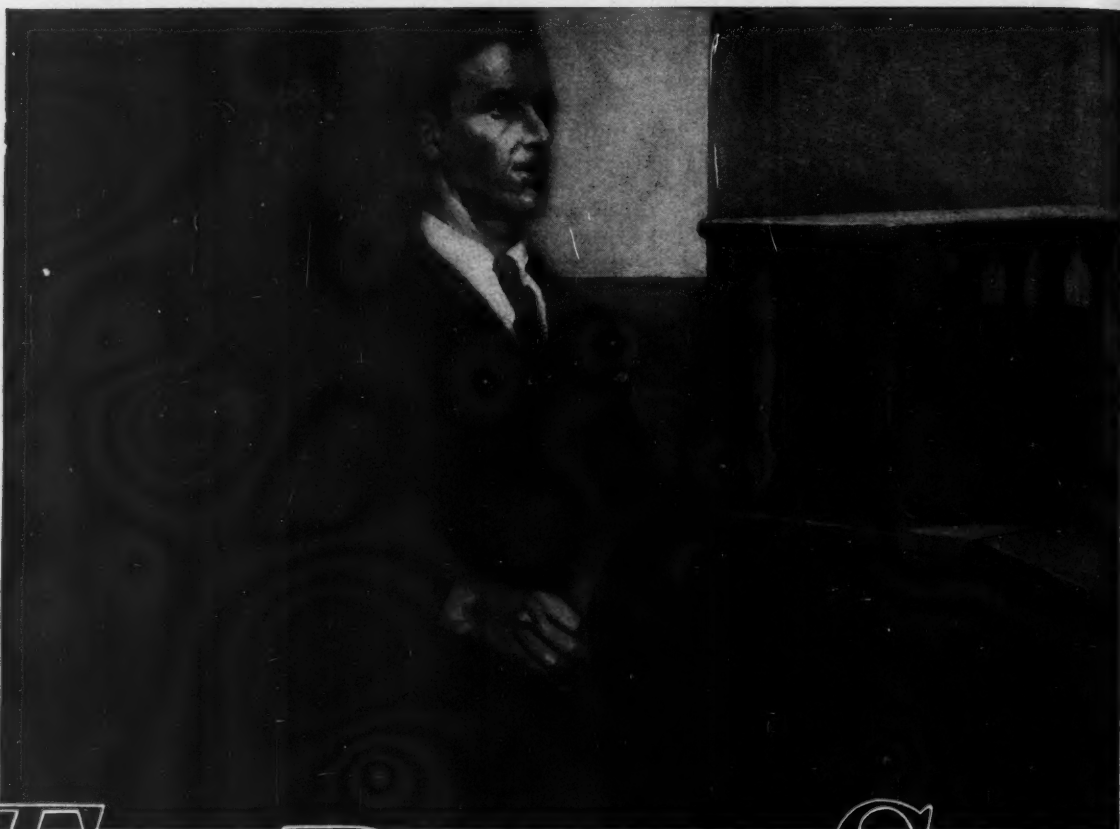
The room was quiet, quiet, high up above the city. Through the broad windows you saw little April puffball clouds chasing each other like kittens across the blue sky.

Well, gentlemen, I think that concludes our business.

SCARCELY half an hour had gone by. A soft-stepping girl went round the table giving to each of the nine two bright new-minted twenty-dollar gold pieces and one ten-dollar gold piece. In old Cass' day a director's fee had been one ten or one twenty. Cass always gave his directors'-meeting gold pieces to Hilda.

There was now a little more of the amiable desultory talk as they broke up. Summer plans. Stocks. The market in the last two weeks had gone mad. A new buying record had been established. Thousands of little people ran around buying thousands of little things named Gen Mo and Int Har and Am Rad and Gen Elec. The scene on the Stock Exchange, always pandemonium, had reached a height of frenzy beyond description. Judgment Day would see no sight more chaotic.

On his way back to his office Cass Condon dropped by to look at this as Nero looked on while Rome burned. Thousands of tiny black ants ran to and fro making a crazy pattern of movement and out of this pattern Cass actually could decipher a meaning. He could even, in that welter, pick the particular ants whose scurryings had to do with the firm of Minch & Condon. Out of these scurryings had come to Cass sums with which Hilda could have rented fifty apartments at (Continued on page 135)



Two Pairs of Silk

Illustrations by

EARLY on a summer day things began to stir in the "Crow's-nest" in Ruislip. That crow's-nest was a neat little cottage with white walls and a red roof and in it lived Tom Brown and Daisy Brown, T. B.'s "Missis." (He called her "my Missis.") Tom got out of bed and shaved while his Missis engaged the little bathroom: she had to get washed and dressed first, for she was cook, house- and parlormaid and in fact everything in the crow's-nest.

"Daisy, we've got forty-five minutes yet," called out Tom. "I'll go and do a bit of digging in the garden while you poach the eggs. It'll take us ten minutes to eat, five more to clear the breakfast table, and then off we'll go. We'll slip across the meadow to the station—never mind about the Griggs' wolfhound today. It ought to be a public path, really. It's an awful nuisance to walk the extra three hundred yards to the station every day."

Daisy came out of the bathroom and powdered her face. She dressed hurriedly and looked very fresh and clean in her summer gown. With a wee bit of squint in her eyes, for a moment, she watched Tom shaving, then she opened her wardrobe and with caressing hands stroked her neatly folded underclothes, her collection of gowns, her ribbons and handkerchiefs. A marvel what a girl could do on three pounds a week!

"Hurry up, Daisy; put the kettle on for the tea. One egg will do for me today. It's the twentieth of the month—we've got to stretch things a bit. Your season ticket's up on Saturday, and bang goes another twenty-five shillings for that on Monday. Let's be very careful. I don't want to draw on our little holiday account. We shall need all that forty pounds for Bournemouth."

Daisy smiled at her husband, shut her wardrobe, and was ready to go downstairs.

"Golly! Some men are hard! Not you, Tom darling! Sanderson is. I've asked him twice for a raise and been refused. I wonder if I'll have the courage to do it again."

"There's no harm in asking," said Tom philosophically. "But don't go and tell him that you want to buy a new Columbia if he asks you what you want the extra money for. I should explain to him quite reasonably that you're a young married woman who's jolly well got to get a decent living, and tell him that your husband is a bank clerk in the City and can't ask for raises, as all goes automatically in a bank. One's got to wait for one of the old fixtures to die or else be a ruddy genius to advance in a bank."

"Explain all that sort of thing to him, but don't put on any side. Lord, if I had half a chance to meet that fellow Sanderson, I'd know how to talk to him! And here's my braces going slowly to pieces. I can see another half crown going bang presently."

"It doesn't somehow seem right that some people have all they want and we've got to stretch every blessed sixpence. It's enough to make one a Bolshevik," said Daisy, with a thrill in her voice.

Tom looked up for a moment into her blue eyes, looked away again and started to brush his coat. She went to the kitchen.

Their train went at eight-thirty. They caught it with a few seconds to spare—a long-practised, well-timed achievement. They knew when the train whistled that there was still time to buy a newspaper, still time for Tom to light his pipe. And Tom had even timed his pipe. It would last him, carefully smoked without too much sucking, for just over three-quarters of an hour. By that time he would be in Cornhill, in the bank, at his desk, and—no more pipe till lunchtime.

In the train they halved the newspaper. Daisy looked over the advertised sales (she was herself a saleswoman in a Bond Street shop), and—"Tom," she said presently, pointing her manicured finger at a large advertisement of Ridges', a great store in Oxford Street, "if I only had a pound to spare I'd get myself one of these summer frocks. Don't you think we might sport a pound? I've got one in my bag. Shall I or shall I not?"



Stockings

Sydney Seymour-Lucas

By John
KNITTEL

Tom seemed deeply interested in a piece of news dealing with Mississippi floods; but he moved uneasily, took his pipe out of his mouth and put it back again.

"All right, darling! All right!" he said with a grunt. "Buy it and I'll get myself new braces, and so we're both fitted out for some time to come."

Daisy got out at Baker Street station. Tom went on to the City. Thus things had been ever since they had with great difficulty bought, on an instalment system, their crow's-nest in Ruislip a year ago. Thus things were, every day and every day. The same train, the same distance, the same jobs, the same hours, the same bookkeeping.

Life was very simplified: so much for instalments on the cottage, so much for lunches, so much for fares, so much for house-keeping, so much for cinemas, so much for cigarets and tobacco. And ever and ever the monthly wages diminished as if by magic into nothing—absolutely nothing; and equally miraculously they returned in full on the day they had vanished, the last day of the month.

TOM could not say whether he worked to live or whether he lived to work. There was nothing in it. Forty pounds; aye, a Christmas bonus from the bank! A sweet forty pounds they were, a light in the desert of every day. A holiday they represented, a gentleman's holiday, with bands playing on the pier, thousands of people lolling in the sun, with tennis, with fish-luncheons, with minstrels, a miniature shooting-range, a punch-ball, a silhouette-cutter and a bump-reader. Aye—and sea-bathing, a brown skin, sands and lolling, lolling, always lolling about in Daisy's company!

A devil of a time could be got out of forty pounds! And only three more weeks to wait! Thirty-six more train journeys! Darling Daisy needed a change.

This was Tom's third year in the big bank and a very small share he got from all the millions which constantly passed through it. He worked at a desk near the counter, in the foreign-bills department.

As usual he first went down into the basement to his locker, took off his dark coat and put on another one; quite a nice coat, but with its lining worn to shreds and the elbows gone a bit. But who was there to examine a lining? People look at you from the outside and not the inside, thank goodness! He washed his hands, cleaned his nails, said good morning to some colleagues who were smoking the end bits of their cigarets. Quite nice men they were, some young, pink-cheeked, optimistic, clean and well-groomed; others more advanced in years, thoughtful, disappointed, a little shabby, perhaps, but one and all burdened with the eternal humdrum of life and all it brought and didn't bring.

"Hello, Tom!"

"Hello, Billy! How's the wife?"

"Missis's all right. And yours?"

"O. K. Saw a fine film last night!"

"Oh, did you? What's it called?"

"The Secret Letter.' None of that usual rotten muck."

"Splendid. I'll look out for it and take my Missis to see it."

And Tom went upstairs to do a day's work. He was one in a row; nearest the counter.

"A shirt," he thought, "well looked after, ought to last one at least three days!" And he tucked up his cuffs. Then he looked at the clock.

"Nine-fifteen A. M. as usual. There comes Butler, the cashier, bold and grim-faced. I suppose a pound short somewhere! Who's made a bloomer? Perhaps that novice of a journal keeper in the bookkeeping department! No fear! It's Butler's natural expression. There are no mistakes in this bank, never, not anywhere, not in this great big English bank. Even in spite of the

newcomers, those public school boys."

A bunch of bills arrived. Tom entered the bills in a ledger one by one, checking each one carefully as it passed through his hands. They were quite interesting, bills of exchange. Some of them came from Greek merchants in Mincing Lane, from the nitrate people in Brazil, from cotton growers in the Sudan.

Aye! Tom saw visions of ships with sails blown up like clouds leaving white harbors, saw pit-heads and strange foreign cities rising up from deep blue seas. Ah! Those travel advertisements!

Bah! Crow's-nest for him! He'd only just got settled down in it. Nice walks through the country, lying in the hay with blue-eyed Daisy, stroking her long nice legs. "Oh, Tom," she always said, "I wish I had some silk stockings. They are so nice and smooth to touch." Baked beans with tomato sauce and homemade bread, pickled onions, Cheddar cheese and beer for dinner! All very good British things. Good enough to begin a humble career with, at any rate.

"I wish," Tom growled at his neighbor, "these foreigners would learn how to write. Look at this! 'Kornhill in the Sity of London!' One of Freeman's bills. Queer lot of customers they must have!"

He glanced at the clock. Eleven-thirty. Only one more hour, then he'd go to his little corner in Lyons', finish his newspaper over a cup of tea, an apple-dumpling and brown bread and butter. Quite enough to keep fit on in these days. There was that big tin of salmon unopened at home for supper in the evening. A big tin, and Daisy knew how to make a mayonnaise for threepence.

A boy came to Tom's place. "A telephone call for you, sir."

"A telephone call?" asked Tom, astonished, slipping off his seat awkwardly, first touching the ground with the left foot and then the right. Who could it be? He knew no one in London who would telephone to him at that hour. He followed the boy to the telephone box.

"Is that Mr. Brown?" asked a man's voice.

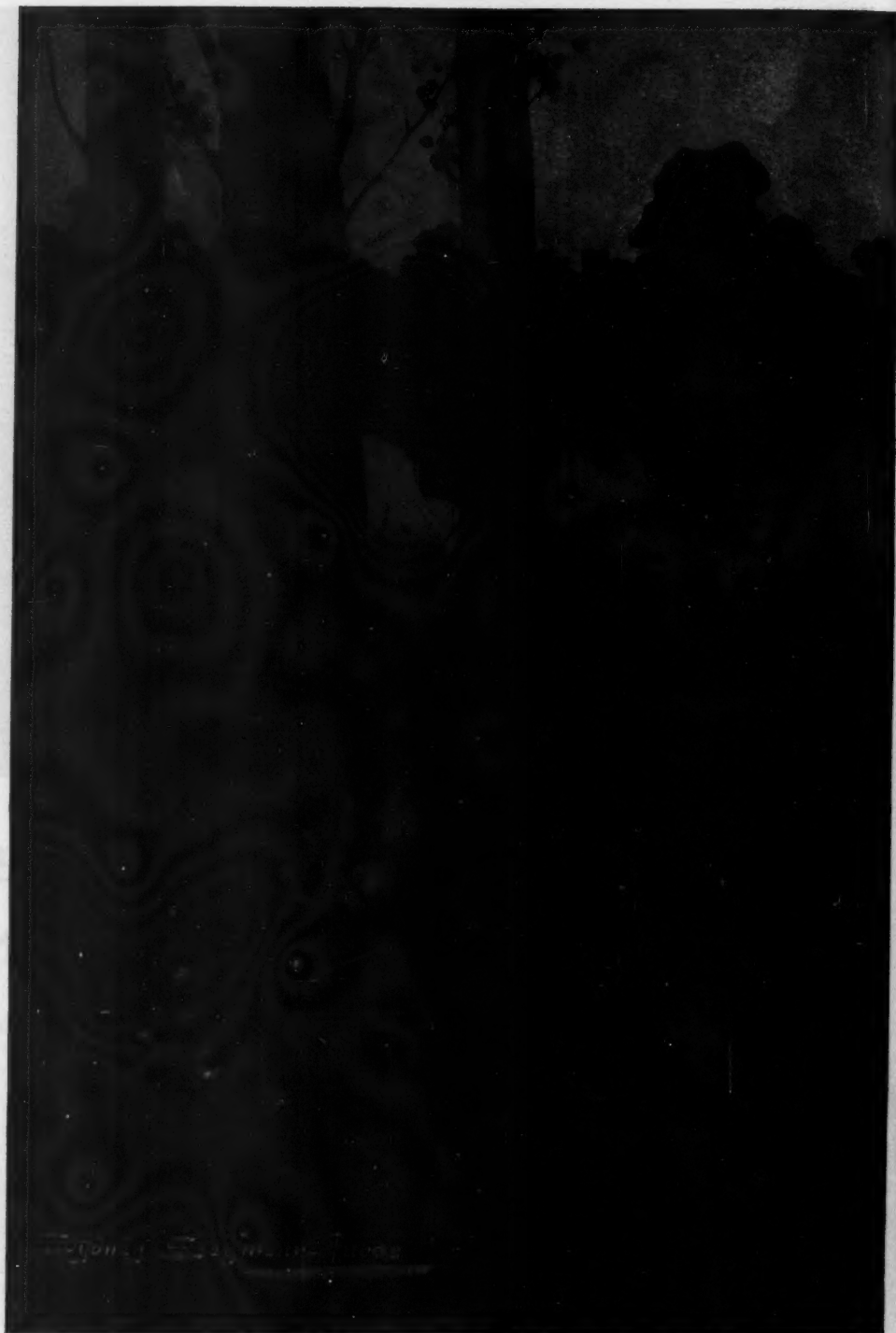
"Yes."

"Mr. Tom Brown from Ruislip?"

"That's me! Who's that speaking?"

"This is Divisional Inspector Leggett of Marlborough Street police station."

46



C "Daisy, I want you to forget it all," said Tom. "You're like a patient,

The voice spoke very clearly. Tom shivered. He did not know why.

"I'm sorry to inform you, sir," the voice continued, "that Mrs. Brown, who says she is your wife, is here at the station. Arrested for shoplifting at Ridges' this morning. She asks you to come here. You may if you wish."

Tom hung up the receiver. At first he wished to shout, to burst into tears; but with an effort he went back to his seat. He felt as if someone had crushed his heart.

"What's the matter, Tom?" asked the colleague next to him.

"Oh—oh—I don't know!"

Vainly he tried to pick up his pen.

"I've just heard that my sister is very ill in hospital."

"I didn't know you had a sister."



and I'm your nurse taking care of you." But there remained a shadow between them.

"Oh, yes, yes. I've got one all right. Oh, I say—she's dying. They told me on the telephone. I do want to see her. I wonder——" Suddenly, holding his head, he murmured, "Oh Lord!"

"Poor old boy! Go and see her. Ask the chief to let you off. Come on! Pass over those bills. I'll enter them for you during your absence. Go and ask the chief and don't be a fool."

"What an ass I am! What an ass!" thought Tom. "I ought to have said I was ill and I could have got off for the day. Daisy! Daisy! Shoplifting! What in heaven for? You'll be in all the papers! Prison! Oh, Daisy!"

Tom got up, went downstairs, hid himself. The shock was too great for him.

But presently he managed to wash his face and go up to ask his chief to let him have the day off on account of his sister,

who was dying in Fulham hospital.

"Sorry, my boy! Go along. I hope it won't be as bad as you seem to think."

Tom went downstairs, changed his coat, put on his hat and went to Marlborough Street police station.

"Yes, sir?" asked a sergeant.

Tom blushed. He blushed horribly. "Is Inspector Legget in?"

"What do you want, sir?"

"I must speak to him."

"What about?"

"A case."

"What sort of case?"

"A prisoner. It's about a—a lady who's been arrested—wrongfully arrested."

"What's your name, sir?"

"Brown. Tom Brown."

The sergeant bent his knees, hooked his thumbs into his belt, smiled grimly at Tom.

"This way, sir."

Tom met the inspector. A big good-natured man, buttoned up tight, sitting at a desk, his cap in front of him and beads of water bursting from his brow.

"It's a mistake, sir!"

breathed Tom as soon as he was alone with the inspector. "I'll swear it is a mistake. My wife's never stolen a thing in her life. Never! Please, I ask you, do let her out."

Inspector Legget scratched his cannon-ball head.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "She's been caught in the act and it's too late. We've telephoned to Ruislip to have your house searched. If you come back this afternoon we may be able to tell you more about your wife."

He saw Tom's distress.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but there it is. Can't be changed. Better make the best of a bad job. There's been a lot of this sort of thing going on for a long time. It's public knowledge. The papers are full of it. Sorry, sir! Your wife will have to go through the police court as soon as we've got all the particulars."

A feeling of utter horror crept over Tom. His face became white. He shuddered and glared hopelessly at the police officer.

"May I see my wife?" he asked him with an undertone of aggressiveness in his voice.

"You may."

"When?"

"Now."

A policeman took Tom along a corridor and opened an iron door with a big key. A row of cells came in view.

"Mrs. Brown!" called the policeman through a grille while opening the door of cell number three.

Tom saw Daisy sitting in a corner, hunched up, her little gray felt hat pushed back from her forehead. She was sobbing, quietly sobbing, covering her eyes with a handkerchief.

Tom fell down on his knees before her.

"Oh, Daisy! Darling Daisy! It isn't true! Tell me! They've made a mistake! Tell me quickly!"

She didn't answer, but burst into a loud sob. Tom flung his arms around her. "Tell me, what have you taken?" He looked up into her face. "Tell me, darling! I'm not angry!"

"Two pairs of silk stockings!" she sobbed.

"Then you *did* take them?"

She nodded, just one big nod, her head hanging low.

"Oh, why did you? Why did you? We've got forty pounds on the holiday account. I would have bought you a dozen pairs of silk stockings myself if you'd only said you wanted them so badly! What does a holiday matter after all?"

"Oh, Tom!" she groaned. "I'm so ashamed of myself!"

"Darling! I don't know what to do. I can't take you out of here. The inspector won't let me. You'll be in the court tomorrow!"

"Oh, Tom!" She flung herself at him and held him. "I didn't want to take the stockings. I swear I didn't."

"Come along, sir, please!" sounded a big voice, like a voice from another world. "Come along, please."

Daisy pushed Tom away and leaned her face against the wall. Her body was bent, convulsed. One of her feet was upturned on the toes and hit the ground behind with quick nervous jerks.

Tom left the police station shaken to his soul, his innermost hopes shattered, his mind in a rage; but in his heart a yearning pity for his wife which seemed to transform London before his eyes. Driven by an obscure instinct he made for Ridges' great store.

This was a serious disaster for Tom. It had crashed down upon him as a brick might fall from a roof and hit an unlucky passer-by. He felt stunned. A thousand tormenting thoughts rushed through his mind. How could it have happened? Daisy surely had been to business that morning. How could she have got away to pay a visit to Ridges'?

They had agreed in the train that she might buy a dress in the sale. Perhaps she had taken a few minutes off to go to it, to be one of the first at it—to have first choice. He ought to have asked her about all that in the cell. And Ruislip—the Crow's-nest—the inspector said it would be searched—his home searched by the police! Tom shivered. He saw a policeman looking through Daisy's belongings! The thought was almost too painful.

He stood still and gazed into the traffic of Oxford Street with distraction. He was not very tall, but well-built; his eyes were quite blue; his hair fair and wavy; the shape of his head very good, though his neck was long and thin. An honest man. Anyone could have seen it at a glance; a man incapable of doing the slightest underhand thing. And a man of pride, too, though he stooped just then as if expecting a blow from behind.

In one second he lost all his trust in his wife. She seemed miles away from him suddenly—hundreds, thousands of miles.

If she could do such a thing what else was she capable of?

A blush of shame spread over Tom's face. A sudden inward rage shook him. But it left him just as quickly as it had come and he felt mortally ashamed of himself. This was indeed an awful business, going from bad to worse every minute.

Here was Ridges' great store. These windows were Ridges'

Two Pairs of Silk Stockings

windows, right enough. A crush of women with outstretched necks everywhere; sighs, deep breaths, outstretched trembling arms and hands. Perhaps every one of them would steal but for the impediment of the law. It seemed to Tom that they were all stealing with their eyes.

The big doors looked like the entrances of beehives. Tom squeezed himself through. He saw masses of stockings, of silks, gloves, millinery, finery, jerseys, scarfs, handkerchiefs, rows and rows of summer frocks, big rooms full of hats and coats and dresses.

AND for taking only two pairs of silk stockings from one of those counters, darling Daisy tomorrow must go through the police court! It struck Tom like some silly foolish anomaly. He felt that something must be utterly wrong with humanity somehow. His heart went back to the cell. He saw Daisy as he had left her, leaning against the wall sobbing, and all his innermost love for her welled up in him. His eyes blazed. They looked even aggressive. He'd have a talk with the head of this store and have the matter out with him.

Half an hour later Tom Brown was received by Sir Andrew Ridges, the managing director of the firm.

"You're a most insistent young man!" said Sir Andrew. "What's all the mystery? I'm very busy—be quick."

He sat back in his swivel armchair, played with a silver paper-cutter, hooked one of his short stout legs across one of the arms of the chair and gazed at Tom. Tom was overcome for the moment, never having stood before the throne of one of the mighty. But something there was about Sir Andrew which strangely drew his youthful heart towards the middle-aged ex-haberdasher.

With trembling lips he told Sir Andrew that his wife had been caught stealing two pairs of stockings in one of the departments that same morning.

"I'm sorry for her," said Sir Andrew. "It was very wrong of her."

"If you had no stockings for sale she would not have been able to steal any stockings," said Tom warmly. "You're a rich powerful man. We are poor. I'm only a bank clerk. I want you to help me, sir!"

Sir Andrew looked aside. "What bank are you in?"

"The Westminster City Bank, head office."

"Hm! My bank—as it happens."

He riveted his gray eyes on Tom.

"You seem to have a strange conception of life."

"I didn't mean it that way, sir. I only ask you, for my wife's sake, to get her out of the hands of the police."

"That's quite impossible. I'm sorry, quite impossible! She was seen stealing by the police and taken in the act."

"She's not a thief! Sir Andrew! Two pairs of stockings! I ask you, sir! For two pairs of silk stockings!"

"Well—you're in a bank. If every one of you, clerks or customers, took away a pound every evening, where would the bank be in the end? You're talking nonsense, my boy! I tell you that over a hundred thousand pounds' worth of goods disappear mysteriously from our stores every year. No one knows where they go to. Can you blame us for taking a little care?"

"Well, sir," said Tom, enraged, "if there are thieves you are one of the men who make thieves of honest people. Go through your own stores and put yourself in the place of the poor people who come to snatch a few cheap goods at a sale. I consider it almost criminal to display such an amount of temptation before the public and to make it so easy to steal. It is immoral, Sir Andrew! Your business is an immoral business! You catch your customers by newspaper advertisements and lead them into temptation. If they fall you set the police on them."

Tom broke down, covered his face with his hands and muttered, "Daisy! Daisy!"

Sir Andrew seemed strangely moved by the pain in Tom's voice. There was a considerable silence. Then Sir Andrew got up, walked round his desk and put a hand on Tom's shoulder.

"You're somewhat fierce, eh? Hm! (Continued on page 175)

Just before
Fannie Hurst
sailed for
Europe



she delivered to us the manuscripts of two short stories—

"*Hossie-Frossie*," the story of a mother who dreaded to see her daughter follow in her footsteps—

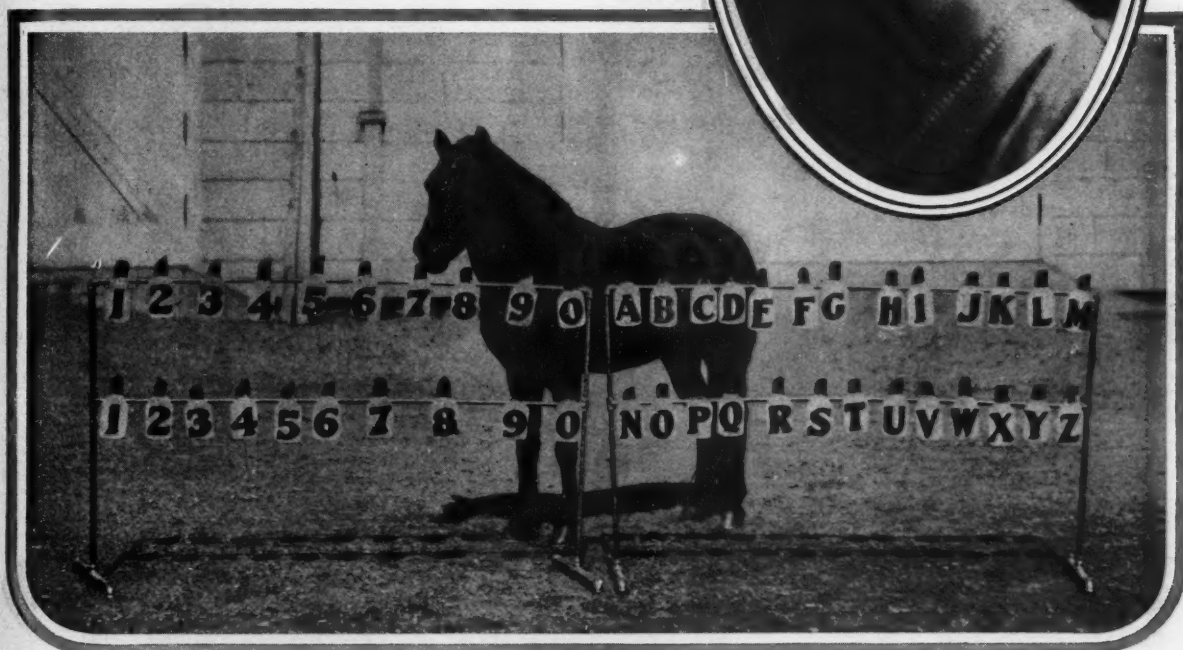
and

"*Sissy*," the poignant story of a boy who could not be rough.

We've been publishing Miss Hurst's short stories for more than ten years, and we do not hesitate to call these the two most interesting stories she ever wrote.

"*Hossie-Frossie*" will be in the September issue, "*Sissy*" in October.

By Zona Gale *Can this Pony* THINK?



OLD Mr. Barrett came like an American Trader Horn to the door of Mr. W. W. Fuller's great house up in Briarcliff, New York. He came from nowhere, and with him came his Shetland pony, Black Bear—he always pronounces it *Blackbear*.

Piece by piece Mr. Fuller, after a couple of years, has learned his romantic story—how Black Bear is an inheritance, and how the little animal has become the most important thing in Barrett's hitherto lonely life. He first noticed that Black Bear had a memory—a memory more extraordinary than that of most human beings. And from the moment of that discovery he began to test the pony's mind—yes, the pony's mind. Marvels began. They have never ceased.

Mr. Fuller gave old Mr. Barrett and Black Bear a home forever on his lovely estate. A box stall was fitted up in the stables, and a fine room in the lodge for Black Bear's affectionate owner. But the old man gave that up: he wanted to sleep nearer the wonderful animal in his keeping.

And now he lives in the barn, happy in his close proximity. He has made, with his own hands, a crude caravan in which he takes Black Bear to the loud city; and if they are delayed on the road, as sometimes happens, they sleep together in their cozy home on wheels, content in each other's society.

For two periods of two hours each I have sat with a small group of friends before this little Shetland pony, and have watched him reply to questions as a human being replies. Not only does he reply to questions. He replies to *your* questions. Not alone to the interrogations of his seventy-year-old owner, Mr. Barrett, but to the questions of you who sit before him, his owner meanwhile standing silent in the background.

Other little groups occasionally sit in the great disused stable and talk with Black Bear—it is not less. For the pony remembers, replies, thinks and tells you what he thinks. That is the simple truth.

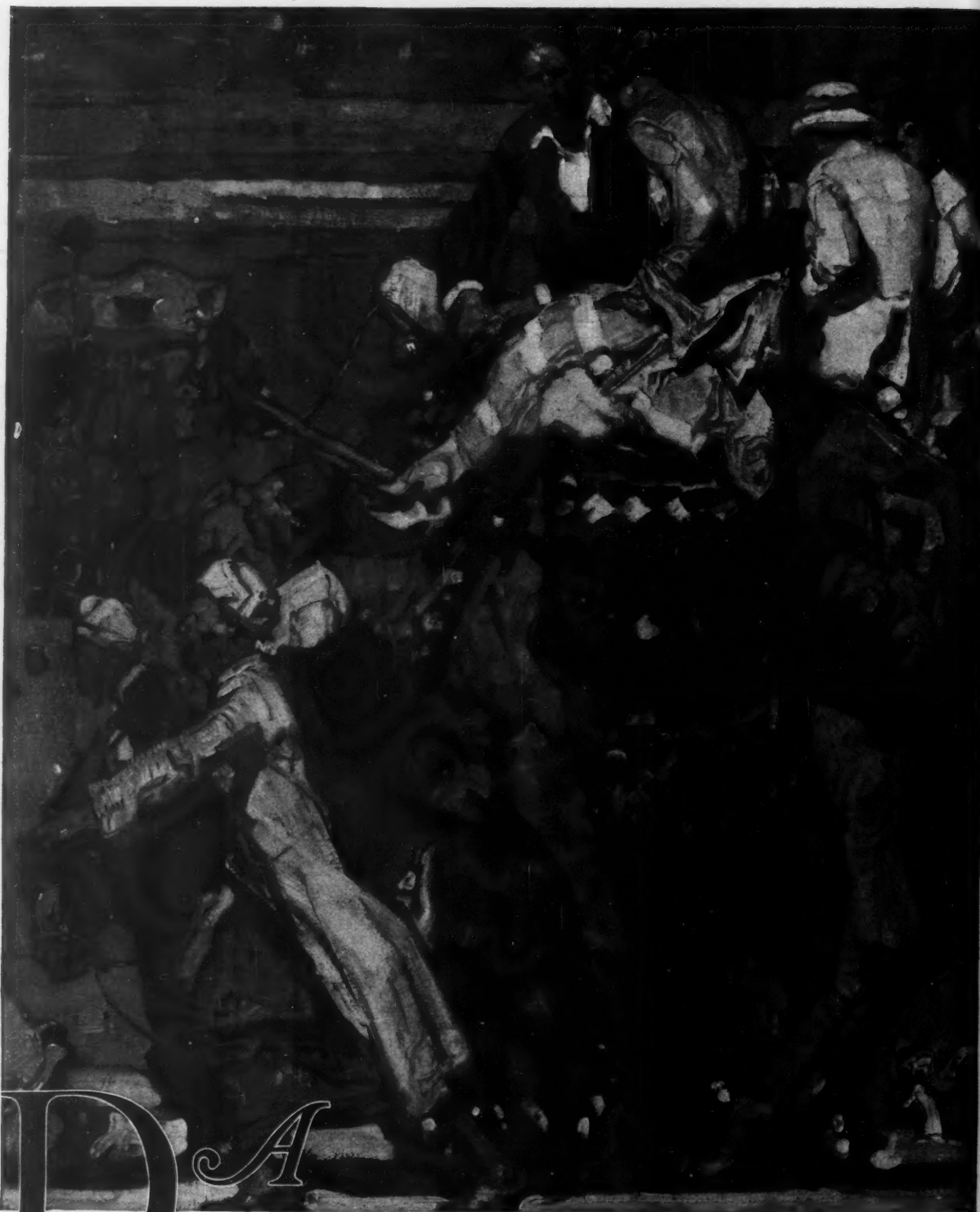
If you make this statement to the man in the street, he will laugh and call you as credulous as he called the first listeners-in before a radio. If you tell of the pony to a psychologist, he will behave in much the same way. If you tell it to certain other groups, they will find first aid to their belief in reincarnation.

But if you tell it to a lover of horses, a far look will come into his eyes and he will listen and nod and say merely: "A horse knows a good deal. Sometimes I think—"; And then he will become self-conscious and begin with: "Once I had a horse that knew everything you said to him . . ."

Black Bear, the little Shetland, knows everything that you say to him, and ten years of patient training by his owner have given him the means to express himself.

Entering that disused carriage house on the great estate which gives Black Bear and his owner a home, you see the gentle little animal turn and look at you as any horse, and as some persons give you intelligent, poised, expectant attention. Before him are two open fences of gas-pipe, two-barred, on which are hooked tin triangles, each bearing a letter of the alphabet, or a figure from one to nine.

You sit down close to him and you ask him questions—to be explicit, the five of us who had gone to visit him asked him these questions—and bear in mind that the owner stood behind the pony and that any theory of signals passing between them is as impossible as, for example, that the (Continued on page 173)



DA Dragoman of CAIRO

WE WERE just a party of tourists—English and American—who had slipped away from our fellow travelers in Cairo to spend a day and a night in the Egyptian desert. I for one had come on this Mediterranean cruise, joining the boat at Monaco, merely as an escape from an English winter, and I was not prepared to find tragedy or melodrama as part of the program. But I was aware that something like tragedy—a drama of passion—was being played secretly in our party of seven behind the masks which men and women use to hide their souls.

Outwardly there was no sign of it. I remember that we were all laughing and chattering when Mustapha, our dragoman, came from the direction of the kitchen tent, bowed to us with grave dignity and made



Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

a solemn announcement: "The midday meal is about to be served. My Nubian cook has desired to please you. May Allah give you good appetite."

"God bless the Nubian cook!" cried Lady Ladbrook. "I find that camel exercise is a great aid to digestion, though somewhat violent."

She was a pretty lady who looked out of place in the Egyptian desert in her short frock and silk stockings. I had known her in London and had not been too pleased to see her when she came on board with Major Eland and Evelyn, his wife. She was a lady with a mischievous tongue.

It was Major Eland who answered her now, after looking across the sand-hills for any sign of his wife who had strolled off from the camp with young Leonard March, the Egyptologist, while our meal was being prepared.

"We should have done far better to stay at Shepherd's instead of mucking about in this blighted desert."

By *SIR*
P *PHILIP*
G *GIBBS*



Q Evelyn was drawn toward young March by the ordinary

He spoke with an angry violence, too loudly, I thought, seeing the deep flush which crept under the dark skin of Mustapha who was doing his best to cater for our needs and doing it extraordinarily well, besides having a dignity of manner which put some of us to shame.

It was not the first time that Major Eland had offended this young dragoman who had taken us about Cairo into the native quarters and the great mosques and shown us the tombs at Memphis, and the fallen statue of Rameses. He had been recommended to us by Leonard March who had been into the desert with him many times and had a great admiration for his honesty and fine character.

"A good type of Egyptian, and highly intelligent," young March had told us. "I like to think that he is descended from one of the Egyptian kings of the early dynasties! That hawk-like profile of his—"

Perhaps that was why Major Eland seemed to take a dislike

to him from the start. I could not help noticing that anyone or anything recommended by young March put his back up instantly. And in this case he objected very strongly, and rather brutally, to his wife's "familiarity" (as he called it) with this "damned nigger"—meaning this dragoman of ours.

Mustapha had overheard that phrase "damned nigger" and I had seen the quickly veiled look of hatred and contempt in his dark liquid eyes.

Eland was one of those middle-aged, golf-playing, unimaginative Englishmen who had done a little soldiering in India before the Great War in which he had served with distinction as a gunner, and had all the intolerance for the dark-skinned races which belongs to that type of mind. But it seemed to me a great pity that he could not put a guard on his tongue in Egypt and, in any case, behave with common civility before his wife—that charming and beautiful girl, so much younger than himself, who was fascinated by this first glimpse of the romantic East.



pull of nature—youth to youth—or by some spiritual affinity. Her husband was mad with jealousy.

From the time we had landed at Alexandria, Eland had been irritated and bad-tempered, expressing his hatred of the heat, the beggars, the bazaars, the mummies in the museum, and what he called "the whole bag of tricks." He had behaved like a churl, sometimes distressing Evelyn very much as I could see, and then regretting his rudeness and trying to make amends by rather heavy-going endearments and expensive presents—he had paid fifty pounds for an alabaster statuette of an Egyptian god who was Horus, the son of Osiris—with a clumsy attempt at good humor. I suspected him sometimes of drinking too much.

"I detest flies in my food," he said now. "And I can't see the fun of play-acting in the desert when we could be perfectly comfortable in a good hotel."

"But think of all this romance you would miss, major!" exclaimed Mrs. Caroline K. Lympos, who had come from Greenwich, Connecticut, with the intention of seeing a real live sheik before she died. She had seen one that very morning and been

gravely disappointed with his unromantic appearance as he sat in the dust outside a mud hut muttering his prayers. She had taken his photograph as one more record of disillusion which had made her doubt the veracity of all "best sellers."

She was one of those elderly American ladies who travel ruthlessly with good-natured husbands who tire before the journey's end and shudder at the name of another picture-gallery. Mr. Lympos had tired somewhere in Venice, but he liked this desert interlude where there was not a picture-gallery in sight and was quite happy in his shirt-sleeves, and in the shadow of his tent, doing some good work with a cocktail shaker.

Major Eland ignored that suggestion of romance. He was scanning the desert again.

"Where the devil is Evelyn?" he asked peevishly. "It's like that fellow's infernal impudence to wander off with her like that."

Lady Ladbrook gave a little musical laugh. "They haven't wandered far, Mr. Bluebeard. Dear (Continued on page 158)

The Ambassador of

By Eleanor Black Mitchell

RIVINGTON STREET is a dirty, crowded thoroughfare full of push-carts and jostling crowds that haggle far into the night. Its brick tenements are draped with clothes-lines and cluttered with fire-escapes that bulge with the excess paraphernalia of living in cramped quarters; by day their upper windows spill forth mattresses and heaps of sallow pillows, by night the blare of radio and the wails of fretting babies. Hordes of children shriek and roller-skate over its uneven pavements, or dive for treasure in its choked gutters.

In it there is always noise, movement, confusion, and such a spirit of hard bargaining, of existence warily obtained as seemingly to preclude the blooming of the flower of miracle in its poor soil.

Yet men point to a frame house in an alley that abuts on Rivington Street as the place where a miracle happened, and they think of its late occupant—Abram Levi, father of Joseph Levi—not as dead but rather as one who went away on an important mission.

All the women, shawled or bobbed according to their generation, agree that the old man was a suitable ambassador to the throne of grace whither his gentle spirit passed to plead that to his son there might in turn a son be born.

Even the young men, turned by the alchemy of the public school into Americans who believe only in the realities of a hard pay-as-you-enter world, shrug slickly tailored shoulders at the first mention of the events, but linger at the introduction of the supernatural and, in the end, believe.

Yes, agrees the Ghetto with one voice, Abram Levi was a good man, and only through his agency could this old-world miracle have been achieved. In the rush to secure wealth others might falter but he had kept the faith, had lived according to the ancient law and dealt justly and kindly with all men. In all his eighty years Abram Levi never had been known to have done a wicked deed or to have uttered a harsh word even in his own household, although there were many who could have borne witness to his provocation in the person of his wife, Hannah.

Hannah's nature was as peppery as the highly seasoned *creplech* she served with the soup on holidays; the heavy labor and the losses that had served to mellow Abram had embittered her.

She had been crushing *matzo* to make noodle dough on the memorable night that Joseph brought home his bride. It was the night when the events leading up to the miracle first began. A short, stocky old woman in a neat black wig and a checked apron, she worked mechanically in the steamy kitchen, never lifting her head from her rolling-pin as the elevated train that crosses Rivington Street at Allen rattled windows and jarred pots on the stove.

However, a slight cough from an adjoining room caused her to dust her hands quickly and tiptoe into its shadows. She returned to the kitchen in a few minutes and opened the back door, a long rectangle of light disclosing an untidy yard with patches of snow here and there on the wet cement.

The old woman threw back her head and listened intently, thin, twitching nostrils scenting the night. No one was there. She closed the door against the uproar of the near-by streets and returned to her work, alone save for the ticking clock. She

lowered the flame under a bubbling pot and cut the yellow dough deftly.

Suddenly she raised one mottled hand and with a rough forefinger counted off seven names. It was as though she needed a visible symbol to complete a familiar but troubled thought.

They were the names of her dead and she counted them slowly in the order of their births, lips moving but making no sound. Jacob, Elias, Isadore—swallowed up in the armies of the great White Czar; Miriam, Malka, Rachel—swept from her by an epidemic; David—ah, David, best beloved!—caught up from his studies in his glowing youth and chained to a gang of Revolutionists bound for the mines of Siberia!

Oh! The tramp of boots in the snow! How she had strained and beat with bleeding hands at the high wooden gates of that Polish Ghetto for just one last look!

The old lips quivered but no tears dulled the hard brightness of her eyes and with bent head, finger tips pressing her shiny forehead, she sat thinking, thinking. Joseph alone remained to her—Joseph, the American! Joseph, her last-born, child of her old age and loneliness.



Illustrations by
Marshall Frantz

Abram turned in expectation of Hannah's gesture of reconciliation.

The rattle of wheels, the grind of a brake suddenly roused her. Hannah Levi opened the back door again and called softly:

"Come in quiet, Joe, Papa's asleep!"

The outline of another figure, slight, feminine, huddled next to Joe in the truck under the towering stacks of butter-tubs, alarmed her.

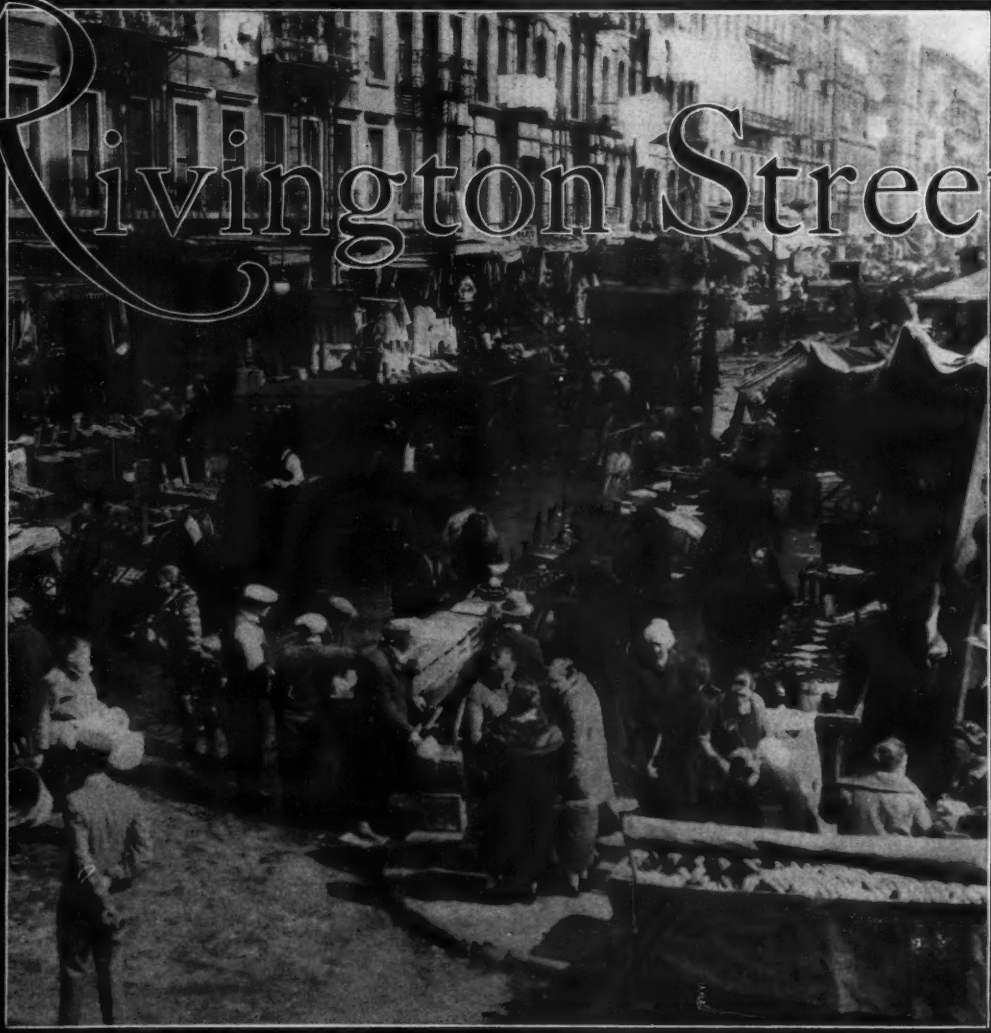
She shaded her eyes and peered into the gloom, crying sharply:

"Who you got there?"

In another minute a tall, handsome young man in a new overcoat was kissing her and trying to make her take the hand of a strange girl.

"Mama, meet Ray!" he was saying, black eyes snapping with

Rivington Street



excitement. Then he plumped down on the floor in front of the girl and unfastened her wet galoshes.

"How do?" the old woman murmured mechanically as the girl drew off a small felt hat and pushed back short, curly black hair. Then her eye caught the shine of a brand-new wedding-ring on the small left hand.

"*Oi yoi! Oi yoi!* You ain't married, Joe?" the mother wailed. She wrung her hands and burst into tears, her apron thrown over her head.

The girl bit her curved lips, looking embarrassed but brave enough in her trim coat with the leopard collar. Again the boy got on his knees, but this time in front of his mother. He pulled the apron down and caught at the wrinkled hands, kissing them passionately.

"Sure thing, Mama, I got married! Mama, I brought you a daughter!"

His big frame shook as he tried to embrace his mother, but she pushed him away. He wrinkled his high forehead, eyes darting between the two women.

"Mama, you got to listen. This is Ray; we come right from the rabbi for your blessing. Mama, take Ray's hand, please," he pleaded, his voice vibrant with love, longing, pity for her. But she stared stonily at him and the girl, unmoved.

"You expect me to take to my home this *armes Ding* not even money having to buy wedding clothes—*und solch ein kleine auch!*" She hissed the words out.

"And to think you might have married Hortense Beckman whose papa will give her ten thousand dollars on the day of her betrothal even! Ain't it enough that you should marry sudden, but that you should bring me this—this flapper already!"

She stared at Ray's short skirts and her trim silk ankles. "Ray ain't no flapper! Ray's been bookkeeper over to Bauer's Bakery three years now. She's a smart girl and kin cook as well as keep accounts!"

His mother snorted in answer.

"I should marry a fat party like Hortense Beckman?" Joe shrugged, taking his wife's hand in his big red one. "She needs ten grand to catch a husband with!"

THEN he spoke slowly with serious insistence. "Listen, Mama, it is right that I should marry—ain't I twenty-four years old already? And you should be glad that I didn't marry no *goy* like Manny Betz and Isadore Hyman. If I did that you'd have something to fuss about, see?"

"Besides, I kin afford a wife, Mama! Don't I make more than a policeman now already? Me handling a thousand butter-tubs a day and a nickel profit on each tub! And owning a new truck all paid for! Besides, Mama, think of my side profit on the stale bread I sell to the poultry dealers at Washington Market.

"Twenty-five cents profit on every barrel of stale bread and I average ten barrels a day; the bakers glad to get rid of the stuff; the marketmen glad to get it. And fifteen dollars a week in it for me! Pure velvet, Mama!"

In the heat of the conversation no one had noticed the slippered entry of Abram Levi. He stood slightly stooped, fingering his gray beard, his gentle dark eyes on the face of his daughter-in-law.

"Enough; receive this maiden as befits our son's chosen," he bade his wife in a very old soft voice.

"But Papa, we could have fixed such a good marriage through the *schatchen*. Not behind bank counters do you find such good boys as my Joseph!" Disappointment struggled with pride in her voice.

Thirty years over a tailor's bench had cramped the old man's shoulders; he took a deep breath now and tried to straighten them.

"In America one does not wed through the *schatchen*," he said quietly.

"No, not even Ray who only came to New York five years ago would dig up a guy through a *schatchen*. Would you, Ray?" demanded Joe eagerly.

Ray shook her head and smiled shyly.

"But she's so thin, ain't? Will she bear to our son a strong son, also?" Hannah turned beady, questioning eyes on her husband. His grave look arrested her chiding.

"God will grant to us that our line be continued. It is my daily prayer; do not doubt its fulfilment." With his thin hands raised in solemn prophecy he silenced her. He kissed the shrinking girl on her white forehead and led her to the old wife.

"Kiss Ray, Mama, please," begged her son again. Hannah Levi kissed the girl passively. Joe rushed into the yard and returned with Ray's suitcase and her hat-box, a grand affair; black patent leather with bright gold initials. Ray stood near the stove nervously twisting her scrap of a handkerchief. She shyly took the lid off the bubbling black pot.

"Mama, should I add water? The soup's boiled down." It was the first remark she had uttered in her strange new surroundings.

"She called her 'Mama,'" old Levi chuckled gleefully. He took down four wine-glasses from a shelf in the china cupboard.

"Ain't it nice you got a daughter already, Mama?"

Joe glanced proudly at Ray who was setting the table under his father's amused direction. Mrs. Levi shrugged, idle hands upturned in her lap, but she nodded, too.

"Hope she has a light hand with *Kuchen*," she remarked grimly.

FIVE happy, sad years passed over the small frame house jammed behind Fienberg's overall factory; happy in spite of the frequent faultfinding of Hannah, sad only because Ray was still childless.

"Give us a son, O Lord. Let me not die childless!"

With hands folded across her flat bosom, long lashes sweeping the pale cheeks, Ray Levi uttered this prayer every night standing by her husband's side. The poignant supplication of all barren women was in her voice.

In the little household it seemed as though Hannah's doubt as to whether the girl ever could bear a son had taken on the dignity of prophecy.

Knowing in his wisdom the depth of child-yearning which stirred so keenly the hearts of his son and daughter-in-law, Abram Levi rebuked his wife with unaccustomed sternness one Sabbath morning when she reminded him of her warning against the marriage he had sanctioned. They had been speaking of Hortense Beckman, who was still unmarried.

"She loves Joe yet, fine, handsome girl that she is; in that case we should have had our grandchild in our arms already," Hannah scolded as she brushed his black coat.

Then Abram turned on his wife and reproached her sharply. His own regret over Ray's childlessness added fuel to his indignation. He left for the synagogue almost angry.

The one drop of comfort Hannah had in the bitter grief that engulfed her in the next half-hour was the recollection that she had hurried to the window the moment the door had closed to wave her hand in reconciliation, and that when she had reached it he was already standing there, his peaceful, smiling face turned in expectation for what he knew would come.

For he seemed just to have passed from her presence when word was brought that he was dead. It had happened in the vestibule of the temple. The bent old man had paused to exchange greetings with a friend and was still smiling when he sank to the floor, dead. A doctor was summoned but no earthly help could avail, nor, thought the men and women who knew Abram Levi, was any help needed. For the rest—it was in God's hands.

But at the time no such consolation came to his old wife. For a moment after receiving the message she had stood numb, then



C "Ain't it enough you should marry sudden, but that flapper!" "Ray ain't no flapper," Joe pleaded. "She

beating her breast and with hair disheveled she ran screaming to the synagogue. Her son was already there and at the door Ray caught up with the stricken woman. Between her own tears the younger woman tried to explain to Hannah something else that she must know.

It was this: in an orthodox congregation it is a sin to perform any unnecessary labor on the Sabbath, therefore it had been decided that the body of the aged man should not be taken from the temple until sundown, but should be removed as was necessary to a lower room. Abram Levi, the rabbi had announced, would be the last one to wish a sin to be committed. So the body was carried below and presently, when the service commenced, the muffled wails of the widow joined the melodious notes of the cantor.

The waning day brought weariness and some self-control to the mourners in the basement room of the now silent synagogue. At last the level rays of the setting sun threw squares of light



*you should bring me this—this
kin cook as well as keep accounts."*

on the walls and lighted up the waxy features of the dead man.

Ray shook the sleeve of the brooding Joseph. "Come, we can move him now. We must do something for her. Look!" She pointed to Hannah who was counting off the names of her dead—eight of them now. Stumbling, they helped her up the steps. Shadows deepened in the basement room.

That night after the remains of the old tailor had been robed in accordance with tradition and arranged in a black coffin, watchers took their places in the parlor and the widow and her son were persuaded to seek sleep. They at last consented, worn out by their sufferings, and even gained a few hours' forgetfulness.

But Ray lay awake, thinking over all the happenings of—

that crowded day. She saw again the silent figure of her father-in-law on the long deal table in the basement room. Black robes had hung there on the wall and thrust among them an American flag.

How brilliant and reassuring its crimson stripes and bright stars! A nation's flag in a synagogue! Wonderful sight—wonderful country! She tried to imagine the Imperial ensign of old Russia in an old-world synagogue, but could not.

BACK to the restricted Ghetto of hated Moscow her mind carried her—she followed the tortuous lanes and slipped in the narrow alleys of its icy streets. Ancient customs, tribal tales of her people rang in her ears. She noted the quiet breathing of the man beside her, how relaxed, how childlike his face seemed. Ah, a child, a child—

At last she slipped noiselessly from the bed, and dressing quickly went downstairs to where the watchers were sitting. One of these, an old, old man with a patriarchal beard, she beckoned into the hall and talked with a few minutes.

He seemed surprised at what she had to say but nodded confirmation to her earnest queries. After she had climbed the stairs again she gently kissed the wet cheek of the sleeping Joe, then lay down to sleep by his side.

The next morning Hannah was standing in dumb dejection near the casket when Ray entered the room, a narrow piece of white ribbon in her hand. The young wife knelt at the older woman's feet and asked permission for what she wished to do.

"He shall be yours, when he comes," she sobbed, overcome by mingled grief and longing, and by the solemnity of what she was about to undertake.

"It is for you, Mama," she urged. "Surely Papa who was so good and kind will be the one to get for us what we desire from God. And when the child comes he shall be yours."

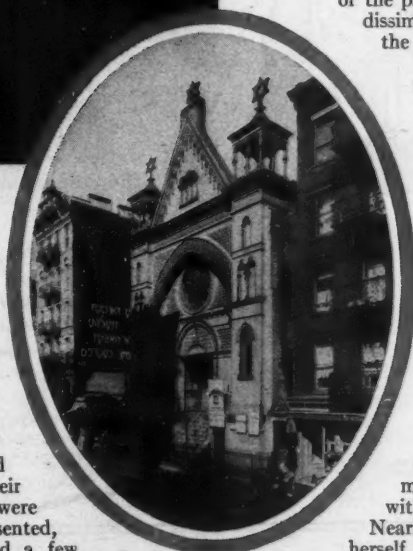
For a few minutes the widow stared uncomprehendingly. Then she laid trembling old hands on the bobbed head and blessed the young wife. She herself held back the lid of the casket while Ray reverently wound the white ribbon around the index, middle and third fingers of the stiff, cold right hand, fingers that had been arranged to represent the letter "Shin," the first in the holiest of names "Shaddai." She did not shudder at the touch, for she knew, as the old man had confirmed, the thing often had been done before by women of her race.

The two women had only hope and love in their hearts as they looked down at the quiet familiar face of their chosen messenger. All the irritations of the past, the differences evoked by their dissimilar temperaments, even the pain of the present fell away from them.

"Give me a son, O Lord! Favor the message which my husband's father brings! Let me not die childless!"

The clear tones of Ray's voice filled the little room. The older woman's expression softened; happy tears ran down her cheeks.

"It will come, I feel it," she breathed. "He, my husband, will not fear to ask the Father and the Father will not refuse."



The Synagogue.

Hortense Beckman's rich mink coat was conspicuous in the little gathering of women that whispered in the darkened parlor just before Abram Levi's funeral. Shawled heads bent forward to watch her expression as it was told what Ray had done: the message the dead man was to carry with him in the name of the son's wife.

Nearly all present knew that Hortense herself had hoped to marry Joe Levi and they believed that the only reason she had not permitted her (Continued on page 176)

Careers for Our Girls

The Atlantic Swimmer

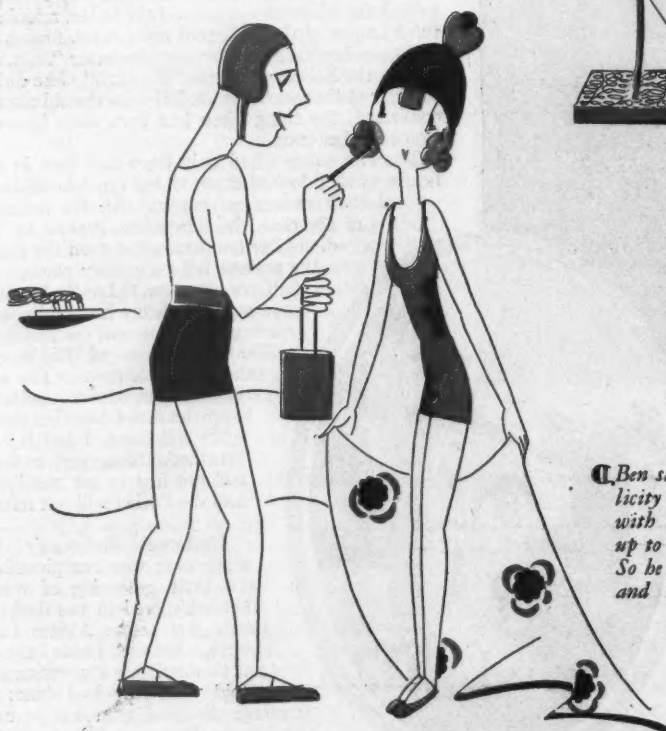
by
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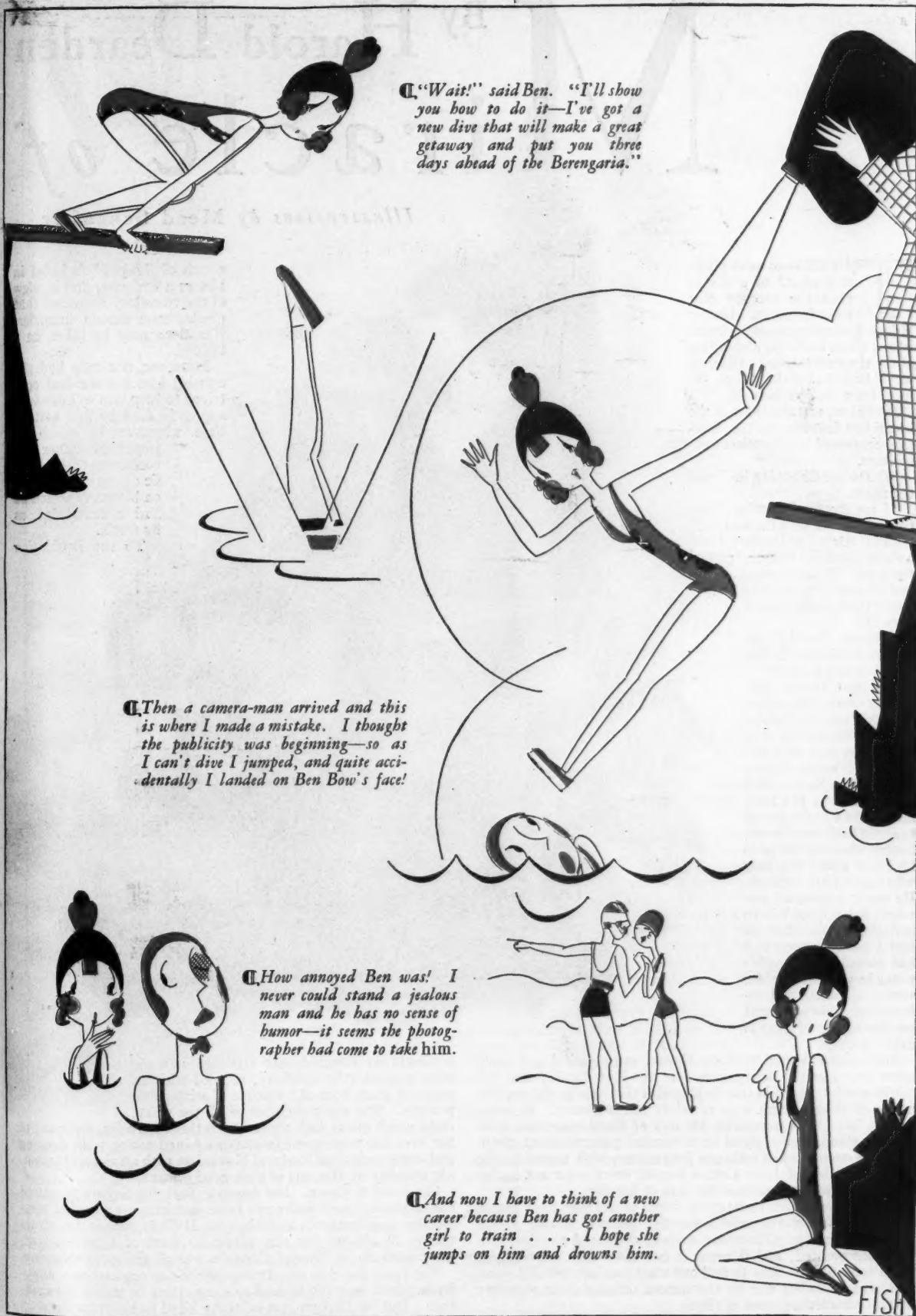
One night I was quite on the rocks, and my friend Ben Bow, who is a champion swimmer, was sitting along with me. He said to me, "Why don't you go in and swim the Atlantic? It's never been done and there's lots of publicity in it."



He took me out to dinner and was all upset because I picked all the high-priced things on the menu—because I had to get nourished for my new profession. The waiter agreed with me.



Ben says it's all in the figure—at least the publicity end is—but it seems you have to get covered with grease before you start; but I was brought up to be a good girl and wouldn't stand for that. So he said: "Well, a little will do for a start," and we compromised with water-proof rouge.



“Wait!” said Ben. “I’ll show you how to do it—I’ve got a new dive that will make a great getaway and put you three days ahead of the Berengaria.”

Then a camera-man arrived and this is where I made a mistake. I thought the publicity was beginning—so as I can’t dive I jumped, and quite accidentally I landed on Ben Bow’s face!

How annoyed Ben was! I never could stand a jealous man and he has no sense of humor—it seems the photographer had come to take him.

And now I have to think of a new career because Ben has got another girl to train . . . I hope she jumps on him and drowns him.

FISH

A M ^{By Harold Dearden}iracle of

Illustrations by Mead Schaeffer

THERE is no more offensive sound to a doctor than the doorbell that rings by night. Doctor Hilary Channing, when he heard it, put down his book, glanced up at the clock and sighed. His man would be in bed at that hour. He must open the door himself.

He did so, and the sight of the breathless footman on the doorstep confirmed his gloomiest forebodings.

"Is Doctor Channing in?" said the figure.

"I am Doctor Channing," was the reply. "What's the matter?"

"I'm from Sir Herbert Cowan's, sir, Berkeley Square," gasped the man. "I was to bring you at once, Sir Herbert said. Her ladyship's took very ill."

"All right," said Channing mournfully. "I'll be with you in a minute."

He went to his consulting room, picked up a dispatch case containing the wherewithal to deal with every sort of pestilence and every human folly, put on his hat, and as he followed the footman down Charles Street towards Berkeley Square, hestrove to recall the facts he knew about the lady who was to be his patient. He never questioned servants, for to do so was to invite scandal. But he had a good memory and had picked up during his years in practise a quite surprising amount of information about most people moving in what is called Society.

And information about Lady Cowan was plentiful and easily come by. For the newspapers long ago had decided that the public was interested in that lady, and if this were so the requirements of their readers were certainly not neglected. It must, indeed, have been impossible for any of those ingenuous souls even to glance at a copy of an illustrated paper without gleaming some more or less intimate information with regard to the activities either of Lady Cowan herself, or of some not inconsiderable appendage, such as her legs or her dog.

Estelle Cowan was twenty-five, came of the very best people and was probably the most decorative piece of futility in the whole of Mayfair. From her earliest childhood she had had what she wanted; and if some of her most devoted admirers failed from time to time to find out what precisely she did want, that was doubtless due to the almost unimaginable stupidity which characterized most of them.

Of her own intelligence, however, there could be not the slightest doubt.

She had married Sir Herbert Cowan (*né* Cohen) at the very

zenith of the public's belief in him as a financier; and in view of the transitory nature of that phenomenon among financiers this alone may be taken as a tribute.

Moreover, not only had she married him but she had contrived to keep him so busy subsequently that he had had no time whatever in which to jeopardize either the confidence of that public or the very considerable booty which he had accumulated as its result.

To the liquidation



of this booty Estelle herself attended with the most praiseworthy assiduity, coupled with an ease and grace born of a lifetime of aristocratic poverty. She was a member of all the smart clubs which are of such assistance in this enterprise, and most of her evenings were spent in such as joined eating with dancing and made up for bad food and high prices with an almost passionate geniality on the part of their head waiters.

She loved to dance. Her house in Berkeley Square possessed one of the few large ballrooms to be met with even in that comfortable neighborhood, and, since Sir Herbert himself was structurally ill-adapted for this particular form of entertainment, his detestation of "Beau" Carstairs was all the more annoying.

For Beau also danced. It was indeed the one and only activity in which he could be said to some extent to justify his existence. But Sir Herbert was painfully blind to his attractions.

"That parasite!" he would say, when referring to Beau. "That offensive little parasite! I don't know what you see in him."

This was manifestly unfair of Sir Herbert, by the way, for

Mayfair

From the Notebook
of a
Discreet
Doctor

and most ordinary of events. Estelle and Beau had gone to a "first night" together; and the evening had, unfortunately, not been entirely enjoyable.

The play had been a wash-out—this on no less an authority than Beau Carstairs'; and as he was completely unbiased in the matter—the seats being charged to Sir Herbert—it is reasonable to assume that this was so.

"This show leaves me stone-cold," said Beau. "But those pajamas got me by the epigastrium." He made this statement at the end of the second or bedroom act, where the heroine, in order to interview her chauffeur, just naturally had been compelled to wear a

crêpe de Chine suit of the nature referred to.

What happened to the chauffeur is entirely his business, but the effect of the lady's costume on Beau Carstairs was considerable. He referred to it repeatedly, jotted down the name of the firm responsible for it, and talked of little else during the drive back to Estelle's house. What could be more natural then, in view of his obvious interest in the matter, than that Estelle on her arrival home should speak to Beau on this matter of pajamas as one connoisseur to another.

"Come in and have a drink," she said, "and I'll show you something."

"What'll you show me?" queried Beau, who had, in his time and under such circumstances, been shown things which in the long run had proved singularly expensive spectacles. Not very likely with Estelle, of course, and with old Bert Cohen in the background; but one never knew, and a fellow had to be careful.

Even the richest women from time to time in his experience had accounts to meet which, by the inscrutable laws which govern marriage, could be handled only by a friend. In that line, so far as Beau was concerned, there was simply nothing doing, so—

"What'll you show me?" inquired that cautious and gallant gentleman.

Estelle paused as she put her key in the door.

"I'll show you some pajamas, my bright young child, which will make that fat blonde's you rave about look like a suit of oilskins."

"Will you now?" said Beau, with enthusiasm, and followed her into the house.

She picked up a cardboard box which was lying on the table.

"They came tonight, just as I went out," she said. "I ordered them in Paris on our way back from Monte. I'd forgotten all about them till I saw the label."

"Well, let 'em loose," said Beau.

Estelle led the way upstairs and into her own boudoir. This was like its mistress—undeniably pretty and primarily adapted for dalliance. The chairs were deep and inviting, and the pictures consisted mainly of photographs of young men, bearing in

Calling his wife a name which no aptness could excuse, Sir Herbert flung himself upon the terrified Beau.

Beau was certainly six feet in height, and slender as his purse. Moreover, it is impossible to live without some human companionship, and since Sir Herbert was clearly disqualified by the adjective, no one could blame Estelle if she did not see eye to eye with her husband in this matter.

But Sir Herbert's feelings with regard to Beau, or indeed with regard to anyone or anything, did not matter very much in reality. He seldom came home except to sleep—at which unfashionable hour Estelle was out—while his interests on the Continent took him so frequently to Paris and elsewhere that Estelle had really no grounds to regret the fact that he was her husband.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits of Sir Herbert's to Paris that the awful thing happened; and as is commonly the case in such happenings, the whole thing sprang from the smallest



C "I was to bring you at once, Doctor Channing," gasped the breathless footman. "I'm from Sir Herbert Cowan's. Her ladyship's took very ill."

every instance inscriptions which protested the undying allegiance of the original.

"Lend me your penknife," Estelle said, "and mix me a drink."

And in a moment the suit which should blot the blonde out of existence was freed from its tissue-paper and held up for inspection.

Beau, however, was tepid at the revelation, and Estelle was not slow to divine the reason for his apathy.

For admittedly "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark is

as nothing to the ineffectiveness of pajamas without an occupant. There can be no doubt, therefore, that a spirit of the purest artistry alone moved Estelle to lend her own attractive personality to their more effective display.

"Wait a minute," she said, "and I'll show you." And snatching the disparaged garment from his hands, she ran impetuously from the room.

Beau waited, and as not infrequently happened to that sophisticated gentleman, events in the long run justified his patience.

The door reopened and a vision entered—so lovely and presumably so provoking to the epigastrium that Beau was for him quite lyric in his praise.

"Now you're talking," he said.

And Estelle knew that at last the blonde was a thing that never had been.

"Aren't they lambs?" she said, with a little pirouette the better to display them. The goggle-eyes of the critic on the hearth-rug were enough to admit his unqualified assent.

She whisked over to the phonograph.

"Clear the floor!" she cried; and in a few moments Beau was at his best. For he could dance; and with Estelle as his partner—to say nothing of the pajamas—he was inspired.

So they danced together to the music of the phonograph, and the intense solemnity which marks all experts on these occasions changed them from a flushed young man and a shameless little besom into two uplifted artists giving purely of their best.

No word escaped them. They were unaware almost of each other's presence, save as an essential factor in the perfection of their achievement. They glided, writhed and pivoted, ennobled by their efforts, while the sound of the Great Astorians throbbed throughout the room.

This being so, it was in every way unfortunate that Sir Herbert should have selected precisely that evening upon which to arrive—just like the pajamas—unexpectedly from Paris also. He saw Beau's hat and coat in the hall and, hearing the music going on above his head, he went, with a heart filled with the most generous impulses, to join his wife and her friend. The fact was that he had bought her something in Paris—a little surprise in the form of a pendant—and the fact that some man would witness his generosity was not unpleasant to Sir Herbert's masculinity.

He opened the door of the boudoir, therefore, in the most kindly spirits imaginable. But what he saw when he did so nearly struck him blind. For they were still dancing; and by Sir Herbert, who was not addicted to that pastime, their steps—of the latest intricacy—were certainly not appreciated.

He stared for a moment in disgust at their gyrations, and then let loose the vials of his wrath. He had a good voice for the purpose—it had served him for years when replying to the more querulous type of shareholder—and he made full use of it on this occasion.

He demanded an explanation and refused to listen to it. When finally he did hear it he refused pointblank to believe it. (In crises of this sort the truth is notoriously unreliable.)

He would listen to no one. He stormed and raved; and finally, calling Estelle a name which no aptness could excuse, he flung himself, mouth- ing with anger, upon the hapless and terrified Beau. Estelle rushed to part them, and received full upon her shoulder a chance blow which laid her, sobbing with terror, prone upon the floor between their feet.

Sir Herbert was transformed. He was on his knees in a moment, and since there is no more appealing object than a woman in the wrong, the offending pajamas served now merely to accentuate the shame he felt for the brutality of his behavior. He literally groveled. He lifted Estelle in his arms—a thing he had not ventured to do since he had officially taken delivery of her at St. George's, Hanover Square—and placed her tenderly on a sofa. He patted and kissed her hands.

"Forgive me, Estelle, my darling girl," he babbled. "It was an accident. I'm so sorry."

And so on, and so on.

"Don't touch me," sobbed Estelle, and tried to push him away from her.

Then, with a face of horror, she looked down and screamed—literally screamed—so that her hearers went cold at the sound.

"Oh, my arm!" she cried. "My right arm! I can't move it! It feels dead! I can't move it at all!" And her sobbing sank to a continuous moan which drove Sir Herbert frantic.

He turned to Beau, stupefied in the background.

"Ring the bell!" he shouted. And when the footman appeared: "Send for a doctor. Lady Cowan is ill. Better go yourself. Quickly, d'you hear?"

The footman hesitated. "Who shall I get, Sir Herbert?" he stammered.

In spite of his grief, Sir Herbert paused.

This was a delicate matter. There must be no scandal. Old Petworth—that boy of his and the trouble with those checks. The police would have had him but for some doctor. "Channing"—that was the name. "A very wise bird," old Petworth had said. Lived in Charles Street too. Quite near.

"Get Doctor Channing," he answered. "Charles Street—you'll find his number in the telephone book. Bring him back at once."

So the footman departed on his errand, while the sound of the Great Astorians mingled with Estelle's sobs.

Sir Herbert turned. "Turn that thing off," he snarled. "Stop it, d'you hear?"

Beau stopped it; and wished that he too could melt so swiftly into nothingness. He hated scenes. All his life he had exercised the utmost ingenuity to avoid them, and it is only fair to say that there had been times in that life already when to do so would have seemed impossible to most men. But to this present case even his technique was unequal.

He stood by the fire for a full ten minutes, and nothing whatever occurred to him as being adequate to the occasion. Useless the injured air or the disarming smile. Even the quick caress, that seldom failed him, surely would be thrown away on Sir Herbert. There was only one thing to do and he did it. He opened the door and went.

He met Doctor Channing on the doorstep.

"They're upstairs," he said hoarsely, "in the drawing-room." And then he fled, like a haunted man, down the steps into the square.

It was two o'clock in the morning before Channing left Estelle's bedroom and made his report to a red-eyed and dilapidated Sir Herbert in the latter's study.

"Lady Cowan is quiet now," he said. "I have given her a soothing draft, and I shall come to see her again in the morning."

"But her arm," asked Sir Herbert—"why can't she move her arm?"

"Her right arm is still powerless," Channing said, "but I assure you it will recover. There is no permanent injury, and with proper treatment you need have no fear whatever." He was reassuring and confident.

Sir Herbert listened dully. He turned his back and stared for a moment at the gray vista of chimney-pots upon which his study looked.

"I struck her," he said. "It was an accident, but I struck her. I'll never forgive myself."

"That's nonsense," said Channing, taking his arm as he spoke. "If you did strike her, as you say, that's not the cause of her present condition. But we'll discuss all this tomorrow when you've had some sleep and are more yourself again," he added kindly.

And he ordered Sir Herbert to bed.

In the morning his patient was much better. She was no longer crying, and had slept well; but the arm still lay like a dead thing by her side, and not even the skill of Channing's best nurse could relieve her terror of its helplessness.

She had, however, forgiven Sir Herbert. She had forgiven him, in fact, as freely as only a woman can (Continued on page 126)



A Slave of the Gods

By Katherine Mayo

The author of "Mother India"

Lifts the Veil of Secrecy that Guards
India's Temple Dancing Girls

"In India the dancing-girls dedicated to the service of the Tamil temples take the name of deva-dasis, 'Servants or slaves of the gods,' but in common parlance they are spoken of simply as harlots. Every Tamil temple of note in India has its troop of these sacred women."
J. G. Frazer, "The Golden Bough."

THE Governor was on tour, inspecting his province. His wife, newly out from England, accompanied him. And for her sake it was that a visit to the famous old Brahman temple figured in this day's program.

Respectfully the priests conducted their guests as far as any non-Hindu may go, through the massive-columned chambers that lie before the Shrine. Respectfully Her Excellency praised the rich beauty of carving and color, the grandeur of proportion and design. And if now she shrank from the Goddess Awa der of Smallpox whose breasts dripped rancid butter cast upon them in handfuls by supplicants for safety or cure, it was because too much rancid butter and too much smallpox, with the mercury at ninety degrees in the shade, taxed her yet unaccustomed nerves.

With a suppressed movement of escape she turned toward the great closed doors of the Holy of Holies, whither a waft of music now drew her eyes. And behold, within the shadows of the pillars, a lovely sight—a group of temple women, beautiful of face, beautiful of garment, beautiful of posture, following the rhythm of the instruments with song.

Then out from that group moved a fairy figure—a child, clad in a long white robe embroidered in thread of gold. Splendid jewels weighted her neck and arms and ankles; flowers crowned her hair. She carried a garland of sacred marigold blossoms, which, having prostrated herself in obeisance before the Great Lady, she offered with all graceful modesty, in her outstretched hands.

But Her Excellency, who understood nothing, being new in the land, yet felt a tug at her heart-strings. The tiny figure was so frail, the rose-leaf mouth so sad, the velvet cheeks so wan beneath their rouge, the lines of breeding and intelligence so over-emphasized. And somehow, as she looked, the unconscious intentness of her gaze lifted the long black lashes till the little one's eyes rested full on her own.

For an instant they stood so—the lady seeming to search into the depths of the child's soul—the child with dilating pupils and parted lips supporting the search in a sort of devouring tension—until some signal broke the spell. With a quick sigh of awakening the small flower-bearer, rising from another deep obeisance, turned and glided away. And the priests, moving forward, led their guests to other scenes.

But the work was done.

Lakshmi, floating her mind at ease, could remember fragments of experience from her fourth year forward. Now she was seven. She remembered her mother's face—the fine-cut face of a high-bred Brahman. She remembered her mother's voice, moaning over and over:

"Little daughter, what is to become of you? How am I, a poor widow, to find you a dowry? How, without dowry, can you be wed?"

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Yet not to be wed were shame—worse, far, than death."

Then she remembered her mother's cough, and how bad it grew; and how an

English doctor-lady came to help. Sometimes that doctor-lady said: "You must lie still and rest. Let me take baby Lakshmi home. When I come tomorrow I will bring her back."

Then followed another memory, as familiar—a memory of a big lighted room, of many people in the room, singing, or praying new prayers, and of certain few words, oft repeated, that somehow stood out from the rest.

"What does it mean?" she had asked the doctor-lady. "What means 'Lighten-our-darkness-O-Lord-and-defend-us-from-all-the-perils-of-this-life-for-the-sake-of-Jesus-Christ-our-Lord'?"

And though the doctor-lady had given her the meaning of the words in the Indian tongue, yet the strange originals themselves had remained imprinted on her sensitive child-brain.

After that came a day when the poor mother grew suddenly worse. But the doctor-lady was gone a journey. And a pretty Hindu lady in a pretty dress, with many shining bracelets, had come. A *deva-dasi*, she was called. And she told wonderful tales.

Then, "You, too, are soon going a journey," this new friend said to Mother, whose eyes were grown so big and burning bright, "and if you let me take little Lakshmi, I will fit her to be married to the gods, and she shall have beautiful dresses and jewels to wear, and she will be honored and admired. And she never can be a widow, a thing of ill-omen, like you."

"See how fair she is of skin, how delicate is her nose, how clear her promise of intelligence and beauty! I will make her so full of grace that the greatest Brahmins will stand fixed in admiration before her and shower her with gold and praise. Give her to me."

But Lakshmi, strangely frightened, clung to her mother's knees. "Do not send me away!" she wept. And the mother wept with her, clutching her in her arms. Yet she said, at last:

"I submit. For it is true I go a journey and must go alone. And though my heart misgives me, it cannot be wrong to leave my little one to the holy gods."

"Quick! Here is the joy-gift, to seal the bond!" cried the other—and Lakshmi heard a clink of coin. "Great merit have you now with the gods."

Then the rocking and racking of the bullock-cart, on the long highroad—and, in the dusk behind its curtains, a weary, frightened child sobbing herself to sleep on the pretty lady's knees.

After that, just the great Brahman temple, and the temple house, where many other children dwelt in training for marriage to the gods. Such pretty creatures, all—chosen for their beauty and natural grace.

And every day came the hours of suppling the little bodies with oil and skilful rubbings, came the lessons in dancing, came the reading lessons in order that long, long books of poetry might be learned by heart. Thus, every temple child grows learned beyond all women of old India. But the poetry, even though it concerned the gods, made many pictures that troubled Lakshmi's heart. Not knowing why, she turned against it.

"I will learn no more!" one day she exclaimed.

"Will not?" smiled her new "mother."

Then came the first real whipping of her life.

Other children sometimes struggled, too. There had been Tara, who was big—almost ten years old;

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Illustrations by Wilfred Jones

Tara, whose father, a rich man, had given her to the gods, to acquire merit and in prayer for a son. Tara was always unhappy.

"You don't understand," one day she had said to Lakshmi, "but I understand, now. I am not a coward. They shall not make me do it. You shall see."

That night, from one of the inner chambers, came piercing shrieks of a little child, first in anger, then in agony.

"That is little Esli! He is mad to take her so soon. She is too valuable to destroy in the making!" Lakshmi heard her "mother" murmur.

But Tara whispered: "Esli is so pretty—what if she is younger than you? That didn't save her. The priest couldn't wait. Now remember and watch: My time has come. I save myself."

Next morning they found her body in the well—drowned.

Lakshmi's own training centered on the temple drama. And by the time she was ready to appear in public she already understood as much as a child can of the significance of word and act—yet with an instinctive revolt which, where once it had existed in the others, had for the most part been either cowed into submission or rotted away by the influences in the air.

Never could she forget that first moment on the stage—the nightmare of loathing and fear that had filled her in advance—

then the upflare of light, the burst of music and the flash of awakened memory: Memory of another big room, filled with light, filled with people—memory of other music. Before she knew what she did, she had dropped on her knees.

"Lighten-our-darkness-O-Lord-and-defend-us-from-all-the perils-and-dangers-of-this-life-for-the-sake-of-Jesus-Christ-our-Lord!" she was repeating, wildly, when the woman beside her pulled her upright with an admonitory pinch that brought the blood.

After that, when the lights flared up and the music broke forth, she kept her feet—but the words sprang to her lips. "My own mantra—my own charm!" she called them in her heart and something within her seemed to survive thereon.

But now she was old—seven years old. Already they had "married" her to the god—and if, till today, she had missed Esli's fate, before much longer it surely must claim her. Under everpresent foreboding her child-soul sickened and sank.

Then, as out of the blue, in the temple itself and before the very door of the Inmost Shrine, had come the summons—the silent summons in the Great Lady's eyes.

"She called me! Her spirit called me! I must go. I dare not wait." Over and over through the (Continued on page 158)

Lily Christine

Illustrations by

The Story So Far:

THE adventure of Lily Christine was the high spot in that vacation of the dreamer and journalist, Rupert Harvey, and his wife Muriel. Muriel was away when the adventure happened, and Harvey, out strolling, found Lily Christine in the lane—a gold-brown, sunburned, pensive goddess sitting stranded in a wolfish sports car. She had broken her glasses, she explained, and could not see to drive on to London.

So Harvey invited her in to supper; and then circumstances were such that she had to stay overnight. Harvey learned that she was the wife of the popular idol and famous cricketer, Summerest—a man whose factotum he had been at school, and had boyishly hated, for all Summerest's inordinate popularity.

Next morning Harvey had procured a chauffeur for Lily Christine and she had driven away.

When he recounted the adventure to Muriel, Harvey tried to give it an atmosphere of dare-devil romance. But she knew him too well. No Don Juan, Harvey—just a phenomenally faithful husband, a dreaming journalist. Nevertheless, she was genuinely upset when she learned that he had gone into the lady's bedroom, at her request, to give her a cigaret, and perhaps had been seen by the servants. These were the kind of casual goings-on, Muriel said indignantly, that gave the upper classes their reputation.

Lily Christine had married Ivor Summerest when she was only nineteen. She was the marrying kind; lovely Lily Christine, with her pitifully short-sighted, mermaid's eyes, aroused every man's chivalry. But Summerest alone captured her heart.

A love-match; at first they lived in a heaven of abandonment. But after the coming of her two



“I suppose you think, Mr. Rupert Harvey, that I’m jealous?” asked Lily Christine. “I

By Michael Arlen

A Novel of a Good Woman

H. R. Ballinger

children, Lily Christine grew up and began to take her wifehood seriously. This estranged Summerest, a handsome, selfish man who did not understand growth and development. He began amusing himself with various pretty "pieces of nonsense," and Lily Christine, strangely enough, accepted his unfaithfulness.

He might play about with other women, but she knew that he loved only

her. He could not be unfaithful to what was between them. Summerest's income was what he won at cards and horse-races, and they were in a chronic state of poverty, though apparently living like princes. Lily Christine tried to help by running a fashionable lingerie shop. But that failed. It was during the failure that she met Harvey. And the day after, she learned that her husband's last loyalty to her had crashed.

He had fallen seriously in love, Ivor told her, with a "good woman," a widow. And she would have nothing to do with him unless he were divorced. So he had told her it might be arranged; his wife, he said, did not really love him—there was nothing between them. When Lily Christine heard this halting, shame-faced confession she was sick over his treachery to her. But as always, she could not resist the appeal of his childish, blundering misery when he wanted something so badly. Of course, she said, he could have a divorce, when he wished.

But she would not let him tell her the name of the other woman. It was forced on her soon enough.

—
MRS. HARVEY liked Lily Christine every bit as much as she thought she would. Lily Christine wrote her a very nice bread-and-butter letter thanking her for her husband's hospitality to a



shouldn't blame you if you were—angry." Harvey had seen Summerest come in with the beautiful Mrs. Abbey.

lady in distress and asking her to come to see her when she was back in London. But it was almost October before Muriel could bring herself to embark on such an adventure, and by that time Harvey himself had seen quite a deal of Lily Christine; indeed he had become quite a friend of the house.

Yes, Muriel liked Lily Christine, but—well, such people bothered her, she was not comfortable with them, those young girls and women with long silly legs and impertinent knees and dabs of paint, just dabs of it stuck on their lovely white skins. The way they made up, even girls who couldn't be more than nineteen!

They were nice, yes, and Lily Christine was a darling, yes, but Muriel felt lost among them. They were too casual for her—in their manners, their conversation, the way they sat about all anyhow. Their swearing shocked her too—although she could see they didn't swear with the idea of being shocking, it came quite natural to them. And also she felt more than usually dowdy when she was with them, but she did not say that to Harvey.

But the point was that while she felt dowdy in her person, in every other way—mentally, domestically, matrimonially—she felt quite impatiently well-ordered as compared with those muddled young people. And they made her feel old too, and glad to be old. While as for Lily Christine's tiny house, Muriel could not help feeling that it needed, not cleaning, for it looked clean enough, but a good slapping.

So far as Harvey himself was concerned, his feelings about his new friend were as dull and plain as everything else about him. For one thing she was quite a new experience for him, and for another he valued her as a person and he valued very highly the friendliness which she did him the honor to show him. He could not help seeing that the reason for that lay in his own ordinariness, that he filled in her life a place similar—but of course on a much lower plane—to that filled by Neville Parwen, that she had a need for quiet, steady, grown-up, talkative—in short, boring—friendships.

He hadn't, of course, been able to help gathering that her life was a rather difficult one, that she was left very much to herself in the managing of it, that Summerest was not an ideal husband. Yet she had a way of living that life so naturally that his admiration went out to her.

Now the idea of anyone living his or her life "bravely" under difficulties is, to tell the truth, slightly embarrassing. But there were not any "braveries" about Lily Christine of the sort that made a man want to turn away his head and shed a quiet tear of sympathy.

All she did was to live in the most natural way in the world, neither



C "You are a wicked woman, not because of other people doing wicked things," not a bad man. Well, you are making



*you do wicked things yourself but because you are the cause
Ivor said to Mrs. Abbey. "I'm not good for much, but I'm
me bad. I shall commit any wickedness I can to get you."*

hiding her difficulties nor stressing them, which is to say that she made everyone about her quite comfortable. She had a regard for friendship and would not inflict herself on her friends.

One of the first things Harvey noticed in her was an almost exaggerated respect for friendship, a charming tentativeness in all her intimacies, which was not due to any ungenerous uncertainty about her friends but to an instinctively lofty faith in the spiritual worth of friendships. She could not make use of friendship for the very reason that friendship was there to be made use of.

The Summerests lived in one of those small narrow houses in one of those quiet streets of small narrow houses that litter the neighborhoods of the great squares of London. But Harvey never got much further in his knowledge of the house than that it was a poky place, for the only room he ever really got to know in it was Lily Christine's bedroom, which sounds singular but can be very plausibly explained.

The front door was opened to callers by a man called Coghill, with whom Harvey never managed to establish friendly relations. But he gathered that this Coghill had a weight or weights on his mind, being cook, butler and valet in one. If Coghill did not know the caller he said "Wait, will you," just like that, and left the visitor in a tiny sitting-room off the dark narrow hall. It had a forlorn unused air, that little sitting-room.

But if Coghill knew the visitor, all he said was "Upstairs," and up the narrow stairs you went to Lily Christine's bedroom. For that was the only comfortable "lived-in" room in the house, and it did all the honors of the house with an easy agreeable hospitality.

Harvey—who, being a journalist, never saw what was under his nose—did not realize it was a bedroom until, through a half-open door, he saw what must be the adjoining bathroom. The bathroom was quite spacious—"Money has been spent on it," sighed Lily Christine—and she would dress in there while her friends sat about in the bedroom.

Apart from Coghill, Harvey saw only one other servant, Lily Christine's maid Hempel, who had an unpleasant way of imitating her mistress' voice on the telephone and then putting you in your place when you naturally addressed her as Lily Christine. "I will call Madam," she would say icily. Apart from that, however, she appeared to be a kindly agreeable woman, willing but bewildered.

Harvey usually left Fleet Street a little before six o'clock and reached his home near the Kensington High Street just in time to say good night to John and James. But nowadays, urged on by Muriel, who was never tired of saying he ought to "go out more," he would now and again ascend to the upper air at the

Hyde Park Corner station and walk the few hundred yards to Lily Christine's house.

As a rule there would be a car or two outside the tiny house, maybe quite a queue of lean and deadly-looking cars—"sports" cars they were called—for at that hour there would always be one or two young people in Lily Christine's bedroom. She appeared to be at the mercy of a quantity of cousins, or if they were not cousins they were young people who much preferred her to their own cousins, crisply casual youths in gray flannel trousers, and dazzling maidens with high unrestrained voices.

Curiously enough, these young people did not embarrass Harvey so much as he had expected, but no doubt that had something to do with the atmosphere of Lily Christine's bedroom, which was not at all embarrassing.

These pretty girls and pleasant young men were apparently all about to be married to one another or were just married to one another; anyhow they were in trouble of one kind or another, and not one of them appeared to be able to embark on anything whatsoever without Lily Christine's advice or help. They never ceased to worry her with their affairs.

But these young people never became quite definite to Harvey, as he no doubt never became quite definite to them. Neville Parwen, of course, was the exception. With him, Harvey instantly established a sympathetic alliance. It was not until he had met Parwen five or six times that he caught his name and of course instantly connected him with some admirable books he had read. After that they always had a great deal to talk about, for Harvey had pegged away in his time too and had published a couple. And, like all honest men, there was nothing he enjoyed so much as talking shop.

Another of Harvey's prejudices about the Sort of Life Young People Lead Nowadays was shattered at finding that there was no such thing as a cocktail-shaker in the house. This was also a great blow to Muriel, who said she did not know what novelists and bishops were coming to, the way they misled honest folk with their lies and misstatements.

In point of fact, Harvey began to feel quite a dissipated fellow, for he always enjoyed a whisky-and-soda or so at about six o'clock, and not a young man there ever took more than one, if that. He gathered that Summerest, like John Wilkes, had no small vices, while as for Lily Christine, she was always trying to put on weight and she said she found a nice glass of stout very sympathetic but that Coghill was such a selfish beast he either did not order any or drank it all downstairs.

Presently the young people he met there began to puzzle him. For instance, devoted though they were to Lily Christine, they did not even in manner take sides in the Summerest difficulties. It certainly looked as though they were trying in their muddled way to shield Lily Christine somehow; it certainly looked as though they wanted to fill up her life as much as possible so that she should not feel lonely. But what Harvey could not understand was that they made no bones about showing that they liked Summerest very much.

Were these young people just muddle-headed or were they extraordinarily fair-minded? The relations between Summerest and Lily Christine were neither hushed up nor rubbed in. It was accepted, comically enough, that she was at his beck and call whenever he wanted her but that he was silly ass enough not to want her very often. They did not even begin to condemn Summerest because he could not keep a home going decently or because he neglected their adored Lily Christine for some of the cheapest women in London.

It was Muriel who pointed out to him that the trouble with these young people was that they had no standards. It was extraordinary that they hadn't, since they had all been brought up at schools where—so a woman was given to understand—good form was the standard. But they had simply dropped all that;

they had no standards, to them a man was not bad or good, he was amusing or a bore.

Summerest was very seldom there at the hour Harvey called, but he would come in for a short while now and then. Harvey had expected to find Summerest more or less as he had known him at school, for he fancied that men of that sort did not usually change very much.

But Summerest had grown from a slim



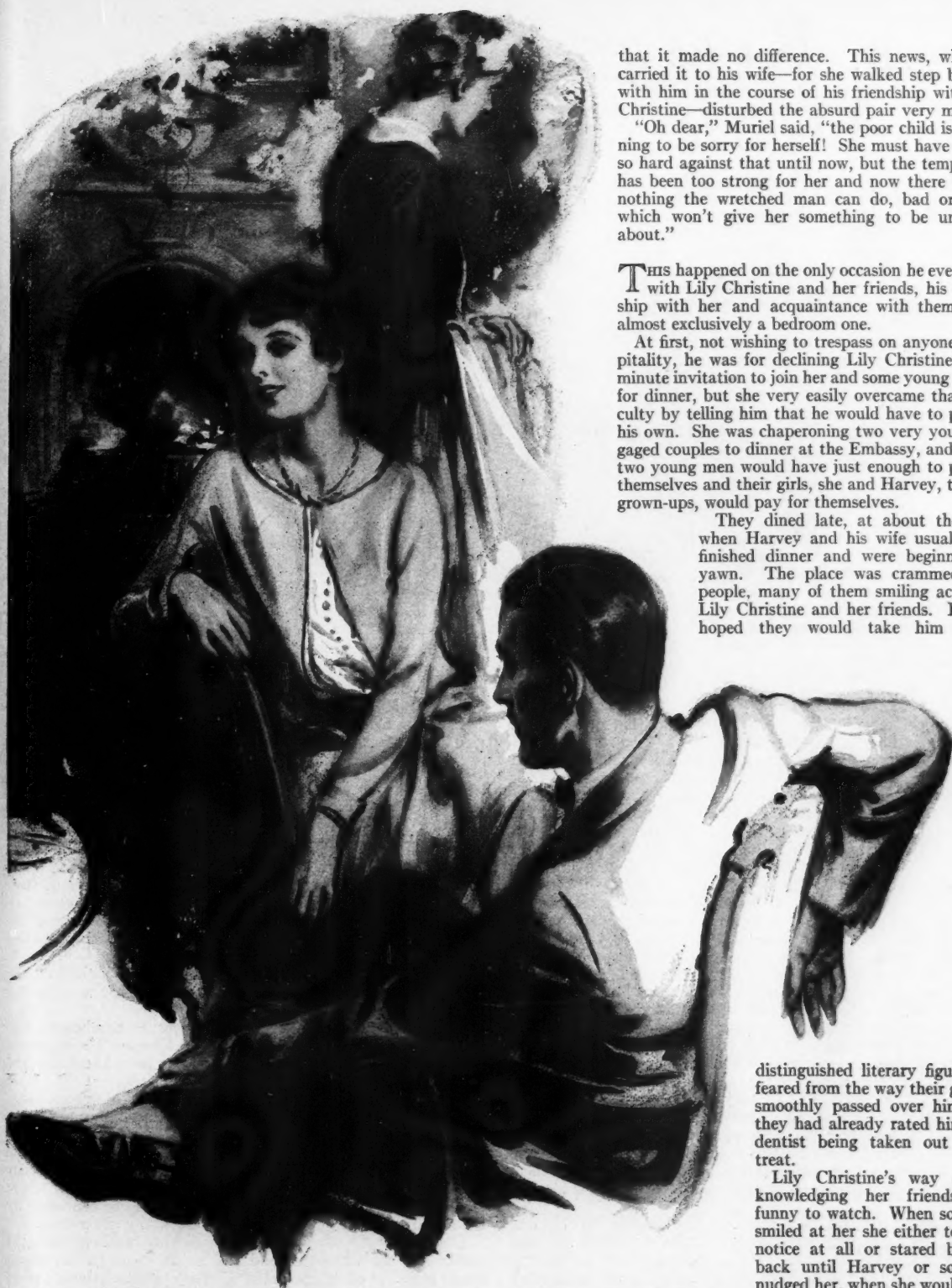
The young people Harvey met at Lily Christine's puzzled him. Devoted though they were to her, they did not take sides in the Summerest difficulties.

athletic young giant who always had a smile for everyone into a heavily built clumsy-looking man who seemed to be very much taken up with his own thoughts. The man's head bothered Harvey; it was smallish and fine and *selective* looking, quite at variance with the slow-moving clumsy body. And there was a settled brooding unawareness at the back of those frozen blue eyes that went a good way to unsettling Harvey's precious theories about him. What it came to was that he simply could not make up his mind to dislike the man and be done with it.

Anyone could see that Summerest was not a happy man. In spite of everything he did when he came into the room, his idle chatterings with the young people, his slow-moving easy humor, Harvey could not help fancying that he was a man living behind a curtain, that his thoughts were leading him a devil of a life. If ever a man was bound to himself by chains, it was Summerest, and he did not know how to free himself but kept on helplessly twisting this way and that.

That was the impression he gave Harvey, and an indigestible sort of impression it was. He did not want to like Summerest and he did not want to be sorry for Summerest, but there was no denying the fact that he was finding unsuspected difficulties in the way of disliking Summerest.

All the same, he could not help rebelling, on Lily Christine's behalf, against what he fancied to be the resignation of her



attitude. After all, she was still so young, she had such qualities of mind and heart, so much to give, and was she to waste all that on a vagabond kind of man who did not know the value of what he held?

But always behind everything she did or said seemed to flow a queerly quiescent love for that clumsy-looking, handsome, incompetent husband of hers. And who knew whether or not she was being very wise? For she seemed to be managing very well, much better than those unhappy women who have a "proper pride" and know "what is due to them." She seemed to have come to terms with life, to be quite happy.

And then one night Harvey saw her crying, or so near crying

that it made no difference. This news, when he carried it to his wife—for she walked step by step with him in the course of his friendship with Lily Christine—disturbed the absurd pair very much.

"Oh dear," Muriel said, "the poor child is beginning to be sorry for herself! She must have fought so hard against that until now, but the temptation has been too strong for her and now there will be nothing the wretched man can do, bad or good, which won't give her something to be unhappy about."

This happened on the only occasion he ever dined with Lily Christine and her friends, his friendship with her and acquaintance with them being almost exclusively a bedroom one.

At first, not wishing to trespass on anyone's hospitality, he was for declining Lily Christine's last-minute invitation to join her and some young friends for dinner, but she very easily overcame that difficulty by telling him that he would have to pay for his own. She was chaperoning two very young engaged couples to dinner at the Embassy, and as the two young men would have just enough to pay for themselves and their girls, she and Harvey, the two grown-ups, would pay for themselves.

They dined late, at about the hour when Harvey and his wife usually had finished dinner and were beginning to yawn. The place was crammed with people, many of them smiling across at Lily Christine and her friends. Harvey hoped they would take him for a

distinguished literary figure, but feared from the way their glances smoothly passed over him that they had already rated him as a dentist being taken out for a treat.

Lily Christine's way of acknowledging her friends was funny to watch. When someone smiled at her she either took no notice at all or stared blankly back until Harvey or someone nudged her, when she would gasp

"Where? Who?" slip on her spectacles and smile brightly towards a particular spot in the crowded room. Harvey calculated that it was only once in fifty times she managed to return a smile in the direction whence it had come, while for the rest she bestowed her favors indiscriminately on people who stared back in blank astonishment.

How queer it always seemed to him, queer with that odd, profound, unreasonable queeriness one found in books so widely different as those of Walter de la Mare and Norman Douglas, that those clear eyes that sometimes changed from violet to blue-gray even while you looked at them, those "mermaid's eyes" that sometimes seemed to be living a far-away (Continued on page 118)

By RUPERT
HUGHES

Going



TWO better-looking, two more amiable murderers could hardly have been found even in Chicago than the glossy, tender-eyed, impossibly innocent yet somehow sly young fellows who were nervously waiting for two of the prettiest girls in—or on—the town.

The boys lurked in the dark of the glare of a shop-window at one of the noisiest corners and stole alternate glances at their stolen wrist watches and at the human herd milling past.

Had anyone in that stampede glanced their way, he might have guessed that they were college boys, a trifle too pretty, too baby-faced, with their sleek curls, their gaudy ties, their outrageous hats. In fact they were known, to those who knew them, as "Babe" Hubbard and "Cheeky" Perkins—"Cheeky" less for his nervy impudence than for the perennial roses in his snowy skin.

If they had been the college boys they looked they might have stood at the head of their classes or their teams, for already they had achieved an anonymous fame as the assassins of Tip Little and Crock Sayer, who had grimly collaborated in the slaughter of six citizens, two of them policemen. Crock won his nickname by looking something like a crocodile and being equally emotional.

Babe and Cheeky were overyoung to have begun their careers with such a masterpiece. It is not well for an artist to commence with perfection. And these boys were realizing it. They had received neither the thanks nor the freedom of the city for saving it the vast expense in time and money that the capture of Tip and Crock would have cost, not to mention their undoubtedly protracted trial and their otherwise improbable execution.

In fact, the police now raised a hue and cry after the murderers of the murderers, as if shepherds chasing coyotes and finding them slain by wolves should press on after the wolves instead of blessing them.

The police did not know just who had snuffed out Tip and Crock, but their gang might have a suspicion, and in any case Babe and Cheeky, as members of the rival gang, were fair game in the rattlesnake and blacksnake war that raged in the underbrush of the city.

What it was that started the feud between these gangs had long been forgotten. It was probably some hi-jacking exploit, for rum-running had not yet settled down in Chicago to the smooth established industry it has become in New York.

It was still a war of dog-eat-dog and when a committee from Babe's gang turned a machine gun on a group of rivals peaceably taking the air one night, the other gang sent Tip and Crock to toss a clutch of hand-grenades into a business meeting of Babe's friends. In making their getaway they had found it necessary to destroy two policemen.

Babe's shattered gang would have been much obliged if Tip

and Crock had wiped out all the cops in the universe, but the fatal interruption of a private conference had to be rebuked. The task was deputed to Babe and Cheeky. They had not relished it, but they had never dreamed of disobeying orders.

Night after night they cruised the streets in a closely curtained touring-car until at last they encountered their victims. Two boyish hands were thrust between the curtains. Two pistols coughed "Ahem!" through their silencers, and Tip and Crock did a nose-dive into eternity.

None of the befuddled bystanders caught the number of the car, which had been freshly stolen anyway. Babe and Cheeky

abandoned it, and made for their hide-out, stopping only to bid good-by to their two sweethearts and explain why they must vanish for a time.

The morning papers that were slipped to them with their smuggled breakfast recorded their triumph in chaste monosyllables:

NEW GANG
WAR FLARES
TWO MORE THUGS
CROAKED

The police had no idea to whom they were indebted and the newspapers said as much. Babe and Cheeky had a normal appetite for fame and it nagged them to read so much about their good work and nothing at all about themselves. They grew jealous of their own achievement. Besides, it was unbearable for such young animals to stick in a dark cubby-hole forever, and they famished for a sight of their girls.

The rash thing was always the reasonable thing with them and at last they sent word to Elsie and Louise that they were coming up for air and would be glad to share it.

Elsie and Louise were pretty and loving, as numberless men knew well, but none so well as Babe and Cheeky. The danger of the rendezvous made it irresistible, for the boys knew that the girls might be watched and followed.

Elsie and Louise were well aware of this and, being born gangster girls, they were fascinated by the chance to show their skill in shaking off any shadows.

Doubling on their tracks, using the stairways of the elevated and dodging through drug stores with two or more exits, they finally met and trotted giggling toward the roaring corner where the boys waited for them and where they would be concealed by the multitude and could vanish into the crowd if discovered.

The conflict of many lights there made a concealment while the trucks and the street-cars and the taxicabs and the newsboys raised a shelter of clamor aided by the tunnel-reverberations of the elevated tracks where the squealing wheels of the trains thudded overhead.

Babe and Cheeky had selected the spot cannily, but they were eager to get back into the borrowed car waiting at the nearest parking space.

The night was fine, the moon had escaped the jail of the clouds and was fleeing across a sky all eyes. It was a night for love, and the boys wanted to tell the girls of their future ambitions and of the great haul they had been planning in their enforced leisure. It would mean dazzling gifts for the girls.

Elsie and Louise, hastening toward them, were clinging together, talking of their hopes that something might enable them

for a Ride

to select a more restricted companionship and give their lives to the boys exclusively. But so many people were in such a hurry to complete each his cherished errand that everybody impeded everybody, and the girls were knocked about and thrown back as if they waded into a boisterous surf.

Babe and Cheeky studied the crowd for the dawn of two pretty faces; then they studied their wrist watches; then they compared their wrist watches, then they studied the crowd in every direction to see if any enemy were about; then they studied the crowd for the girls. Finally they studied only the crowd for the girls.

By this time Elsie and Louise were so near they were trying to peer through the crowd. But the crowd was opaque as turbid water.

Suddenly each of the boys felt something like a forefinger jabbed into his floating ribs. Instinct told him that a pistol was there. Two left hands, wearing two wrist watches, clenched; four eyes turned to agates, two right hands flew to side pockets. But they stopped just outside the flaps as soft voices murmured:

"Freeze! Don't lift your hands or I'll drop you. That flivver at the curb to your left. Walk to it, don't run. Get in the back seat—we'll do the rest."

The boys stiffened with the pride a spy shows when he stalks haughtily to the rope, or a surrendered army shows when it marches proudly out of its fort and lays down its arms.

Then the boys relaxed. Etiquette, the code of the hard-boiled, compelled the boys to saunter carelessly to the automobile, though they knew it to be a tumbrel of death for them.

They might have shrieked, have dodged, have whipped out their own guns, whirled shooting and escaped all penalty, or at least have enjoyed the last thrill of going out at full speed.



But this would not have been considered good gunmanhood.

There ought to be somebody to admire these otherwise unnoticed braveries within shame, these magnificent moments of contemptible people. It seems a pity to waste the countless superb and valorous behaviors of evil persons who make a good end, rivaling in grace and self-control the deportment of those who die in holy martyrdom for good causes. Not that there was any grandeur in the death march of Babe and Cheeky. Their manner was one of slouchy contempt and was artistic only in the vaudeville sense; for the whole business was done with the decorative balance of a three-a-day comic quartet:

Two young men dressed almost exactly alike looked at their wrist watches. Two other young men dressed almost exactly alike stepped up behind them and poked against them their coat pockets.

All four drifted by the left oblique to an automobile. There the picture broke as at the tormentor entrance and the design was lost. But it was a good exit, and perhaps it was greeted somewhere with inaudible spontaneous applause for ugly work prettily done.

The crowd jostled them but nobody noticed the least tension or paid any heed. The citizens were used to learning from the newspapers nearly everything they learned about their own lives. They could never quite believe that there had been a hot day, or a blizzard, or that their homes or shops had been burned until they read it in the next day's papers.

Some of the men and women who knocked the elbows of these four young men would look up from their extras the next afternoon and comment:

"Well, whattaya know about that? I went past that very corner just about that time. I might 'a' bumped into those fellas. I prob'ly did. I'm sure I did. Well, whattaya know about that? Me bumpin' right into those gangsters! Well, whattaya know!"

WHEN Babe and Cheeky had been guided to the rear seat, one of their captors sat down between them, put his other hand in his other pocket and pressed against the ribs on either side of him something so like a pistol muzzle that it doubtless was one.

The other gunman now had both hands free and he took his place at the wheel just as the policeman on the corner whistled and let the traffic through. He was too busy to notice this driver or his passengers. He motioned them into the main highway.

Two girls on the curb fell back, staring so keenly at all the cars that they did not see any one car. They did not even glance at the boys they were trying to reach.

But Babe and Cheeky saw them and had to check a cry of greeting. The girls looked as exquisite as beloved beauty could look only to one carried past it on a boiling cataract.

But Elsie and Louise would never be seen again. Nothing beautiful would ever be seen after tonight by those two boys. If anything could have been ugly to eyes taking their last running glance at the world, that also would never be seen again. The eyes



Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg

of the boys were very pitiable, for they were going blind young. Their plight staggered them so that they fell to the degradation of asking a question whose answer they both knew. Babe beat Cheeky to the query:

"Where are yous bozos takin' us?"

The man between them laughed: "Oh, just for a ride."

Both the boys snickered at that, but with no particular amusement. They were thinking: "'At's funny! and us all set to take a brace of skirts for a ride!"

They remembered that the car they had hired—or had they borrowed it informally?—well, anyways, that car would stand there all night, and cops would come by and chalk the wheels again and again and lay in wait for the driver. And that would be funny, too.

Well, they should worry. They wouldn't have any use for automobiles or cops either from now on. "On" was the longest word there was.

Now for the first time the boys saw that there was some use for a cop, after all. He put a little order into the traffic. If it wasn't for him the trucks would kill everybody and nobody wouldn't be able to drive a car nowhere.

Cops were a good thing, too, for guys that wanted to keep the joolery they had bought, for guys that wanted to spend their own wages and have somebody get their kids back from the kidnapers.

That tall cop now who held up the traffic like a lion tamer. He had a nice grin on his mug. He looked as if he wasn't afraid of nobody.

If a guy in a car was to make a break and holler, "Help, they're goin' to kill me!" he'd yank out his rod and jump into it, and maybe he'd kill these two other guys.

But maybe they'd kill him. Anyways, nobody could be quick enough on the trigger to beat this lad on the back seat to it. At the first yip out of Babe or Cheeky he would yank two triggers and then—zow! Babe and Cheeky wouldn't be nothin' but a coupla stiffs.

Besides, it wasn't done thataway. When you was caught you was caught—like kids playin' I-spy, and only a yellow cry-baby would let out a holler.

It would get Babe and Cheeky in bad with their gang. They would be known forever as the two bimboes who spoiled the good name of their pals and let the public in on a strickly private fight.

No, nothing doing. There was only one out to this game.

They resigned themselves to their finish, and tried only to drink their fill of the world. It was full of surprises.

Funny, but who had ever reeled how pretty a drug-store window was with the red and the green bottles and the glimpses of the marble sody-fountains inside? What a swell thing it would be to walk into one and say, "Gimme a pack of cigarets and some headache powders."

BABE and Cheeky had once found drug stores so dull that the only way to get a kick out of one was to walk in and say to the customers and the clerks, "Stick 'em up, and pass the beans," then to shop in the cash drawer and the pockets and back out with the loot.

But now it would be grand just to wander in and say, "A pack-idge of choon-gum, please," and watch the way the cash-register jumped and rang the bell like a shooting-gallery.

Pawn-shops had pretty windows, too, with rings and things for girls and big diamonds for men. Fruit stands were grand with solid-gold banana bunches and piles of oranges. And delicatessen stores with slabs of cold roas' beef and headcheese and mustard pickles and—and news-stands with extras and magazines full of true stories that were pretty tame but helped a guy through the long hours in the hide-out. And butcher shops and—what a swell joint the world was when you took a crack at it on the way out!

Even that elevated pillar was pretty, slim and straight and black and not bending under two trains at a time, bunting off the trucks, too. Babe had never noticed before how nice elevated pillars was.

And the noise of the trains up there. Music! Like the waves on the lake-front in a storm. It would be nice to get a glimpse of

the lake before they went out. It was greatest after sunset with the piers lighted and the big buildings and the railroad trains along the shore and the swish of the ripples on warm nights.

But best of all was to look out into it at dark. Sometimes you could see the lights of a boat off there. Sometimes you couldn't be sure whether it was a lantern or a star you saw. But the big-ness of it! It was big!—and dark and deep and lonely, and so far across you couldn't even see into it. Death was like that maybe. Well, they'd soon know.

Wow, did you pipe the dame we just passed? Painted and fat—but laughing to beat all. Homely but happy. Was she wise to her luck? Guys that could laugh tonight didn't know their luck.



No matter what kind of a face you had, it was great to be able to laugh with it.

Babe flamed with a kind of missionary zeal to stand up in the flying car and preach to the crowd: "Laugh while the laughin's good, guys and broads."

There went a face that looked like it had invented gloom. Well, she was luckier 'n she knew. Babe wanted to preach about that, too. "Be glad you're sad, lady. Be glad you can be sad, for we're on our way to the place where it would be fun even to be sad."

Those two girls there—aching to be picked up, they looked a little like Elsie and Louise. Aw, to be boys and girls out looking for love!

Babe wanted to preach about loving and sinning. He wanted to urge people to get all their sinning done in a hurry and go wrong as far and as fast as they could. "Do everything you can whilst you can," would be his motto, if he had another chance.

It was going to be terrible to be in a hide-out where you couldn't laugh, talk, smoke, breathe—where you couldn't do anything at all.

He wondered what Elsie was thinking now. She was mad, maybe, about being kept waiting. She always went up in the air over that. She said she hated to be kept standing on a corner or walking up and down like she was what she didn't want to be taken for in her off hours.

Maybe she and Louise would take up with a guy or two with more kale than Cheeky and Babe had ever flashed.

That was sickening. Babe could see in his fancy what would be going on. He'd be glad to get out of a rotten world where nobody was on the level.

Aw, no, those dames were white squaws. Elsie and Louise had always went straight with I and Cheeky. Why would they turn yellow tonight? Of course, they were waiting on the corner, wondering. They might have noticed the empty car standing there. It would scare them to death. But what could they do? They couldn't tell anybody. They couldn't go to a cop and wise him up. They wouldn't dast leave the corner or stay there. How long would they wait? How would they find out what had happened? The first they would know would be the head-lines in the papers:

TWO MORE THUGS GO FOR A RIDE
BABE HUBBARD AND CHEEKY PERKINS
FOUND DEAD IN—

Where would they be found dead? Gawd, the word was like an icicle shoved down the back of your neck.

Who were these guys anyway who had grabbed them off the corner to wipe them off the earth? Their names and their faces were new. Two strange guys that they had never done nothing to. Babe heard Cheeky speaking. He had tried to preserve a dignified silence but curiosity was getting his goat.

"Say, what's the big idea of this ride, anyway? What you guys got against us?"

The man in the back seat laughed and sang out to the man on the front seat: "Hey, Poke, this baby wants to know what we got against him. Ain't that a laugh?"

THE man at the wheel turned round and gave them their first good look at his face. It was a mean mug if ever there was one.

So his name was "Poke." Then he must be Poke Berg, who had a nasty fame even among the nastiest. A fat chance to get a favor out of him!

While Poke laughed, the car drove straight at an excavation in the street. The boys yelped, then wished they hadn't. They might have had a bit of luck if the car had smashed and turned over. They might have got their hands on these guys in a spill and lived through it. But Poke twirled the wheel this way and that and pulled out of the danger that was the nearest thing to safety there was for Babe and Cheeky. And Poke and his friend laughed all the harder.

When they had laughed it out, the man in the back seat answered Cheeky's almost forgotten question:

"You know blame well why you're on your way."

"Maybe we do and maybe we don't," Cheeky persisted. "But you got a right to give it a name, ain't you? It'd be a good laugh on you if it was a coupla other fellas."

"It'd be a better laugh if you kids had picked off a coupla other fellas besides Tip and Crock."

That stuck a knife in Cheeky and Babe, but Cheeky came back with a hoarse laugh: "I knew you was barkin' up the wrong tree. We never seen anybody named Tip and Crock."

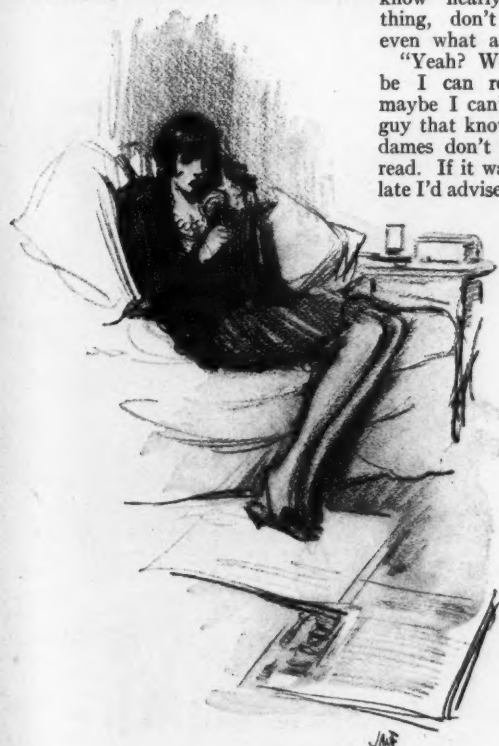
"Then you must 'a' shot with your eyes shut. You prob'ly did, at that, you yella cuties."

It was sheer nausea to have to swallow insults tamely, but Cheeky could at least deal back a few.

"You're educated, ain't you? Who learned you to read? I seen in the newspapers about Tip and Crock gettin' theirs; but even the reporters didn't know who handed 'em their tickets. You know nearly every-

thing, don't you?—even what ain't so."

"Yeah? Well, maybe I can read and maybe I can't, but a guy that knows a few dames doesn't have to read. If it wasn't too late I'd advise you not



to spill all you know into the ears of your lady friends. Them dolls has holes that runs right from their ears to their mouths—especially your little pets, Elsie and Louisy."

"That's a black lie!"

"Oh, is it? Maybe Louisy didn't give you that flashy tie."



He took out one of his pistols and with its muzzle flipped Cheeky's scarf out of his waistcoat. The insolence was ghastlier than death. It made Cheeky shiver, but he was impotent to resist, or to check the story.

"Louisy had a right to give you that tie. She earned the money. But she ought to keep her trap shut. It was her that put you here."

"Go on, tell a good one while you're at it."

"Oh, yeah? Well, I might as well tell you how it happened. We got a little time left. They's a certain skirt that buys me presents too. She give me that ring—and it's reel. Well, she meets up with Elsie and Louisy makin' a team-play down Clark Street, and she says—my friend says:

"'For Pete's sake, how can two healthy girls like you are run around with two lollipops like Babe and Cheeky?'"

The boys could afford to laugh at that, and they whooped. Babe turned to their captor, who was helpless in a way, since he could do no more than kill them and could not safely do that yet. And he said witheringly: "What did Louise say to your meal-ticket?"

The man between was breathing hard with hyena wrath, but he laughed about as cheerfully:

"Louisy comes right back at my girl with a swift one: 'Is 'at so?' she says. 'Well, if the boys that bumped off Tip and Crock are lollipops, then Poke Berg and Link Fadden are a coupla Easter lilies.'"

So this was Link—for his namesake, Abraham Lincoln—Fadden. And the other was Poke Berg. At least the boys knew who their destroyers were. But the knowledge would be of precious little use to them since they could not tell it to anyone.

Perhaps they might yell it to a passer-by, though every car passed by and every pedestrian was passed by too swiftly to be accosted and made to understand before a bullet would end the story.

The boys had no hope of living the night out, but they were frantic to have their deaths avenged afterward. Yet nobody would ever know.

It was sickening to learn that they had been betrayed to their death by a girl, yet it was not bitter that the secret was torn from Louise by her rage at an insult to their manhood.

They had too much to think of to bandy words with Link Fadden. But he amused himself with a little sour philosophy:

"All women are talkin' dolls. Talkin' is a female fault. Next time—well, there ain't goin' to be no next time for yous boys down here, but when you git to Heaven, don't tell no lady angel anything you don't want God to know."

The boys were brooding over their final visions again. The car had reached the outskirts of the city now and the shops were fewer but brighter as they took their flight.

The automobiles now were all for (Continued on page 138)

A Novel by **ALIMO**

The Story So Far:

A CLEVER lawyer and a complete lack of conscience enabled Charlotte Dane to get a divorce, though her husband Stephen was bitterly opposed to it by tradition and by nature. Taking a cue from her friend Helene Carter, an accomplished alimony parasite, Charlotte had Stephen shadowed by a detective. This man was able to make Stephen's innocent friendship with Eve Harkness look rather bad, and Charlotte cold-bloodedly threatened to name Eve as corespondent, knowing that her husband would not have the girl dragged into the courts. Stephen yielded, with alimony.

Now as a matter of fact, Stephen and his secretary Eve were unconsciously in love, and after all the bitterness preceding and following his divorce, their love suddenly flamed into the open. But marriage was impossible, since Stephen's income was sapped by alimony.

Once—so strong was her love—Eve was tempted to put their relations on another basis than that of marriage; but she thought of her mother's illicit love-affair, which had embittered her own young life, and the danger was past. For her mother, Stella Bedford, lived on alimony from her second husband, Thorpe Bedford, and secretly used it to support a worthless young admirer, Harry Stoddard.

Now a queer tangle arose here. Harry was by this time bored to death with Stella, yet had not the nerve to break away. Then he met Charlotte Dane, who after her divorce sang in radio, and the two fell genuinely in love. Harry's affair with Stella was ended, pathetically enough, by Stella herself, and it looked as though Harry and Charlotte might marry.

But suddenly they quarreled, bitterly—over

Charlotte's slurring mention of Eve Harkness, whom Harry sincerely admired. Harry went away; and Charlotte, who blamed Stephen for this smashed romance, vowed that he should be made to pay for it.

How could Eve and Stephen marry? To Eve, there seemed only one way—to get her stepfather, Thorpe Bedford, to give Stephen a better position in one of the many companies he controlled. Stephen hated to be under obligations to the ruthless old roué—for Thorpe was just that, though a lovable one—but he finally consented. So he was placed at the head of an aluminum company, and he and Eve were married. The only rift in their bliss was Charlotte—the alimony was a constant reminder, and a hard one, of Eve's predecessor.

At last, by the closest figuring, Eve and Stephen decided that they could afford a family. And in her baby Eve began to center all her hopes of happiness.

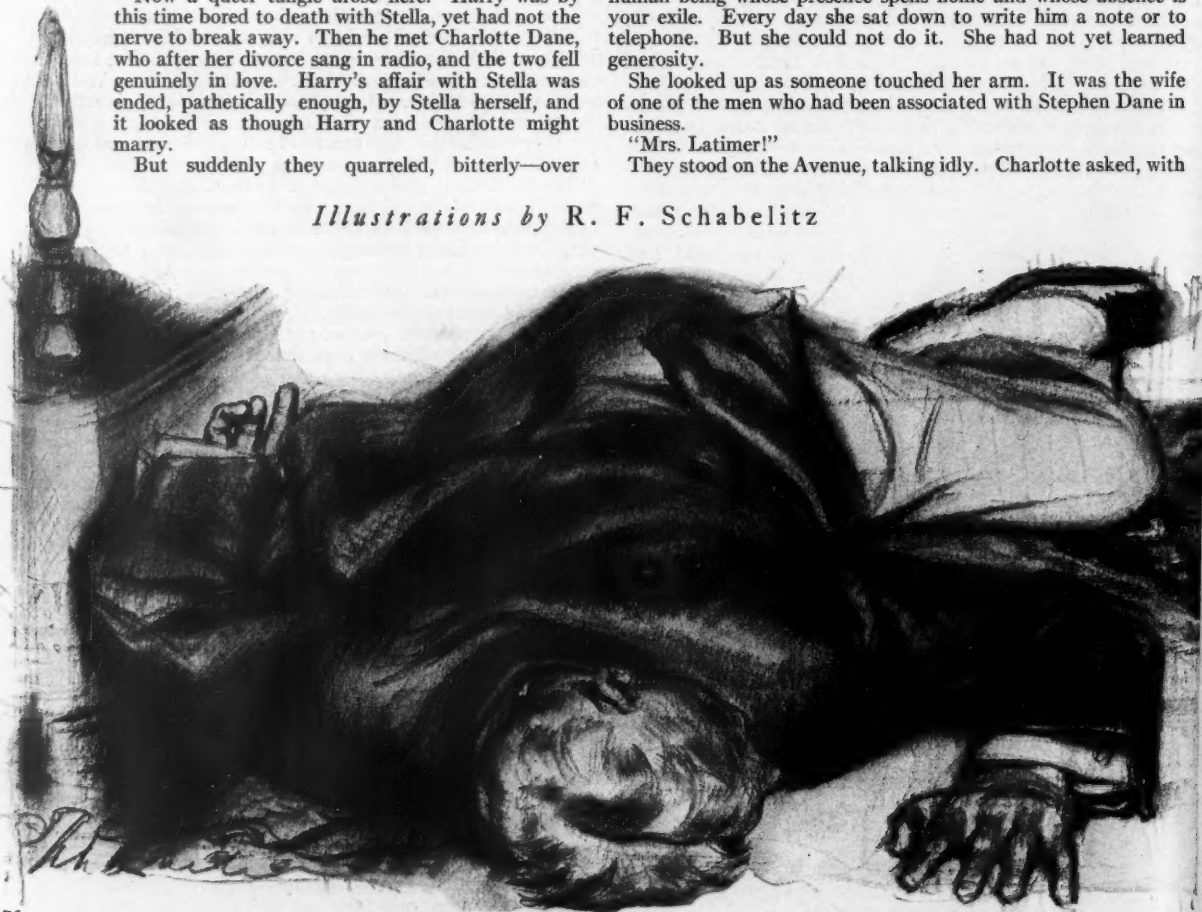
JUST before Thanksgiving, Charlotte Dane was walking up Fifth Avenue deeply engrossed in her own thoughts. She had seen nothing of Harry Stoddard since the late spring day when he had walked out of the apartment she shared with Helene Carter. For the first time in her life she knew homesickness—that terrible wrench of longing for a human being, the human being whose presence spells home and whose absence is your exile. Every day she sat down to write him a note or to telephone. But she could not do it. She had not yet learned generosity.

She looked up as someone touched her arm. It was the wife of one of the men who had been associated with Stephen Dane in business.

"Mrs. Latimer!"

They stood on the Avenue, talking idly. Charlotte asked, with

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz



FAITH BALDWIN NY

an air of being entirely at ease: "How is Stephen? Does Mr. Latimer say?"

Mrs. Latimer answered stiffly:

"I have no idea. Mr. Latimer hasn't seen your—Mr. Dane for some time—not since he left the company."

Charlotte's eyes rounded. "Oh, I see," she said slowly. "I didn't know—"

Mrs. Latimer was not above cattiness. "He went with some other firm—an aluminum company, I understand," she said, unbending a trifle, "at about the time of his remarriage."

"Well, I'm sure I wish him luck," Charlotte said, and walked on after a brief good-by.

Alone again, her thoughts were deflected from Harry to her former husband. Another position—since he married Eve Harkness? Well, she supposed, unamiably, they had probably let him out—and no wonder. He wasn't getting anywhere. So much dead wood. It was none of her concern as long as he paid her alimony regularly, through her lawyer.

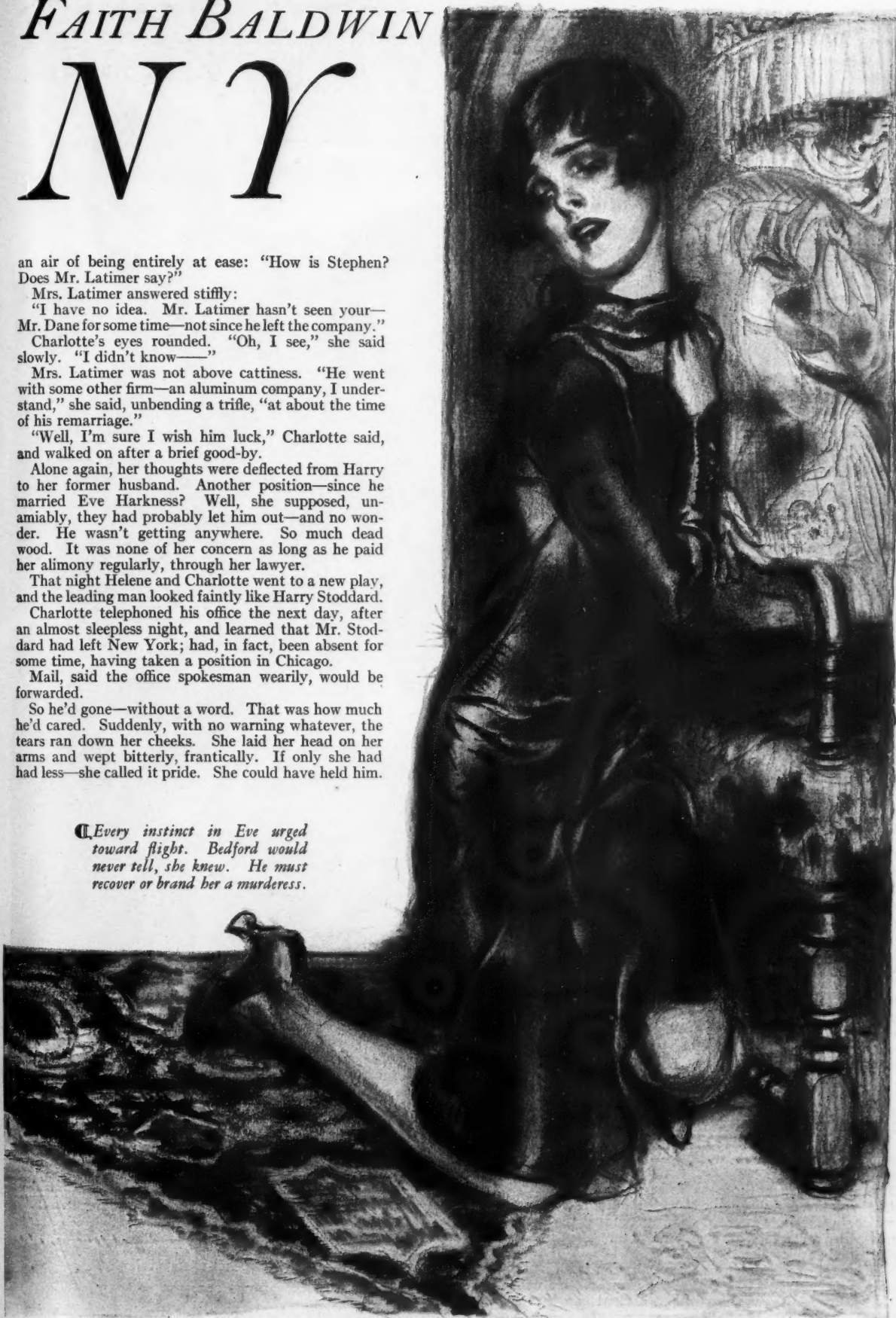
That night Helene and Charlotte went to a new play, and the leading man looked faintly like Harry Stoddard.

Charlotte telephoned his office the next day, after an almost sleepless night, and learned that Mr. Stoddard had left New York; had, in fact, been absent for some time, having taken a position in Chicago.

Mail, said the office spokesman wearily, would be forwarded.

So he'd gone—without a word. That was how much he'd cared. Suddenly, with no warning whatever, the tears ran down her cheeks. She laid her head on her arms and wept bitterly, frantically. If only she had had less—she called it pride. She could have held him.

*Every instinct in Eve urged
toward flight. Bedford would
never tell, she knew. He must
recover or brand her a murderess.*



Always Charlotte had before her mind's eye the picture of an ardent and repentant Harry returning to ask her forgiveness. But now, lifting her head from her arms and regarding in the mirror over the telephone-stand the damage done to her make-up, she tried to realize that, in all likelihood, Harry Stoddard had gone out of her life—forever.

This knowledge put her in a mood of recklessness. She went out with Manners that night and flirted with him outrageously. And paid for it later. For coming home in the taxicab she slapped his face and slapped it hard. And that ended, as far as WMQ was concerned, her broadcasting career—for Manners was lord of the particular air he controlled.

"I don't know what to do" she told Helene in despair, "until I can get another job."

"You might approach Stephen," Helene suggested.

"Stephen?" Charlotte laughed scornfully. "With his new—encumbrance? And he's lost his place. He's gone with another company."

Helene's eyes narrowed. "Go down and see Max and get him busy. If the job is a better one and Stephen is drawing down a larger salary—you can get more alimony. And that's that."

Charlotte went down to the lawyer's office.

"Another position—and you've lost your engagement at the broadcasting station? Well, we'll see what can be done," said Max, who was certainly God's gift to alimony-hunters.

Charlotte was far from a lucrative client; he had charged her nothing for his care of her affairs since the first fee—which Stephen had paid. This was a gesture made to impress Helene, who had brought him clients and with whom he was more than a little in love.

That was Thursday morning. On Tuesday night Max, dining with Helene—Charlotte having arranged to go out—had news.

"Stephen Dane is with the Manning Aluminum Company," said Max, who had his own way of finding out things. "He's general manager and gets a salary, I judge, far in advance of what he was getting at the other place. I hear Thorpe Bedford put him in there. Bedford's a director and major stockholder. Looks very good for your little friend's chances."

Helene reported faithfully to Charlotte, who received the news in a sullen silence. So like Stephen, thought his former wife angrily, to make good, to have important backing—too late for her to harvest thereby!

The faithful Max set the greased wheels of his particular engine of law in motion and dictated a courteous letter to Stephen Dane in which, in Charlotte's behalf, he requested that the alimony be increased by a considerable sum per month. Then he sat back and awaited developments.

Stephen said nothing of this communication to Eve. It came to him as a complete and displeasing surprise. He wrote the faithful Max tersely and briefly and assured him that such a measure would be far beyond his means, were he willing to comply with Mrs. Dane's exorbitant demand—which he was not.

Max, who had expected just such an answer, shook his sleek, dark head and proceeded to the courts, where he made the requisite motion. And Stephen was duly notified. This sent him hot-foot to his own lawyer.

That gentleman, a curt, wizened person, asked him wearily:

"Can you afford this increase?"

"No," said Stephen, shortly.



Charlotte and Stoddard had parted in anger, but now, as he watched her having tea alone, he struggled with his desire to go to her.

But at the hearing it was duly set forth that Mr. Dane had received a substantial raise in salary, and that Mrs. Dane the first had been forced to relinquish her paying position "because of ill health."

Stephen was not in court, but Charlotte was. And Charlotte wore her shabbiest frock—which happened to be black—and looked very blond and very childlike and most appealing. And the judge was susceptible to childlike and appealing blondes, and Max was just about as clever as they come, and the increase in alimony was granted to Mrs. Dane, and Stephen was made aware of this fact.

He was dumfounded at what appeared to him the injustice of this. He stormed to his lawyer, but Mr. Givens merely tapped his excellent front teeth with a pencil and said simply:

"You've no comeback—unless you refuse to pay it and wish to go to jail."

Stephen bowed to the inevitable. But somehow he could not bear to tell Eve—not yet.

Eve was so happy. Happiness radiated from her. She was shining with it. Eve was so tender, so completely his own. Going home to Eve as the sharp wintry dusk fell and the stars pierced through the blue-black heavens like silver swords was adventure and escape and delight.

How he hated money and the discussion of money! He had had to talk money with Eve, of course—they had their budget and lived rigidly within it. Eve talked over these financial matters with him not like a woman but like a partner. But it was another thing entirely to have to go to her and say, "Look here,

I have to give Charlotte more of my money—your money," and expect her to accept this ultimatum without a word of reproach.

Carrying this secret about with him did not improve his disposition. He became silent, almost irritable, and Eve was worried. She was



perfectly aware that he had something on his mind, and it terrified her that he would keep it from her. Could he be ill?

She was sure now that she was going to have a baby. She must, of course, tell him. It hurt her to think she would have to tell him when he was in this unusual mood, when things were not clear between them.

One evening, after dinner, they sat before the glowing fire of big coals in the grate. Eve had been sewing. Now she laid her work aside and came over to him and sat down on a footstool at his feet and leaned her head against his knees. Stephen put away his newspaper, knocked out the ashes from his pipe and laid his hand on her hair.

He loved her so much—so much. And he would have to hurt (Continued on page 178)

By Betty Kirk

An Ace Up Her Sleeve

Indifference may snare me,
But only devotion can hold me—

KATHERINE inserted a finger to hold the passage, closed both her eyes and the book and repeated softly to herself, "Indifference may snare me, but only devotion can hold me."

She thought she knew it now and opening her eyes she directed Aline Kilmer's volume of "The Poor King's Daughter" into the midst of a sprigged comfort, and, yawning, turned to her dressing-table.

It was a complex affair yet for all its complexities preserving a symmetry. Doilies, mirrors, lights, jars and brushes made jagged contours on its polished surface. Smilingly she caressed the engraved crystal fittings which had been Dad's birthday gift. He was always a discriminating giver. Most men were not and yet how characteristic of their persons were their gifts.

As she massaged her face she viewed her desk, stacked with the debris of a birthday and adoring friends. There was the monstrous box of chocolates sent by Jim Herrold, captain of the football team. Beside it was a bowl of now withering white violets which Markley Drummond had sent with a sweetly faltering verse. A jade cigaret lighter and case gave proof of Buddy's devotion and stacks of lingerie bespoke nimble-fingered aunts.

From the usual accompaniment of books and trinkets she turned to lift endearingly the box of frosted blue and silver which was lying exotically among the crystal jars. Opening it, she sniffed at the fragrance of the bottle within and read slowly to herself, "Dans la Nuit." The card within was a slit of perfection and upon it was scrawled:

Good news! Here I am, Kate,
darling. And a wondrously happy
birthday to you. "In the Night"
reminded me of you—I'll be over
for a whiff.

Devoutly,
Gil

Gil had appeared suddenly. His choice of the perfume was ironic. For it was "in the night" he had appeared, to blast the placidity of her day and wish her what he before all others had destroyed forever, a happy birthday.

After his failure to appear at Christmastime Katherine had thought that no day, birthday or otherwise, ever could mean happiness to her again. For

8C



Gil winked at Katherine as he lifted

no matter how infrequent their meetings during the year, Christmas always had been their season. Christmas had been her ecstasy through a year of monotones. Christmas had been their tryst, and for the first time in her memory Gil had failed to come. When he failed she knew that her dream was a failure and that her days would be placid—and deadening—forever.

So they had been. Deadening. Even tonight, surrounded by the lavish tokens of her friends' love, had been deadening until the phone had rung. The dance had meant only another evening of chatter with Jim and bantering with Markley until the phone had rung, and Gil had sung a snatch of the song they had learned together in Sunday school.

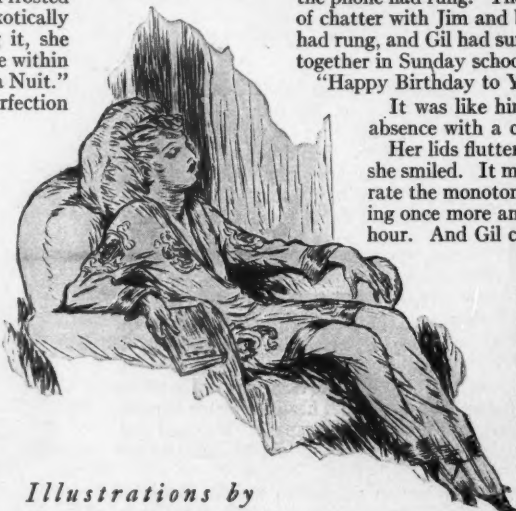
"Happy Birthday to You—"

It was like him to announce his arrival after a year's absence with a child's song. "Happy Birthday—"

Her lids fluttered close to remember his voice and then she smiled. It might not be a happy birthday but at any rate the monotones were gone. Life was quick and pulsing once more and there was Jeanette's dance in half an hour. And Gil coming for her— "But only devotion can hold me."

His appearance was a joy but his leaving would be as sudden and as unheralded. He'd be off for college and his usual summer of travel, not returning until another whimsy or unexplained desire wafted him back. And again his coming would be sweet and his absence leave her world a void. She caught her breath and stared unseeing into the mirror.

Katherine was suddenly aware of her seminudity and of the desk clock ticking off its brittle seconds. Swiftly she rose



Illustrations by
J. W. McGurk



Jeanette's fingers to his lips. Katherine swayed against Jim. "Are you ill?" he asked.

and withdrew from her closet a silver dress. She had decided on silver tonight, for its metallic brilliance would offset her frigid mood. Moreover, it would emphasize her fairness and Gil's extreme darkness.

Viciously she brushed her hair and sobbed as his image came to her mind. He was laughing, scoffing, uttering derisory stabs at his surroundings. He was gay and impertinent like a precocious child. He was cruel and fierce—and then quite suddenly tender.

The gentle mood she had found in him only twice. Once when as a child he had seen his terrier pup killed. Gil had gone suddenly white. He was only eight years old then, but the intensity of his emotion had made him faint and sick and infinitely compassionate. His accustomed small-boy selfishness had left him and for a day he was dolorous and grieving. This Gil she had loved.

Later his mother had died and once more the gentle nature prevailed. He had hastened home to her death-bed and for a week had been sunk in an ecstasy of sorrow. He was subdued and serious and unbelievably mature and Katherine had been his only solace. To her he had turned and from her he went, humbled. This Gil she loved.

Later she wondered if she hadn't dreamed his softness. His return had been that of the gamin, the insouciant, clever and ruthless wit. The satiric and biting raillery that stung her unmercifully was his once more and the gentle Gil a phantom. After all had it not been an illusion? Had she not dreamed her god?

Again staring at herself in the glass, Katherine repeated, "Indifference may spare me, but only devotion can hold me." It was her challenge to Gil tonight. She didn't know when she would say it, only that she would, slowly and significantly. He would understand it was her ultimatum to him to stake claim or continue his philanderings in other fields. She could not endure for another year the torment of his neglect, his sudden adulation and his caricature of her seriousness.

A door opened below, she heard the hum of cheerful voices and

Buddy's voice spun up the staircase, "Here's Gil, Sis!" She was trembling all over and she fumbled her lip-stick as she added carmine to her already vivid mouth.

She seized the perfume. An essence, a fragrance, a fleeting breath of almost unbearable poignancy, stinging the nostrils to an ecstasy of brief delight. Gil's gift and tonight was Gil's night. It was bitterly appropriate. She touched the base of her ears with the perfume, she moistened her lips and she rubbed it feverishly into her palms. He had asked for a whiff of the perfume. All right he should have it! "In the Night." Half dragging her ermine coat, she ran down the stairs.

Gil was standing expectantly, his eyes eager. "Carissima, is it really you?"

Katherine held out both her hands to him, her eyes glowing. "Kate, dear Kate, you're a spectacle." He clasped her hands warmly, kissed her palm. "You're glistening, you're frigid. You're someone I've seen before."

"I'm not! I won't be—"

"Yes, you are. I have it, you're the queen of the ice carnival I saw in Christiania last season. Your name is Katinka and you're bewitching. You're frosty and I had planned on warmth. I brought you something from the southlands."

He led her to a marquetry table, pulled the bow about a florist's box and drew forth an orchid. She had uttered only monosyllables and laughed ecstatically. Despite her decision made above, she responded to his mood, fascinated by the very breathlessness of his bantering.

Now she exclaimed, "An orchid! Gil, you dear, I love you for it!" and stood enthralled as he claimed the office of placing it.

He pinned it on the shoulder of her dress so that its cream undertone joined the gold of her hair. Then swiftly, caressingly, he touched his lips to her white throat.

She swayed against him, relaxed in his light embrace. Her mind was flooded with the realization that the old Gil had

returned. The dear one who felt, who loved as she did. But as she opened her eyes and he lifted his head she saw the mockery gleam once more.

The delicious thrill of a moment was gone. Katherine was chilled.

Gil talked cleverly of his winter. "Geraldine Farrar and her comeback—always liked that southern type . . . House-party on Long Island—everybody squiffy 'n' Pete had missed the game—polo at Meadowbrook and the Britishers . . . The Barrymore haircut . . . Dad coming up for Easter," and so on, with Katherine murmuring appropriately intelligent replies.

AGAINST the black night the country club looked like a jagged shell filled with light. From the shell vibrations reached into the night and lured the youths and maidens jumping from cars and rushing pell-mell and breathless up the stairs. The gaiety of the dance magnetized before any dancing was evident.

Having experienced many like dances, Katherine could smile indulgently at the schoolgirls, many of them making their first "grown-up" dances. They were in the dressing-room, their vitality and ecstatic embraces making it seem hot and stuffy. They screamed, they squealed, they forgot recent training in voice culture and resorted to childish yells as each new arrival denoted a reunion.

Their very primitive joy exhausted Katherine and she turned from them in a wave of weariness. Gil was gone, she knew now that the dear one had been her creation; she had loved a dream—and wept over it.

That he should be smoking in long thin coils was particularly characteristic of his nature. Next him Roddy Brown was exuding great comfortable whirls of smoke. Jim Herrold's rings were regular and perfect, like Jim. Nothing thin and high-strung and piercing about Jim and Roddy. She smiled at them as Gil led her off to dance.

Because she had nothing to say to him she spoke to many people. They chatted briefly with Jeanette Lambert, their hostess. Jeanette had avid eyes; they were never off men. Her hands were caressing. Her very entertainment was nervous and tense.

Jim tagged and she relaxed into his stolid embrace.

"You're beautiful tonight, Kate," he said.

"Tonight?" she parried and then regretted it. It was not fair to take Jim at a disadvantage. He was miserable.

"I mean, Kate, you're always beautiful but——"

"I know, Jim." She smiled at him as Markley Drummond tagged.

"I wish that little hell-cat would quit eating with her eyes.

I always feel like there's a button loose," confided Markley.

"There isn't. What hell-cat?" Katherine was curious.

"Jeanette. She eats men."

"Don't——"

Katherine was again tagged and Gil inquired, "Don't what, my dear Katinka?"

Mockery again. His voice was soft, his eyes laughing.

"Curse you," Katherine breathed softly. He laughed and tightened his arms about her. His fingers were pressing into her shoulder and she resisted his embrace.

"My Katinka warming up? What have I done?"

There was no contrition, no concern, and Katherine looked at him coldly and repeated, "Curse you!"

A tag, another intermission, punch, compliments, someone's bracelet catching and tearing her dress, songs repeated often, the orchestra getting wetter and better, another intermission, smoking in an alcove, dancing with Gil, ironically polite, questioning—the evening was a nightmare to Katherine. Her lips were vivid with rouge but the tiny ridge about them was white with compression. Would this awful dance never end?

The hall was so beastly warm that it drained from her the rigidity that was her protection for the evening. Finding no solace in herself, Katherine turned to Jim.

"Can't we go to the balcony—for a smoke?"

Jim looked concerned. "But it's icy out there. You'll take cold."

"No I won't, Jim."

"Then let me get you a wrap first," Jim amended reluctantly.

"I won't need a wrap," and tugging at his great hand she pulled him around a corner, down two steps and onto the most secluded part of the balcony.

The wintry wind bit at her hot flesh and she tingled with the brutality of its challenge. There was neither insolence nor deceit about a norther. Here one could find a determined and implacable enemy, but one aboveboard. She laughed at the idea, her head thrown back to catch the full sweep of the blast in her face. But the laugh died and Jim grabbed her shoulders as she choked.

In the angle of the narrow railing stood Gil and Jeanette. The girl had her back turned, but by her very languor one could trace the path of passion. Gil was looking at Katherine and as he held Jeanette's fingers he lifted them to his lips, lightly kissed their tips, glanced at Katherine and winked.

Jim had a desperate moment of straightening her as she swayed against him and he inquired anxiously, "Are you ill? Do you want to go in?" He had not seen the other couple.

"A moment, another breath of this heavenly ice," said Katherine and paused. She was suffering so keenly that she knew to enter the hot hall would spell fainting. She must cherish another moment of winter clarity. There would soon be coming another birthday—and another—and another, interminably. Without Gil. She sobbed into Jim's shoulder as he held her bewilderedly.

Now she was facing the doors through which they had come. Suddenly she stiffened, turned to Jim and said, "Jim, I want to meet that man!"

He was startled at the suddenness of her command but hastened to acquiesce, "Certainly, Kate," and they entered the hall, leaving the oblivious Jeanette and Gil outside.

Jim's acquaintanceship with Hampton Akers could be explained only by the fact that everyone knew Jim and loved him. The two had nothing else in common.

Akers was the expensively imported decorator for the new home of an oil millionaire. He had, eight days since, arrived from Boston with the prestige of that city's oldest firm and eight years at Oxford to add to his glamor. Although he had been sought he had held aloof so that this was his first appearance at a party. Akers was thirty-five and suave. He was eloquent and perfectly garbed. He was wealthy and unsnared. He was desirable. Tonight he was bored.



Akers was infatuated; his adulation was balm to Katherine's injured soul.



CThe girls, catching Katherine's exaggeration of jazz-bo's best stag-line performance, greeted her with, "Cheerio, Kate!" Gil was mad.

"I say, Akers, another admirer, you know," stumbled Jim. "Katherine's high on meeting you—" He had been impelled so swiftly into the introduction that he could not get his bearings. Jim had not yet recovered from the gamut of passions Katherine had displayed in their three minutes on the balcony. Still less did he know the Katherine by his side.

SHE was imperious, glittering, and, with her hair tousled, looked like a legendary fury—except that she smiled and paid Akers brazen court with her eyes.

"You're to say it's mutual, of course, and I'm to believe you," said Katherine. "Men usually want to meet me and I won't have you being an exception to that rule."

"I have been wishing for someone to present me—" "At my court? Rise, Sir Knight, and consider yourself dubbed, 'Most Favorite Male.' It's a pretty title, isn't it, Jim? And appropriate. All of the ladies have been chanting your charms."

Akers had caught the zest of her mood. Perhaps all Madill wasn't commonplace. Any girl who could be as arrogant and commanding as this queen before him was worth the tribute she demanded.

"There's an ancient custom, you know. Now that I am your knight, you are my lady, and of course concede me the next dance, and the next, and the next!"

"I doubt the vintage of that custom," laughed Katherine, but already she was swaying in his arms to the rhythmic melody of "Blue Heaven."

Akers took advantage of the softened lights to dance her to a corner, and as they paused in lazy half-steps, deliver his tribute:

"It has taken a pioneer country to produce you. You have its savagery, you know, and its vigor. You have the zest that sweeps a man from his feet and the beauty that appals him. The East has added her contribution in the sophistication of your gown."

Katherine grimaced as she looked downward at her glittering sheath, smiled and said nothing.

"It is consummate perfection. Chosen as only a young savage could choose it. It molds your figure graciously and its pattern is intricate and flattering. But you shouldn't wear such diamonds, my dear. It is gilding the lily. You, *m'amie*, are one of the envied ladies who may dispense with all decoration and yet be beautiful. You—"

Akers was infatuated and his adulation was balm to Katherine's injured soul. She studiously avoided approaching stags by keeping her eyes on his. Her expression was one of such complete absorption that even Markley Drummond forbore to tag. Gil had returned and was dancing gaily or talking to the men.

After an intermission in which she and Akers sought a shielding palm and he continued to lavish compliments she returned to find Drummond unable to curb his curiosity further.

He tagged and demanded. "Why the portly one, Katherine?" To which she answered indignantly, "Don't be juvenile, Markley. Mr. Akers is a real man and so intelligent."

"Yes, I noticed him falling for you," said Markley. "Intelligent but not original. It's been done before. By some thirty-seven of us—"

"Markley, you're a dear, and I do want you to meet him." "Ho, ho! Me too!" said Gil over her (Continued on page 116)

By Ernest Poole

Was It a Sapphire?

Illustrations by Rico Tomaso



"IS THIS a real sapphire?" he asked.

"I do not know," she answered, with a tense anxious little smile. She was a young Hungarian, simply and attractively dressed, a dark pretty girl with high cheekbones, a pale and thin but glowing face and brilliant beautiful blue eyes.

She had come to a jeweler in New York and had offered him this old piece.

It was a pendant. The great blue stone was encircled by white diamonds. The silver setting was exquisite. He was keenly interested.

"How long have you owned it?" he inquired.

"Only a few months," she said, "but it has been long in my family in Hungary. It is very old."

"I see it is." He was watching it now through a glass at his eye. He was an elderly little man with a wizened, dry, but sensitive face; he looked to be both shrewd and kind. "And the diamonds are real," he said, "and so is the setting. Early Florentine, I should say."

"Yes, yes—you can see how lovely it is!" she responded eagerly.

"But its main value, of course," he went on, "will depend upon the sapphire. It's the largest I have seen in years, and it's worth a small fortune if it's real. You say you can tell me nothing of that?"

"I only know," she answered, "that some in the past have judged it real, while others have believed it false."

"Can you prove your ownership?"

"Yes, yes—I have the paper here." And she showed him a paper from Budapest, witnessed by our consul there. He carefully read it and then glanced up into her strained and anxious eyes.

"This means a good deal to you, doesn't it?"

Unconsciously she clenched her hands. "Yes," she said softly, "it will mean my whole start in America—to have a little money now!"

He smiled at her. "Don't worry," he said. "For even if the sapphire is an imitation, the piece is still quite valuable. Just leave it with me for a week or so and let me find out what I can."

In the next week he took the stone to five of the best jewelers on Fifth Avenue and Maiden Lane. Three of the five pronounced it real, the other two declared it false.

Then the mysterious sapphire was left with the greatest expert in New York on colored stones. He kept it for three days and nights, and grew more and more intrigued and absorbed. It responded to every test, he said; and most of the time, when he looked at it—yes, it was a sapphire; but some of the time, he did not know.

One thing was against it. He was sure that the silver setting had been made in Florence, in the fifteenth century; and the Florentines of that time had a bad reputation for colored stones.

The elderly little jeweler took it back again to his shop; and when the young Hungarian came, he repeated to her what he had learned and then asked if she would mind telling him what she knew of its history. This she seemed reluctant to do; but realizing how much trouble he had taken on her account, she finally began upon this curious little narrative:

"It was given to me this year," she said, "by my old peasant nurse in Hungary, just before I left my home. After the war, there had come wild days. The Communists were seizing control in Vienna and Budapest, and many of the peasants were rioting near our estate. My father and my brother had both been killed during the war, and now my mother also died.

"Being left alone in our *Schloss*, I made up my mind to come to New York, where I had a few good friends. But I was exceedingly poor; and so, the night after my mother died, old Shari, my peasant nurse, who had been in our family sixty years, came to me with the sapphire. I never had seen it till that night.

"It belonged to your grandmother once," she said, "and it was entrusted to me long ago, at a time when it had brought a great calamity to your home. But now it may bring you money for your new life in America."

"Then for a long time we were sitting there in a dark old room of the *Schloss*, with only two candles burning, because we had no oil for the lamps. And she told me of those early years when she was a pretty young peasant girl, born on my grandfather's estate, and my grandmother came there as a bride and took her for a lady's-maid.

"The Countess Marishka was at that time barely nineteen years of age, a most enchanting little brunette, delightfully gay, with brilliant blue eyes; and she had a laugh, old Shari said, that made all the world seem bright. The Count Miklos Beleký was only five years older, a tall quiet young man with thick brown hair, a kindly smile and slow-moving eyes that gave no sign of the passion deep behind.

"He cared nothing at all for city life, but he so adored his bride that quickly he agreed to her wish, and to Paris they went on their honeymoon, and there for months the money flew.

"Then back they came to Hungary. Our *Schloss* had been newly furnished for the elegant young wife, but this had been done at a cost which brought great poverty on the estate; and soon after they arrived, the old manager came and told of conditions so calamitous that utter ruin lay ahead. The young count Miklos agreed to economize and to devote himself to the land.

"This was not hard for him to do, for he had a deep-planted love of his home. From the time when he was a little boy, he had known every corner of the estate—its fields and its forests, the river, the park, the sowing and reaping, the vintage, the hunts. So now he was happy to be there; and despite his passion for his fascinating young wife, each day he rose early and rode all about, and planned the work with his manager.

"But life in that lonely old *Schloss* grew dull for the young Countess Marishka. At the first she had her Paris clothes, and she was happy wearing them, for she loved her husband and wanted only him. Later a daughter was born to her, and so she was content for a year.

"But then she grew restless and longed for Vienna; she wanted a season at the Court. My grandfather was still deep in his work, so he told her of their poverty and begged her to be patient. Graciously she agreed to this, and waited still another year.

"Then came her cousin, the Prince Aladar. A little older than the count, much smaller, too, but quick with smiles—a dark



“Am I not your cousin?” Prince Aladar asked. “May I not be allowed one little gift?” Driven by the beauty of the stone, the young countess gave a quick assent.

handsome little man, friendly, witty, very gay. He was constantly with the countess at the *Schloss* while her husband rode out on the estate. He played the new waltzes of Johann Strauss and he gave her enchanting accounts of the life in Vienna, which she had dreamed of all her days but had barely tasted yet, because she had been married so young.

“And oh, it is a dangerous thing,” old Shari said, with a wag of her head, “for a great little lady so gay as that to be married while she is still so young, and made to live a quiet life!”

“Turning quickly around from the piano, in that quiet old room in the *Schloss*, the Prince Aladar told her of balls at Court, of the opera on gala nights, and he gossiped of many intrigues and amours and of quite ridiculous little things. And the laugh of the Countess Marishka answered the gaiety in his eyes.

“Then again he would turn and play for her; and gazing out of the window, she saw how another winter was coming, dreary and cold, on the fields and the forests. And she grew impatient and implored my grandfather not to keep her there for another long and lonely year. She begged him so, that at last he agreed to give her one season in Vienna.

“So, taking Shari and the child, with her husband and cousin she set out in a great sleigh with silver bells. Over the snowy roads they went, with four black horses in the team; and Shari grew more and more uneasy, watching the faces of those three. So gay and so glad were two of them, but the other so troubled and grim.

“Three days they journeyed, stopping with friends. So they came to Vienna, and there at once the Countess Marishka was in despair. For the small palace of her husband had been left empty many years and had grown old and shabby now.

“Soon her orders were flying out for repairs; the rooms began filling with friends of the prince; and like a little humming-bird the young countess flew about and tasted all the gaieties of

Vienna in the grand old days. She had at once a great success. With her rich black hair, dark glowing cheeks and her enchanting, brilliant eyes, she made women envious as she passed. Men crowded around her, and she laughed!

“And oh,” said old Shari, “such a laugh never had been heard in the world before!”

“Wherever the gay little countess went, the Prince Aladar kept close at her side; and the young count, her husband, loving her to distraction now, silently followed, and was both too proud and too humble to demand that she should give up all this and come home. But meanwhile expenses mounted high, and he did not know what he could do.

“He would not go to the usurers to borrow money on the land which had grown so dear to him. And how else could he raise money here? He was only twenty-six years old and had no experience at Court. Then came the prince and said to him, with his caressing, friendly smile:


“Don’t trouble so. Let the tradesmen wait. And let me lend you what money you need, and get you a post in the government.”

“This my grandfather hated to do, for he was jealous of the prince; but passionately loving his wife, he could not ask her to give up her season at Vienna. It would not be for long, he thought. So he took money from her cousin, accepted a post in the government and tried to plunge into his new work.

“But it was not work he could do well; it paid but little; and besides, each evening as he went out with his wife, he found her cousin still at her side. And from envious women he heard malicious whispers, he saw smiles—and his jealousy grew black and deep.

“Shari grew frightened. In order to keep close to her mistress and help save expenses, too, she persuaded the countess to dismiss her new lady’s-maid, who was Viennese, and to take herself in the place, while she still also looked (Continued on page 114)

Hell and High



FORETELLING the future is, for the run of us, a mighty chancy business. Old Mr. Jericho Haley did not find it so. He throve on it. After he retired from active pursuits, having been in his day a ship-carpenter and a good one, it was about the only business he followed. If it brought in no cash it did bring in fame.

Especially on the pessimistic side, this Mr. Haley was a wiseacre not without honor in his own country. His large, bulbous nose, jutting forth above the whisker-line like a seamed boulder rising out of dense undergrowth, was a great nose for smelling bad news before it happened.

For no guessing how long, his appraising eye had been studying the vagaries of an interlinked system of capricious and restless watercourses; and at length it came to be that practically all our other steamboatmen learned to lean heavily upon his words of augury and be governed accordingly. Taking pride in him as a local institution, they pointed to various autumnal prognostications by him touching on hard winters to follow and to sundry springtime prognostications of abnormally low stages during the ensuing summers, and so forth and so on, all of which, to hear them tell about it, had been justified.

But his greatest triumph was achieved in the Year of the Big High Water. On the Mississippi or the Missouri or the Ohio or on any of the main tributaries of any of these, you get to think of a notable flood, after it has passed, in terms of capital letters.

As early as the second week in March, Mr. Haley stood forth at Monkey Wrench Corner and, like another Father Noah, made direful prediction to the people. He predicted the greatest rise in civilized history as recorded there and thereabouts.

For once even his stoutest supporters were shaken; they were a disputatious lot anyhow, those mariners who gathered daily at the old boat-store. They might band together against presumptuous outside opinion, and indeed they generally did; but among themselves they reserved the right of taking issue on technical matters. Besides, they hoped he was wrong. So questions were raised first by this one and then by that one.

"Not as tall a rise as the '84 rise, shorely?" dissented Captain Saul Rawlings, who himself was no mean hand at a forecast.

"She'll beat old 1884. She won't beat her much, but she'll beat her by a nice leedle margin."

"But that'd put practically this whole city under water except a few ridges here and there."

"Exactly whut I'm lookin' fur. So git ready now whilst you've got plenty of warnin'."

"But in '84, the peak came in February on top of sudden big thaws up above. And here 'tis, mighty near the middle of March

and not any really serious signs yet. Looks like to me it's too late, what with springtime, as you might say, peeping over the hilltops." This was a contribution from that chronic skeptic, Mr. Joe Birdnetter. "Of course we're going to have a considerable freshet; that's indicated all right. But, for one, I'm not expecting anything as bad as like you let on, Jericho."

"The Mississipp' is risin'. She's due to keep on risin' till further notice. The Ohio is risin' and she ain't goin' to stop, whut with a million billion tons of melted snow and melted ice pourin' down out of the Head of the Hollow." Mr. Haley was ticking off his points, one by one, on the ends of his gnarled fingers. "Inside of ten days frum now there'll be more water tryin' to git out of the side-streams in this lower valley than ever you seen before in all your born days."

"Well, with the main rivers risin' and pushin' it back, instid of lettin' it out, where's all that there crest of water goin' to go to? I'll tell you where it's goin' to go to: It's goin' to shove back and drownd out the land, low ground and high ground ez well, in a way sich ez you ain't beheld 'round these parts sence the whites crowded out the Injuns."

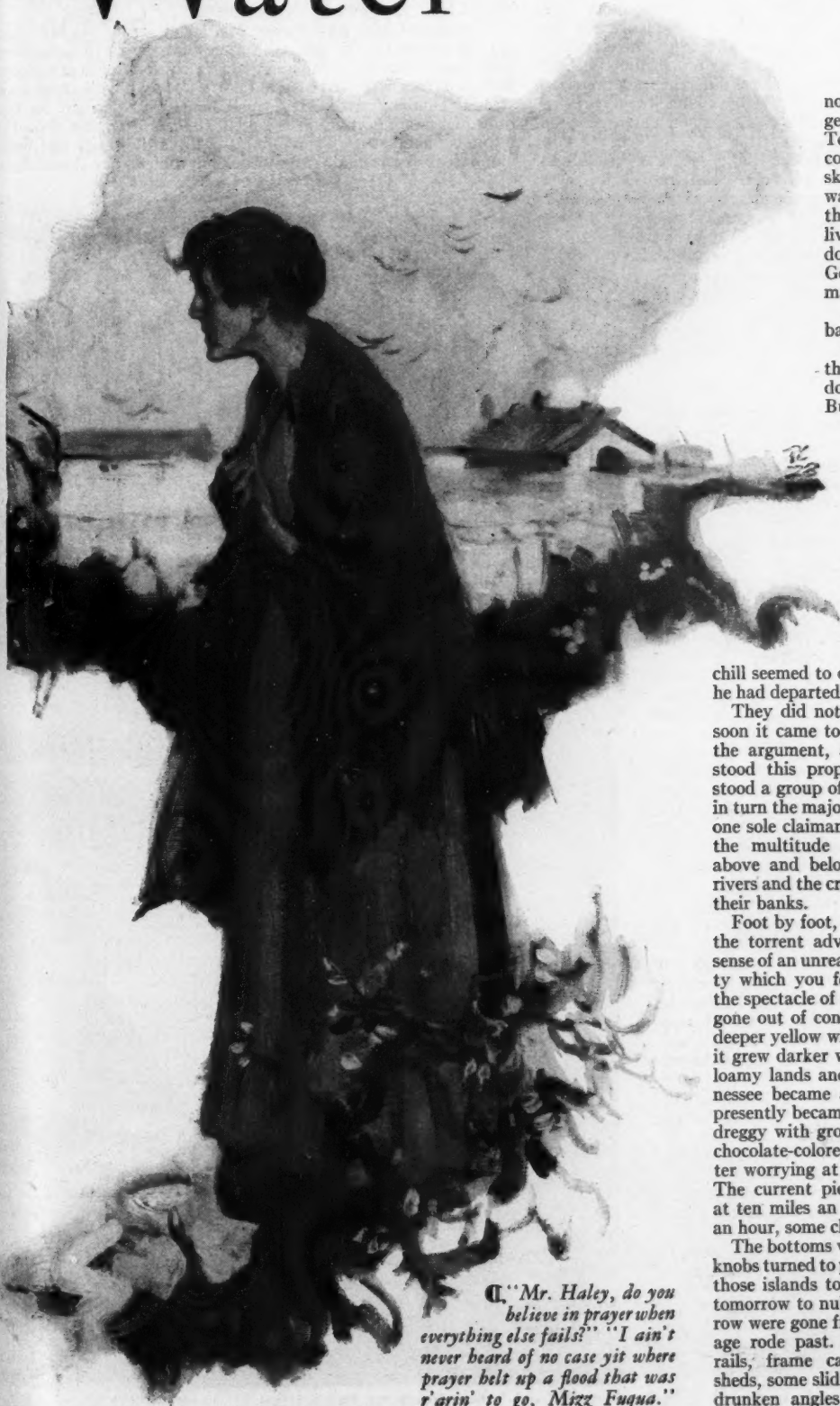
Mr. Haley rose up from his seat and straightened himself and threw down a most terrific challenge: "You-all know whut my reppitation is fur figgerin' out trouble in advance? You-all know how much store I set on that there reppitation. You-all know I ain't rarely or never called the turn wrong. Well then, hear me and heed me and go forth, ef so-minded, and spread the tidin's."

"Tell everybody you meet that I'm stakin' my purfessional reppitation on bein' right this time. I stand by it and I'm willin' to run the risk of fallin' by it. Less than one month frum

Water

By Irvin S. Cobb

Illustrations by
Pruett Carter



now I'll be branded ez the biggest liar at the mouth of the Tennessee or else you'll be comin' to me—yas, comin' in skiffs, because it'll be deep fur wadin' in rubber boots down in that lower part of town where I live at—comin' to beg my pardon fur havin' ever doubted me. Gentlemen, I bid you good mawnin'."

From the doorway he threw back his parting advices:

"Jest set and watch her—that's all I'm astin' you-all to do. But don't set too long. Build yourselves a few john-boats fur gittin' 'round in, ef you don't crave fur April's Fool Day to ketch you with both feet wet."

He whinnied with a derisive and scornful shrillness and stumped over the threshold into the deceptively warm-looking but frigid sunshine, and was gone. There was a fire in the stove by which they sat, but, even so, a small

chill seemed to descend on the company after he had departed from it.

They did not surrender, though, and very soon it came to this—that on the far side of the argument, alone, defiant and confident, stood this prophet and on the nearer side stood a group of his cronies, and behind them in turn the majority of the population. It was one sole claimant against the mass opinion of the multitude and so it continued, while above and below, in front and behind, the rivers and the creeks and the branches climbed their banks.

Foot by foot, hour by hour and everywhere the torrent advanced. It had about it the sense of an unreasoning and irresistible brutality which you feel, and feel so helplessly, in the spectacle of any one of the major elements gone out of control. It grew a yellow and a deeper yellow with the scour from clay banks; it grew darker with brown soil washed out of loamy lands and held in solution. The Tennessee became a river of sassafras-tea, then presently became a river of coffee, diluted but dreggy with grounds. The Ohio already was chocolate-colored, a turbid, semiliquid monster worrying at the earth before engulfing it. The current picked up impetus until it ran at ten miles an hour, at more than ten miles an hour, some claimed.

The bottoms vanished and, higher up, small knobs turned to peninsulas, next to islands, and those islands today had shrunk to pones and tomorrow to nubbins and by day after tomorrow were gone from sight altogether. Wreckage rode past. There were sawlogs, fence-rails, frame cabins, stables, barns, wood-sheds, some sliding along flat, some skewed at drunken angles, some turning and twisting

"Mr. Haley, do you believe in prayer when everything else fails?" "I ain't never heard of no case yit where prayer belt up a flood that was r'arin' to go, Mizz Fuqua."

to the torrential pull; and quieter eddies inshore were full of lesser riffle, such as chips and corn-stalks and tobacco-stalks and bits of planking.

Refugee camps sprang up, humans and live stock, chickens and dogs, abiding in a common discomfort under makeshift shelters. Throughout the threatened areas, clear on down to the Gulf, relief measures were taken, here funds being raised for housing the dispossessed, there steps being taken to riprap the levees along their sloped faces for added strength and to sandbag them along their tops for added height. To dwellers in these parts this was no new story. The thing had happened before. Inevitably it must happen again. But if you lived in a town sheltered behind levees your view-point of the menace was different from the view-point of him whose town, like Mr. Haley's home-town, enjoyed the somewhat uncertain protection of standing on a more elevated terrain above ordinary flood-stages.

Except for the seepage through those saturated walls, the town inside the levee, up to a certain point, remained reasonably dry, but a danger abode therein by day and by night, for should the pressure make a crevasse, its houses might within an hour be overwhelmed; whereas a town which depended on its natural location faced the prospect of being submerged gradually and by progressive degrees as the "backwater" came circling in from the rear and the sides, and the main flood crawled up over the bluff at the front, finally to meet and merge with that insidious flanking enemy.

"DOG-GONE him, he certainly gives me the shivers!" said somebody who with the eye of disfavor regarded the distant Mr. Haley where that gentleman was propped on his cane at the top of the swallowed-up slope of the wharf. "Looks like he's actually gloatin' over it all. I'll go further: Looks like he don't care how much damage'll be done or how much sufferin', just so his guess comes true. But then, of course it ain't comin' true—that's one consolation. Even so, I wish he'd go on away from yonder. I'm sick of the sight of him, hangin' 'round and hangin' 'round all day and every day like he's been doin'. He puts me in mind of an evil spirit or a ha'nt or somethin'."

As though telepathically urged by this hostile comment, the seer moved slowly off. To reach his neighborhood he had to make a small detour inland, since First Street, running parallel with the river front, already was under water at its northern end where it dipped down on beyond the old Buckner warehouse. Passing the upper doors of the warehouse, he saw that the hands had emptied the building.

Over the way they were moving out of one of the wholesale groceries, taking time by the forelock and the stocks to temporary quarters half a mile farther out. Either gutter was a swift brook, overlapping the curbs so that hourly the pavement and the drive narrowed as the brook widened.

He came to his street and the middle stretch of it was a confusion and the tail of it, going downhill, was a Venice. Two doors above where he lived he halted to observe the activities of Mr. Honigsbaum, the gunsmith, who toiled at an earthen rampart which when completed would enclose his establishment.

"Gittin' kind of greedy, ain't you, 'Gustus?" inquired Mr. Haley satirically. "There'll be the greatest abundance of water 'round this corner inside of three-four days without you takin' the extra trouble to fence off your own private supply."

"Stop such foolings," answered Mr. Honigsbaum. "Dis is not to keep der vater in; dis is to keep der vater outd."

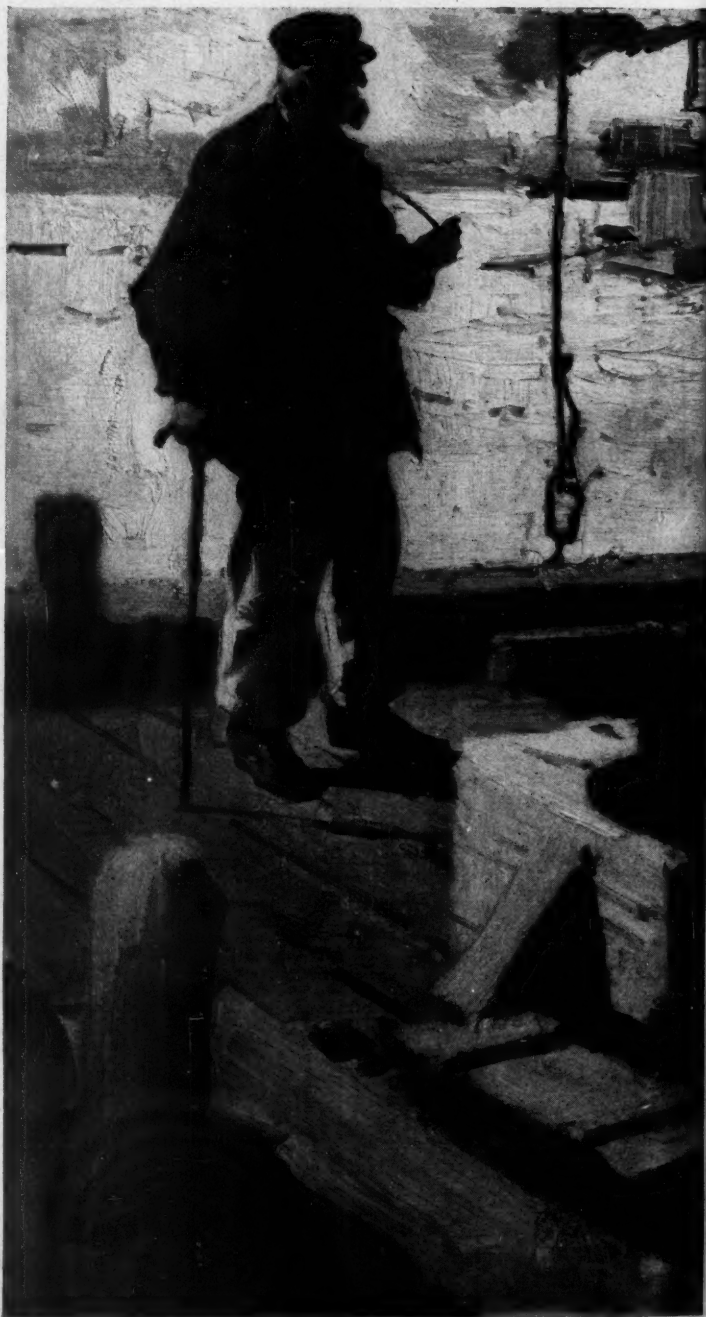
"Oh, is it?" Mr. Haley cackled gaily. "Well then, you must've forgot about havin' a dirt cellar under your place, ain't you?"

Mr. Honigsbaum gave an agonized cry and cast away his spade and ran in the shop and snatched open a trap in the floor and peered downward into a squared pool which already was within six inches of the sills and which, mathematically and in accordance with an inevitable law of physics, must

continue to deepen as the rivers advanced until it burst through his plankings at all their seams. He came forth and swearing freely in his native tongue, which was German, he tried to kick down the futile barricade. Once he paused to address the chortling Mr. Haley:

"Go away, blease," he begged with a forced politeness. "Enough iss enough und too much iss chust so much more besites. Ulso you are an older man as me und I don't vant I should loose my temper, so go, blease."

In apparent high good humor Mr. Haley went. At his front gate he stopped again and, with somewhat the air of a satisfied general considering the enfilading movements of his forces across a field of battle, he looked east and north upon a brown expanse of steadily-climbing river. His small homestead perched on the brow of a minor declivity, the land at the rear dropping abruptly into a cuplike basin. Therefore his back yard already had been inundated from behind. Many trickling runlets, like skirmishers



C. "He gives me the shivers," said somebody regarding

for an army oncoming, were creeping forward, uniting and threading off hither and yon so that the space under the kitchen ell which rose on spindly brick props, had since morning turned into a miry archipelago and soon would be an unbroken pond.

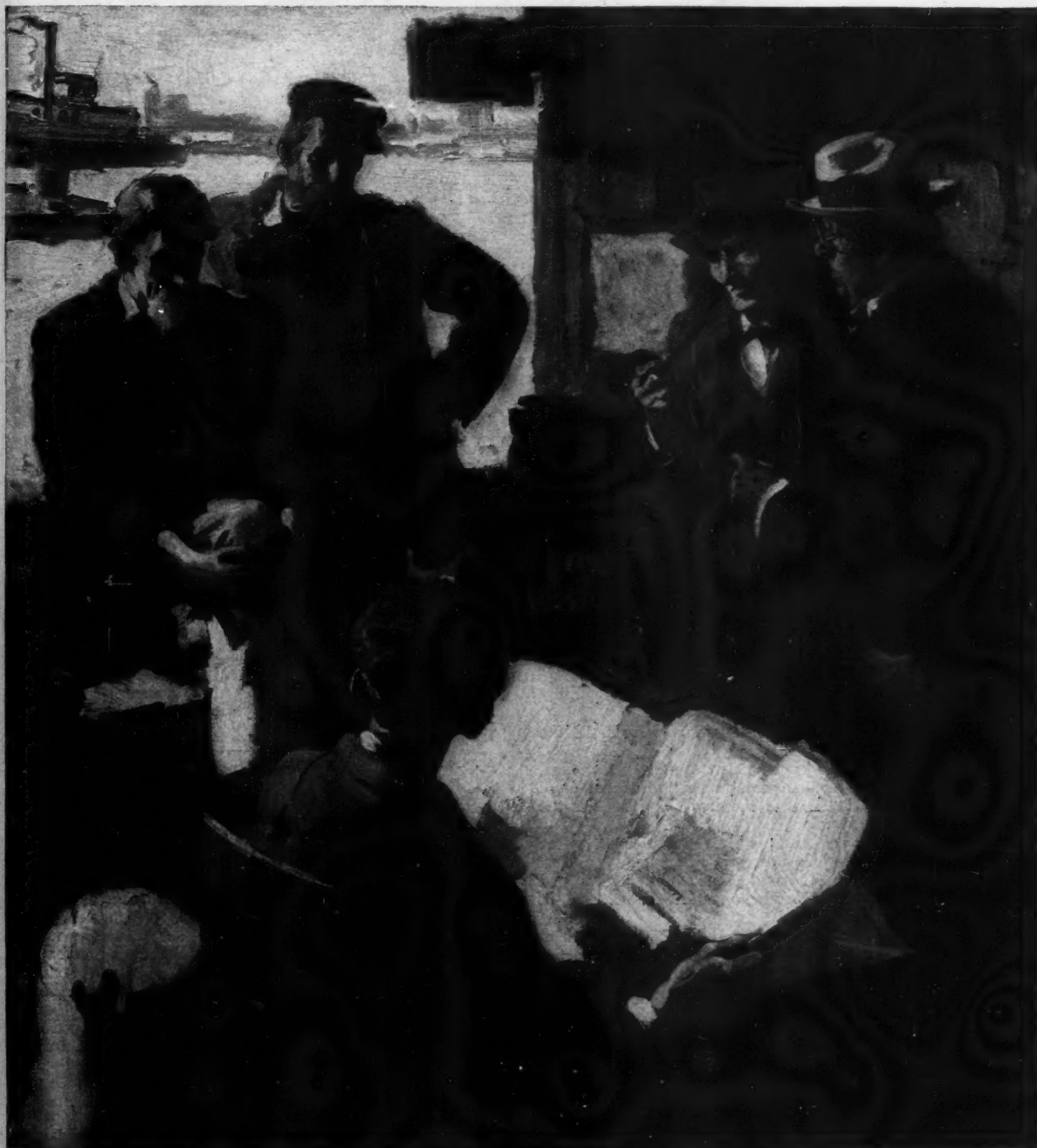
Below, to the right and between his property and the foot of the street, stood two more dwellings and these were the only two quartering him in that direction. Except that one of them was painted gray and the other green, these houses practically were identical. They were unimportant two-story structures of frame, with gabled roofs and narrow front piazzas and they sat snugly side by side, each being off-center of its narrow plot.

The division line between, though, was most clearly marked and the manner of its marking made a domestic tragedy, as all who frequented this vicinity well knew. Indeed the whole town knew about it. For the full depth of the boundary ran a tall fence of unpainted boards set upright. This fence was fully eighteen feet high. It was what is known as a spite-fence.

Disfiguring and ugly, it towered to the level of the eaves of each house. It constantly darkened the nearer windows of both houses. It had darkened the lives of two families and, from all the present signs, would go on darkening those lives until the end of their chapter. Now it was partly submerged.

Out of one of these twin cottages there stepped a woman who called to Mr. Haley as he fumbled with his gate latch, and asked him to wait a minute, please. The light of the late afternoon revealed her as a woman not young but not uncomely, with quick movements suggestive of a wren or a sparrow. She was bare-headed, with a long bibbed apron over her frock and a shawl about her shoulders. The water lapped at the top step of her porch; the lower steps were hidden. So to reach the street she crossed an improvised foot-bridge and, having reached it, picked her path up-grade along a narrow strip of earth that was soggy but not yet covered up.

At her approach, the lingering traces (Continued on page 140)



Mr. Haley. "I'm sick of the sight of him hangin' 'round. He puts me in mind of an evil spirit or a ha'mt."



By Berta Ruck

PERHAPS you saw "The Fan Dancer," exhibited in the Paris Salon by the young American portrait-painter Rickman Davis?

His picture of a girl, holding up behind her head a vast scarlet feather fan, of which her body seemed the ivory handle, was the talk of the Exhibition; partly because of the vital masterly painting of the thing, partly because that canvas was known to have been bought at sight by Monsieur Bertin, the famous director of the famous music-hall where that dancer was engaged.

The picture, later, became illustration to a story that startled all Paris; this is the story . . .

It was after the Interval.

"Thirteen, CONSUELO, *Danse d'Éventail*" announced the program.

Up jumped the big golden "13" to left and right of the stage, the orchestra crooned a prelude, and, "This," whispered those who already had seen the show to those who had not, "is the evening's best number."

Curtains of glittering gold tissue slid back from inner velvet curtains; these rose, showing the stage as an empty casket; intriguing, dim. Down came the conductor's baton. Up swooped the music's crescendo. The stage lightened, to show a "set" of waving palm-leaf fans.

Center-back, two of the fans half parted. Behind them appeared a gleam, a glow of red, as though something in the wings had caught fire; a glimpse of flame, licking, vanishing, leaping.

Chord! Forth shot the flame, revealed as a long, furred, plumy fan. Out peeped a coral-white foot. Out, a slender coral-white limb, a white, dancer's shape latticed in scarlet fringe, a red-casqued head, a small audacious face.

"Consuelo!"

Black eyes and white teeth gleamed out in answer to applause as the dancer took the pose of her portrait; straight ivory handle to fan unfurled in a semicircle behind her.

"Ah, precisely as in your picture!" exclaimed little Madame Bertin, the director's eighteen-year-old wife, who was sitting

Tonight Rick was coming to see her. Tonight he had "something to say!" No wonder Consuelo's dance was inspired.

between her husband who had bought and the young artist who had painted "The Fan Dancer"; over the ledge of the stage-box the little lady leaned eagerly forward, for this was her first time of seeing something of which she had heard so much.

A laughing melody caught Consuelo out of her picture-pose, took her and whirled her into her dance; and breathlessly her audience watched the lovely masterpiece of effortless ease. Consuelo's slim flame of a body measured not five feet two from head to toes; but it moved, leaped, twirled as though that feather fan—four feet from scarlet tip to end of tortoise-shell sticks—were part of herself. Sail to slender ivory mast! Corolla to slim white flower-pistil!

Consuelo danced; and, all bewitched! the cosmopolitan house followed each movement swift as leaping fire. Not a cough, not a whisper, not a rustled program in all those packed seats.

Spellbound, those who had not before seen her Fan Dance. Spellbound, also, those who had come to see it again. For never had Consuelo—artist to the tips of her toes, trained to the uttermost capacity!—danced with this fiery, finished, breath-taking grace, danced so like a thing inspired.

The reason you have, of course, guessed? Consuelo was

Dancer



A Story of Love— and Murder

tell her that Rick would come up to her dressing-room to have a talk with her immediately after her turn. Coming to see me? To talk to me? To say he loves me? That was the music to which there leaped about the stage that white-and-scarlet Flame.

*Illustrations
by*

W. E. Heitland

madly, divinely, exultantly in love, and dancing to please the man she loved; the man sitting up there in the stage-box, the only man who had been kind to Consuelo.

She, being desirable, knew most moods of desirous man. Urgently beseeching, savagely jealous, hectoring, servile. But not until she met the painter Rick Davis had this dancing-girl guessed that a man could be as gentle as he was strong. That first morning, in Rick's chaotic studio on the Left Bank, when he had shown concern for his model's comfort (Would she be able to keep that pose now? Sure? Fan not too heavy? No draft there?) had enthroned him in the heart of a temperamental little vagabond.

Upon the unconscious Rick, Consuelo had poured out all the passion that was in her. The sittings for "The Fan Dancer" had meant bliss; misery when he'd finished it, and she had not seen him, either in or out of the theater, for black empty weeks!

Now, here he was; big, reassuring, wholesome, framed in the gilded garlands of the loge just above the stage. Upon her she felt the blue and boyish eyes that sent the hot blood racing through her veins.

More; just before she came on, a note had been sent round to

Turn, please; watch the stage-box. Look into another pair of eyes; big, wistful, and like those of some child who has been horribly frightened and hurt, who cannot forget that hurt, who is still frightened. Those are the eyes of little Madame Bertin, who wears the finest pearls in the theater about her eighteen-year-old collar-bones, who is altogether beautifully dressed, coifed and brought up, and who was married last year, straight from her boarding-school, to the portly director who might have been her grandfather.

Beside her, Monsieur Bertin would appear a mere mountain of well-tailored, well-fed good nature—until you shift your glance from his wife's eyes to his. Ah! Something about those small piercing eyes in that large face makes a woman recoil. They too are intent, now, upon the dancer.

Backwards and down towards the stage, as it were under the weight of the fan! Sinking as the music sinks! And still the fan bore down, down upon the Fan Dancer, softly, relentlessly, like a scarlet sunset cloud.

Still Consuelo danced for Rick, of whom she had been so unsure. Tonight he was coming round! Tonight he had "something to say!" No wonder her dance was inspired . . .

Softly, softly, each tiny movement the perfection of grace, she sank, level with the stage. She lay, back to the boards, her slender limbs folding beneath her. (In her mind the thought leaped that she would not wish to go on living, unless tonight Rick told her that he loved her. Otherwise, there would be nothing Consuelo wanted, except . . .) The great fan descended; it was a scarlet shroud covering every vestige of that fair little dancer's shape.

Through the house breathed a long soft sigh heralding the hail of applause.

"Great, isn't she?" muttered the boyish artist.

"Ah! *très bien, très bien!*" agreed Bertin the director, in



Q. "Consuelo, she's so sort of—exquisite. She's different

whose large face the eyes narrowed, covetously. That slim form and pert face of Consuelo the dancer were not yet his own, but he had watched them as a huge black tom-cat watches before he pounces on a little white mouse.

Now, this game Bertin had played with many young graceful girls; watching, pouncing, making what he would of them, letting them go. A crueler game had been played with one girl. He had watched her dewy innocence, pounced—had not let her go. Had, indeed, married her . . .

Little Madame Bertin, almost forgetting Life in Art that had mimicked tragedy, whispered as she gazed down at the stage, "One would say death!"

Whereat her husband, crossing one great knee over the other, laid his hand on his wife's slight shoulder without sensing the shudder that shook it, craned further forward to stare at the still soft crumple of scarlet on the stage, and gave a short laugh.

"Death? Of Consuelo? Watch. The rogue has another trick up her sleeve—if she had a sleeve."

Suddenly, from the heap of feathers at the spot where they buried the dancer's face, there rose softly in the air what seemed a puff of scarlet smoke. Consuelo was blowing softly upwards, blowing the downy feathers away from her red mouth, while a ripple of laughter from the house met the gesture.

The music changed. Like a great sea-anemone giving glimpses of a sea-nymph, the fan moved, waved, rose. Out gleamed the latticed body; in one supple movement the Fan Dancer was on her feet. Swaying, the plumes swayed with her; she bent, she curtsied. The curtain fell, the house rose—and presently the man whom Consuelo loved left the stage-box to make his way round to the dancer's dressing-room.

Consuelo, having caught about her a green kimono, streaky with wet-white, sent away her *habilleuse*, and stood breathlessly waiting beside her dressing-table—which was the usual hodge-podge of make-up and mascots. Alfred the Penguin was inevitably there, with horseshoes, black kittens and other luck charms



from any other girl. *Made to be loved . . .* said Rick. *"Wasn't any girl!"* Consuelo muttered.

of every nationality, from a bunch of Scotch heather, once white, to the thin bright dagger incised with a Spanish phrase, which, being interpreted, meant "Trust me, before a man."

This was the offering of an art-encouraging English duchess, at whose historic house Consuelo had danced, and who had mistaken the Fan Dancer for a Spaniard, not only because of her name but because of "those wonderful black eyes" that seemed to say she would kill for the sake of the man she loved. Rather a shock for Her Grace when she first heard her little protégée's voice raised in her native speech!

Listen to it now as she turns in happy excitement to her dressing-room door, and greets the man she loves with a "Ullo, Rickie! Quite a stranger, ar'n'tcher?"

Purest cockney. Consuelo had toured Europe since she was thirteen, but her real name was Florrie Simmons and she was a flower of the London slums.

"Fine to see you again," beamed Rick. "You surely got them tonight. I've not just made up my mind about that cunning

touch at the end where you lift the feather with your sigh; that's vaudeville. The other's honest-to-goodness art. Anyway, you were great, little girl!"

Warm appreciation in his voice; but—light chill in the expectant heart under Consuelo's splashed wrap. It was for something more that she waited . . .

Plenty of men she had kissed, giving her pretty red mouth with no more ado than another type of girl gives a handshake. Plenty of men too had crawled at her small feet, begging that favor.

"And Rick's never so much as kissed my fingers," she thought. "Why? Might be a good sign. You never know! If 'e did kiss me, though—if 'e *did*, it'd just about settle things. Just by the way Rick did it, like, and without 'im saying a word, I should know."

She looked up at him. He answered that tense look with an inquiring glance. She cleared her throat.

"Thanks for all these compliments, I'm sure," she uttered lightly, but it was with an effort which (Continued on page 124)

Dr. ARTZ



The Story So Far:

IT WAS at Alphonse de Rothberg's house, when Doctor Artz, of Zurich, served his curious rejuvenating cocktail, that the decision was made about Pauline Iselle's future — the decision that took her to Zurich to study singing under the famous Marakoff. Rothberg was to be Pauline's financial backer; but studying in Zurich was Artz' suggestion. Was there already forecast a struggle between these two men—Rothberg the wicked old millionaire and roué, and Artz the diabolically clever surgeon who restored youth to the aged—over Pauline Iselle?

At any rate, it was not until that rejuvenating cocktail, with its odd ingredients, proved to Rothberg that Artz could restore the powers of youth that he agreed to finance Pauline.

His interest in her was not, then, unselfish and paternal. She was always, in fact, a disturbing personality to men.

Anyone less naive than Naomi Vyvyan would have seen through Rothberg. But she knew little about men's motives. A dried-up little old maid—though she was a fiery pianist—she only wanted a chance to develop the voice of her protégée, her "find," Pauline. And Pauline could not have a better teacher than Marakoff, the famous tenor whose voice had been ruined during the hardships of the Russian Revolution.

However, in Zurich Miss Vyvyan's eyes began to be opened, and she also found emotions in herself that she never knew existed. In the first place, she was vaguely aware that Artz might like to try a rejuvenation operation on her; for some reason he apparently thought she would be interesting material for experiment. In the second place, she met young Carl Fügler.

Carl was a splendid, strapping fellow, glowing with youth, a baritone singer, and a pupil and friend of Marakoff's. These two were united in a hatred and distrust of Artz, who, they considered, merely restored the power of wickedness to the old; and they were also united, now, in a great liking for Pauline and determination to protect her from both Artz and Rothberg.

Miss Vyvyan looked at Carl and Pauline together, and for the first time felt an ache of jealousy—jealousy of youth, jealousy of Pauline's attraction for Carl; and an aching wish that she herself were young.

About this time Doctor Artz began to work subtly on her

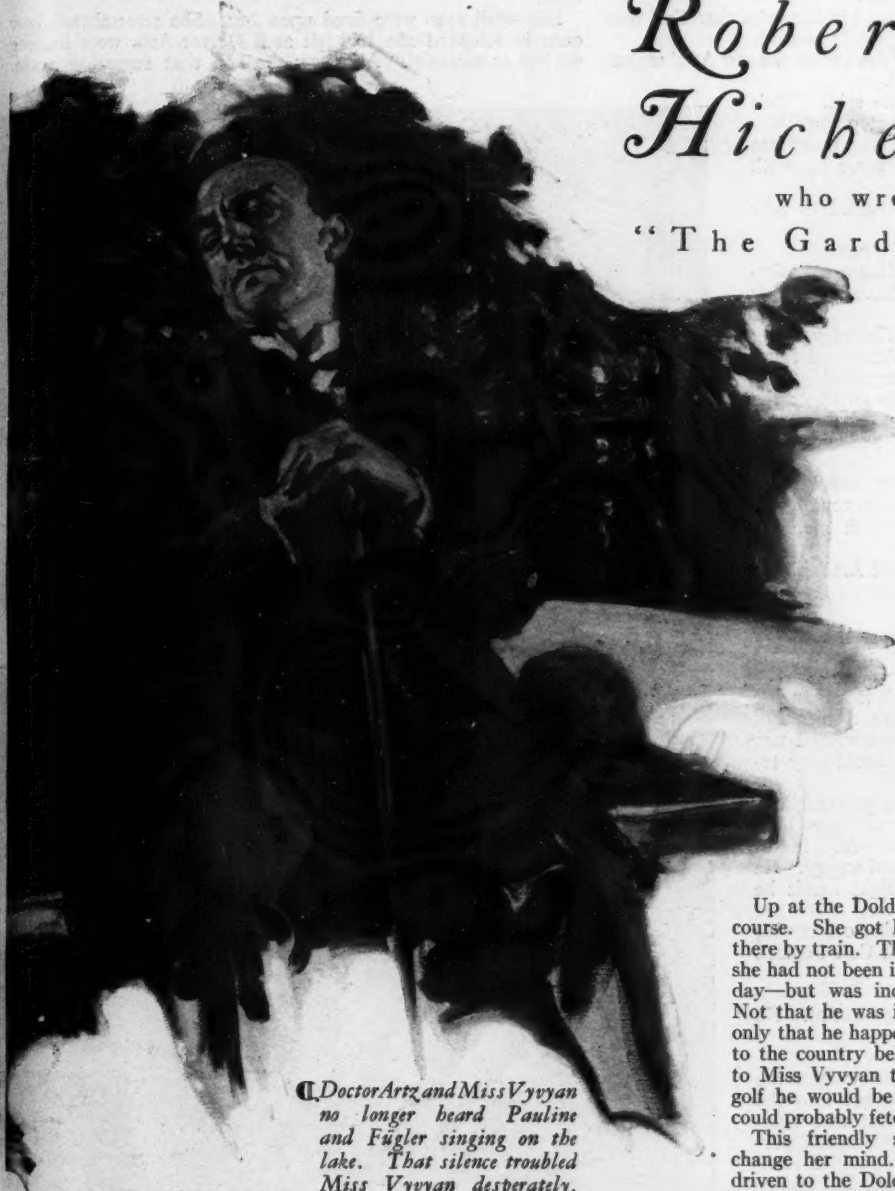
Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

A Novel by

Robert Hichens

who wrote

"The Garden of Allah"



C. Doctor Artz and Miss Vyvyan
no longer heard Pauline
and Fügler singing on the
lake. That silence troubled
Miss Vyvyan desperately.

mind by suggesting that Carl was not exactly safe for Pauline; he, Artz, and Miss Vyvyan must protect the girl, he said. And Miss Vyvyan, who had often distrusted Artz, knowing about the three young girls he had married in rapid succession, now thought that he had only the purest of motives.

WHY, how did Doctor Artz make Naomi see and feel things which till now she had known of, of course, but had quite comfortably and happily ignored? In some mysterious way he caused her to be conscious of her age, of her looks, of her lack of physical attraction. She hadn't bothered about them till she had met Doctor Artz. She had been intent on other things, on music, on the acquisition of knowledge, on the use of her talent and the enjoyment of it, on other people's lives. Artz had an uncanny power of creating self-consciousness in her.

But he was right about Pauline. Miss Vyvyan went away from the restaurant that night quite decided to stay on in Zurich—for a time. Because of Marakoff, whose will was tremendous and who certainly wouldn't allow her or anyone else to interfere with Pauline's artistic development, she dared not be very much with Pauline, but she wouldn't go right away and

leave her to her own devices. That really would be wrong, as Doctor Artz had suggested.

She remained in Zurich, hovering as it were at the edge of Pauline's life—with a fearful eye on Marakoff.

Miss Vyvyan's activity was not merely mental and musical. Having excellent health, she was a lover of outdoor games. Whenever she had the chance to play golf, she played.

Up at the Dolder above Zurich there was a golf course. She got hold of some clubs and went up there by train. Then there came an afternoon when she had not been intending to play—it was a Saturday—but was induced to play by Doctor Artz. Not that he was interested in the matter. It was only that he happened to be going in his two-seater to the country behind the Dolder, and telephoned to Miss Vyvyan to say that if she meant to play golf he would be delighted to drive her up, and could probably fetch her back on his return to town.

This friendly suggestion made Miss Vyvyan change her mind. She decided to play and was driven to the Dolder and left there at four o'clock by Artz.

She was expecting as usual to play a round alone, attended by a caddy, but Artz had scarcely left her before she heard the ugly sound of a motor bicycle and Carl Fügler rode up.

He was surprised at seeing Miss Vyvyan with a driver in her hand. He didn't know she played golf. Indeed, she quickly gathered that it had never occurred to him that she could play any game at all. But, having recovered from his plainly shown astonishment, he invited Miss Vyvyan to have a game with him and inquired about her handicap. Her announcement of fourteen evidently gave him another shock of surprise. His formidable hazel eyes, so terribly direct and observant in their glance, examined her with a new respect.

"Play the piano like that, a golf handicap of fourteen, and that age!"

The exclamation of his eyes!

Miss Vyvyan was aware of her leathery skin and her wrinkles, was very much aware of her fifty years. But she had character, any amount of it, and she meant to play a good game of golf. And she did. On the fifteenth hole she was dormy. Carl had a shock. This extraordinary little mannish Englishwoman beat him!

He pulled himself together, won the next three holes and squared the match.

"I thought you were going to beat me!" he said, at the end.

"I wanted to," said Miss Vyvyan.

There was such a vehement sound in her voice that Carl was startled. "Shall we play another hole?" he said.

She was just going to answer "Yes" when she saw Artz' motor stopped at the summit of the hill.

"Oh, there's Doctor Artz!" she said. "He's come for me. Perhaps I'd better stop now."

"Artz!" said Carl. And his whole face changed, hardened. "Did you come up with him?"

"Yes, he brought me and promised to take me back."

"Oh! Then we will leave it all square."

"Perhaps," she said, with a mixture of hesitation and eagerness, "we might have a deciding match some other day."

"Certainly. With pleasure. Saturday is my usual day for golf, about four o'clock. I think I will play a few more holes by myself."

She felt that he didn't want to go up to the club house with her because of Doctor Artz.

"Do you dislike Doctor Artz?" she said.

"Do you like him?"

She meant to say "Yes," but somehow in front of his searching young eyes she couldn't.

"He is pleasant and cordial with me, and seems to be genuinely friendly."

"If I were you I should not trust Artz' friendliness too much," said Carl Fügler.

And then they parted.

When she was driving down from the Dolder with Doctor Artz he said, "So you had a game with young Fügler!"

"Yes," said Miss Vyvyan, with less than her habitual naturalness, indeed with a touch of embarrassment. "He came up just when I was starting and suggested that we should play together."

"A capital idea! Fügler is a fine young fellow, well thought of in Zurich. I scarcely know him, but of course I know all about him—from Marakoff and others. He has talent and energy. He is very versatile, too. In the right hands he should come to something."

Miss Vyvyan could not help contrasting Doctor Artz' generous praise with Carl Fügler's critical distrust.

"The right hands?" she said.

"Fügler, I believe, is very hot-blooded. He looks it, does he not?"

"Does he? Perhaps so."

"He is very susceptible where women are concerned, I should say. If he got into the hands of a clever woman, artistic, with first-rate brains and knowledge of the world, perhaps rather older than himself, he would develop surprisingly. He has ideas, a mind. But girls—well, you know what modern girls are. They would be no use to Fügler. It is all very well to talk about nature. Nature sometimes seems to me to have been devised, to have come about, if you like to put it so, for the chastisement of man. People would say it is *natural* for, say, a young man like Fügler to mate with a brainless girl with big eyes and no knowledge, probably several years younger than himself. Wouldn't they?"

"I suppose so."

"Like to like, the very young to the very young! Rubbish! Oh, what rubbish one hears talked! And people swallow it whole. Sometimes"—he turned a little towards her—"sometimes I think that old Mother Nature needs some stern correction at the hands of science. Ah—ha!"

The last two words, separated by a perceptible pause, were a long-drawn guttural exclamation, meditative, brooding, almost sinister.

When he left her at the hotel he said to her: "If you are going to golf next Saturday I can drive you up again if you like. I shall have to go into the country behind the Dolder that day."

"Thank you very much. I may be going."

"Then telephone to me. But no doubt we shall meet before then."

His small eyes were fixed upon her. She remembered how once in England she had felt as if Doctor Artz were looking on her as material. And now she had that sensation again.



"Oh, Pauline!" cried Miss Vyvyan. "If I had money

Going to Switzerland may not mean very much to the average traveler. To Pauline it meant going into a new world and a world that was very wonderful. For it meant stimulation, it meant emancipation; it meant the bright beginning of what she never doubted would be a happy career.

Pauline was not a conceited girl, but she felt that she was meant to sing, and to sing with such a voice and in such a way that people must like to hear her. And now she was going to be trained to sing in the exactly right way. Miss Vyvyan's

preparation had been ardent and efficient. But now Pauline was with a man.

Oh, what a difference that made to her!

She could take so much from a man happily that she could never take from any woman. Sex can help as well as hinder.

dream-way, sometimes vaguely, mysteriously. But it never quite unfolded and left her. To her, who had lived in London houses with stucco porches, folding doors and Nottingham lace curtains, Madame Müller's large airy *pension* seemed paradisaical. As to her own little room in the *pension*, she adored it.

The upright piano was there, against the white wall. Miss Vyvyan had given her a bookcase and some books to put in it: an outline of mythology, Parry's history of music, a life of Adelina Patti, Romain Rolland's "Beethoven," et cetera. Dear, kind Miss Vyvyan!

And they were very kind to her in the *pension*.

Madame Müller was cultivated, like Miss Anna, but never alarming. Her brother, Herr Müller, who came to the *pension* very often, with his Danish wife, to dine with his sister, was delightful, a small, dark, poetical-looking man who literally revealed, but always gently, almost tenderly, in the arts. He carved wood quite beautifully, had skilled carpenters under his direction who made beautiful furniture, sold antiques, was a reader, a musician, an etcher. His wife was a beautiful, large, fair, silent woman, whom he clothed in fabrics of noble colors and looked upon with imaginative admiring eyes.

"But she is more beautiful still unclothed!" he would sometimes say almost wistfully, as if longing to show her nude beauty to such as were worthy to appreciate it, purely, in the way of the exalted artist.

He and his wife were both friendly to and solicitous for Pauline, and he took a deep interest in her singing, in her progress.

All those in the *pension* were pleasant to Pauline with but one exception.

This exception was the Contessa di San Miniato, usually called in the *pension* the Con-

tessa, and by Pauline, Countess San Miniato.

The Contessa had her own maid with her in the *pension* and a private sitting-room, to the furnishing of which she had added various cushions, embroideries, flower vases, photographs and pictures.

She was considered by everyone to be "odd." She was also generally thought to be very fascinating when she chose to take trouble. She often had a careless, self-centered way with her, and obviously expected that her will (Continued on page 165)



"I'd have taken you to Milan." "But I like Zurich—and being taught by Mr. Marakoff."

Pauline was helped by sex. In Marakoff's big hands she was at first as clay in the hands of the potter. From the very beginning she was acutely conscious of his *maestria*, of his tremendous, suppressed talent, of the dramatic force bottled up in him. In her girlish, instinctive way she felt his now hidden greatness, hidden by the loss of his once noble voice, and worshiped it. He was to her as a mutilated god.

Summer Switzerland surrounded her at this time like a dream. Always this dream was with her, sometimes strongly, in the

\$100⁰⁰



C "Mr. Fordyce is here to see you, sir," said the secretary. "Tell 'im I'm busy," said Mr. Kramer.

XC999,877 lay awaiting Fate. In the dark, warm till of New York's most beautiful bank—an exact marble replica of the Acropolis—it lay, immaculate and crisp from the mint, bearing on its orange-yellow back an eagle, and on its front a picture of a sad-looking gentleman named Benton, and the promise that the Treasury of the United States would pay the bearer one hundred dollars in gold coin.

Mr. Theodore Kramer stepped out of his apartment-house into the bracing air of a December morning. He was bound for his office in Thirty-ninth Street, a spacious room rendered elegant by authentic Fragonards, a Gobelin tapestry of yellow men spearing green stags, a suit of armor, and a massive oaken table—Flemish fifteenth century—which served Mr. Kramer as a desk.

Having read that the desk of a really big man is never cluttered up with papers—sign of a disorderly mind—but bears on its bosom simply a blotter and a rose, Mr. Kramer ordained that his desk should have on it not even a blotter, but only a handsome vase into which, each morning, a secretary put a dozen large white roses. Mr. Kramer was, indisputably, a big man. He would leave no less than twenty-two million dollars behind him when he died.

Physically, he was tall and wide, with graying hair, a big bland face tinted brownish red, decisive lips, wise eyes and plenty of chin.

That day he was wearing a tan felt hat (\$20); an overcoat of natural camel's hair (\$185); and a new, London-tailored suit of nut-brown tweed. He carried in his pockets a thin platinum watch and chain, with cigar lighter attached (\$785); a check-book (free); and a Venetian leather wallet (\$28), containing ten calling-cards, a license to operate a motor vehicle in the State of New York, a clipping from a newspaper referring to himself as "the financier with the Midas touch," nine cards admitting him to nine more or less private houses where an unpopular law was violated, two keys, a twenty-dollar bill, three fives and two ones.

As Mr. Kramer approached the most beautiful bank, he beamed fondly. He entered its lofty vaulted room, approached an onyx table, made out a check, and presented it at one of the wickets marked "PAYING."

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A serious-faced young man behind the grille said, "Good morning, Mr. Kramer," with a mixture of cordiality and deference, and, "How will you have it?"

"Good morning," said Mr. Kramer. "Hundreds." The teller moistened his thumb on a sponge in a porcelain dish and counted off five virgin one-hundred-dollar bills. The last one was XC999,877.

"Cold day, isn't it?" said the young man.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Kramer. "It is."

He put the roll of bills in an inside coat pocket and continued on his way to his office. He reached there at six minutes to ten.

At ten-fifteen Mr. J. Reese Ransome, stout and spruce, was shown into Mr. Kramer's office. Mr. Kramer bounced up and greeted Mr. Ransome with that warmth which is only inspired by love or a desire to make a sale. Mr. Ransome was a millionaire in a modest way. His will would probably dispose of not more than two or three million dollars.

"Glad you dropped in, Jack," said Mr. Kramer. "How's your golf?"

"Shot an eighty-eight at Palm Beach last week," said Mr. Ransome.

"Well, well, well," caroled Mr. Kramer. "Swell shooting! Me, I seldom break a hundred."

Mr. Ransome looked pleased. "My putting is improving," he said.

"Mine's terrible," said Mr. Kramer. "And I practise half an hour a day, too."

"Where?"

"Right here on the rug. Use a glass for the hole."

"Let's see your stick," said Mr. Ransome. "I'll give you a tip."

From a closet Mr. Kramer produced a putter, a ball, a glass. A secretary entered on silent feet.

"Mr. Fordyce is here to see you, sir," she said. "And Mr. Bentley and Mr. Lavigne—"

"Tell 'em I'm busy," said Mr. Kramer.

"I can sink four out of five at ten feet," said Mr. Ransome.

"I'll bet you can't," said Mr. Kramer.

"What'll you bet?"

"A hundred."

"Done," said Mr. Ransome.

After much tentative wagging of his stick, he tapped the ball. He missed the first shot, but the next four tinkled into the glass. Smiling, Mr. Kramer peeled a bill off the roll in his pocket and handed it to Mr. Ransome. It was XC999,877. Mr. Ransome put it in his pocketbook.

"Anything new?" asked Mr. Ransome.

"Krayko Radio," said Mr. Kramer. "New company I'm putting over."

"Good?"

"A. I. Bob Gridley just took a hundred-thousand-dollar piece. George Southgate took fifty."

"Put me down for twenty-five," said Mr. Ransome. "It ought to be good. You certainly are a magnate when it comes to attracting coin, Ted."

Mr. Kramer chuckled modestly. "Show me once more how you grip your putter," he said.

"Like this," said Mr. Ransome.

The secretary reappeared. "Mr. Fordyce is anxious to see you, sir," she said. "So are Mr. Bentley and Mr. Lavigne and Mr. Marvin—"

"Tell 'em to come back after lunch," said Mr. Kramer.

MRS. RANSOME was taking a nap. Mrs. Ransome was dressing to go out. She was blond, opulently made, and she divided her time equally between bridge, being massaged and shopping.

"I'm going shopping," said Mrs. Ransome.

Mr. Ransome made no reply.

By Richard Connell

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

"I'll need some cash," said Mrs. Ransome, raising her voice. Mr. Ransome remained dormant.

"I'll—need—some—cash," repeated Mrs. Ransome, this time very loudly.

Mr. Ransome opened one eye. "Pocket," he said, and closed it again.

Mrs. Ransome took the wallet from Mr. Ransome's coat, which hung on a chair, and took out all the money it contained, including XC999,877, and put it in her smart hand-bag of pythonskin.

She walked down Fifth Avenue, looking into the shop-windows. She found it tiresome because she didn't see anything she didn't already have.

At the corner of Forty-seventh Street she nodded to a vaguely familiar face belonging to a thin, worried-looking man who somehow contrived to look like a gentleman even though he was wearing a no longer new suit of summer-weight gray flannel, and was shivering a bit as the sharp wind nipped at him. He raised his hat.

"How do you do, Mrs. Ransome," he said.

"How do you do—er—Major Dale," Mrs. Ransome said. Then, "Oh, what a handsome dog!"

Major Dale had a Sealyham on a leash.

"My best friend," said Major Dale. "I've had him since he was a pup."

"I like dogs," said Mrs. Ransome.

"So do I. They stick to you, no matter what happens."

"He's a dear," Mrs. Ransome said. "I've always wanted a

dog like that." Her eyes rested on the major's worn shoes.

"Would you consider selling him?"

"Wouldn't think of it," said the major promptly.

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Ransome.

"He's such a beauty. I could give him a fine home."

"Sorry. I'm very attached to Mickey."

Mrs. Ransome's eyes ranged from the dog to the major's shabby suit.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for him," she said.

Major Dale did not at once reply.

His face had grown hard. Then he said, suddenly, his voice breaking to a harsh note, "I'll let you have him."

Mrs. Ransome took from her snake-skin bag XC999,877. The major's hand

He stooped over and



Mrs. Ransome took all the money the coat contained.

closed on it. He handed the leash to her. He patted the dog quickly, almost fiercely.

"Good-by, old boy," he said. He straightened up. "Be good to him," he said, and walked away rapidly, not looking back.

ON THIRD AVENUE, in the gloom of the El, above a dingy photographer's shop, with its windows full of pictures of wall-eyed brides, was the office of Mr. Benjamin Gordon small and dirty, but not as small and dirty as Mr. Gordon.

Major Dale pushed open the door. Mr. Gordon, bending over papers at his desk, grunted.

"Here's your interest," said Major Dale.

Mr. Gordon put XC999,877 into a large black imitation-leather pocketbook. He handed back to Major Dale five greasy one-dollar bills.

"See you again next month," said Mr. Gordon, "I hope."

Major Dale turned and went out. He half ran across the street



"I've always wanted a dog like that, Major Dale," said Mrs. Ransome.

to a cheap restaurant. "Double order of steak, beans, mashed potatoes, coffee," he said, "and hurry it along, please."

"Golly, mister," said the waiter, as he brought the second order, "you sure have a grand appetite. You eat like you ain't et for a week."

"Maybe I haven't," said Major Dale.

MR. BENJAMIN GORDON looked up and observed that a man had entered his office, a thick-set, untidy man with a blue-black stubble of beard.

"What you want now, Rath?" asked Mr. Gordon.

"I need a grand," said Mr. Rath.

"Poker?"

"Horses."

"You're a fool, Rath."

"Anyhow," said Mr. Rath, "I need cash. I got orders down at the shop, but I can't keep it running on hot air. I've stalled off some of the girls for a month as it is. Well?"

Mr. Gordon scratched with a pen on a legal-looking sheet of paper. "I'll let you have nine hundred," he said. "You pay me back a thousand one month from date."

"That's usury," said Mr. Rath.

"Yes," said Mr. Gordon, "it is. But am I trying to force the money on you, Rath? Am I begging you to borrow it, Rath? Am I—"

"Aw, give me the money," said Mr. Rath. "Where do I sign?"

Mr. Gordon counted out nine one-hundred-dollar bills into Mr. Rath's palm.

Mr. Rath's office was a fenced-off corner of the basement shop in Delancey Street where a dozen girls worked for him, making artificial flowers.

He looked up from the sheet of paper on which he had been making figures. "Rosie Vanna," he called out.

A pretty girl, slender and very dark, came to his desk.

"Let's see now," he said. "You ain't been paid for a month. With overtime and all, it figures out an even hundred—"

"Yes, Mr. Rath, and I got to have it. I can't wait no longer."



C "I got to have it, Mr. Rath. I spent my last dime for lunch," said Rosie.

Today I spent my last dime for lunch."

"Well, who's asking you to wait? Here!" Mr. Rath pushed XC999,877 toward her.

"Gee! Is it good?" she exclaimed.

"Sure, it's good."

"I ain't never seen one before."

"That's your fault, kid."

She looked at him scornfully. "I told you to cut out that kinda talk, Mr. Rath," she said. "I don't have to work here."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Rath. "You're one of them sassiety girls, workin' for the fun of it, I suppose."

"I ain't said I am. I gotta work, all right, if I want to eat; but this ain't the only place in town. I don't have to stay here and listen to fresh talk."

"Aw, who's talkin' fresh? Be your age. I ain't bothered you none, have I? I've just tried to talk sense, that's all. You're a mighty cute little kid and there's plenty of men I know—big spenders, too—who'd be glad to take you 'round and do a lot for you. F'rinstance, Jake Harmon—a perfect gent and rolling in jack. Say, girlie, he's nuts about you."

"Yeah?" said Rosie Vanna. "I went out with him once. Just once. Perfect gent? H-m-m. I had to call a cop."

"Well, suit yourself, kid."

"That's what I'm doin'."

AT SIX, Rosie rushed for the subway. She was carried along like a chip on rapid water, and wedged in a corner of an up-town express. Her eyes were bright with plans. She'd cook a swell supper for herself and Gina, her sister, who was plump and plain and not bright enough to hold a job long. They'd have pork-chops, and potato salad and chocolate cake—and Mrs. Lasker, the landlady, mollified by the payment of two weeks' back rent, wouldn't, probably, call them down for cooking in their room.

Afterwards, she and Gina would go to the Bijou-Star on Second Avenue and see "The Sin of Love." A big night! For in the pocket of Rosie's blue serge coat was XC999,877, securely fastened with a very large safety-pin. And there would be a new winter coat for Gina—that warm-looking red one she'd seen in the window—and ten dollars, at least, for the savings-bank.

"They overcrowd these trains something terrible." The voice that said it was pleasant.

Rosie looked up. The ribs she was jammed against belonged to a nice-looking young man, wearing a new green hat and a well-cut blue overcoat. Rosie decided he was a young broker, on his way home from Wall Street. She did not, however, answer. When you're nineteen and pretty, it isn't wise to strike up an acquaintance with a stranger, no matter how nice he looks, Rosie had found. So she looked straight ahead, and swayed with the train, and was jostled and crushed as more passengers were packed aboard at Fourteenth Street.

At Forty-second Street the man in the green hat got off.

Rosie got out at Eighty-sixth Street, and hurried, with little skipping steps of anticipation, toward Emil's Delicatessen on Second Avenue. She mustn't forget chewing-gum. Gina liked it.

Under his sign

EMIL'S HIGH CLASS DELICATESSEN
NO Credit

Emil Bressler beamed upon her, a pink cherub in a white apron.

"Four pork-chops," said Rosie breathlessly, "and make 'em big ones—and a pound of potato salad—and one of those little chocolate cakes and five packs of gum."

Emil wrapped them up. "Here y'are, Miss Rosie," he said.

She reached into her pocket. Her eyes went wide. She gave a little cry. Fear, terror, was in her face. She pawed frantically at her pocket. She turned it inside out. The safety-pin was there, still fastened, but the hundred-dollar bill was gone. Rosie Vanna began to weep hysterically.

"Oh, what am I goin' to do now? What am I goin' to do now?"

"Aw, don't worry. It'll turn up. Take the stuff. Pay me next time. Don't worry. You'll find the money," said Emil.

She took the package and went out, walking slowly and sobbing as she went.

A NICE-LOOKING young man, with the alert, prosperous air of a Wall Street man and wearing a new green hat, was sitting at a table in a back room on West Forty-ninth Street, within ear-shot of Broadway, trying a new drink called a "side-car." In the front room, behind the double doors, the faint click of ivory chips could be heard. Another young man entered. He, too, was well-dressed, but not very nice-looking, for his complexion was pasty, his eyes small, and somebody, years before, had tried to widen his slit of mouth with a knife.

"Lo, Jake," said the man with the green hat.

"How's tricks, Steve?" said the second man.

"Fair to middlin'! Have a shot with me?"

"What you drinkin'?"

"Rum, cointreau and a dash of lemon."

"Ugh! A lizzy drink. Make mine straight rye. I need it."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm flat. Say, Steve, how about stakin' me to a piece of change till tomorrow? I got my eye on a job uptown. One-man store. Cinch. Steve, you oughta get in my game."

"Risky," said Steve. "My racket is safe and sure."

"Small pickings, though, Steve," said Jake Harmon.



C "They overcrowd these trains something terrible," said a voice, but Rosie did not answer.

"Yeah. But reg'lar. Take today. I'm makin' the rush-hour express uptown as usual. A neat little jane gets jammed right against me. Just for practise I give her a frisk. A bill in one pocket. I think it ain't more'n a ten-spot but when I get out at Grand Central and have a chance to lamp it, strike me pink if it ain't a century."

"Some sugar daddy's baby," said Jake.

"Prob'ly. I lifted a watch, too, off'm a paunchy egg, but all Sam would give me on it was forty bucks."

"I could use that coin tonight, Steve."

"Yeah, on some broad, I'll bet."

"Wise guy, ain't you?"

"I know my Jake Harmon. Well, here you are. Meet me in here tomorrow night. I'll want the jack then, and I don't mean maybe."

Among the bills which Steve handed to Jake Harmon was XC999,877.

ROSIE VANNA was sobbing on the bed in her furnished room. Her sister was making clumsy efforts to comfort her. On a plate the pork-chops and salad lay untasted.

"We'll get put outa here," wailed Rosie.

A knock sounded on the door.

"Hide them plates, Gina, quick. It's Mrs. Lasker, wantin' her rent."

Gina hastily shoved the supper dishes under the bed and went to the door.

"Hey, Rosie," she called back. "It's Mr. Harmon and he wants to know would you like to go out to a show or sumpin' with him?"

Rosie Vanna stopped sobbing. A look of sullen despair marred her prettiness.

"Tell him I'll be down in ten minutes," she said.

THE alarm-clock in the room occupied by Rosie and her sister went off at half past six.

Gina stirred her sister, deep in sleep in the ramshackle brass bed beside her.

"Hey, Rosie. Wake up. There goes the alarm."

"I heard it."

"Ain't you goin' to get up? Rath will dock you if you're late."

"I ain't goin' to work"

"What?"

"You heard me."

"You ain't sick, Rosie?"

"No."

Gina stared at her. "Rosie," she began.

"Oh, what is it?"

"You been cryin'."

"Well, that's my business," said Rosie.

"You was out late last night. I didn't hear you come in. There ain't anything wrong, is th'?"

"Oh, let me alone, Gina."

Gina began to sniffle. "There ain't nothin' for breakfast," she said.

"Go out and buy something."

"What with?"

"Look in my bag."

Gina looked. "Gee, Rosie," she cried. "You found it! Ain't that lucky. Where did you find it?"

"Oh, for cat's sake, Gina, let me sleep."

"You'll lose your job."

"To the devil with the job. I got another one."

EMIL BRESSLER went to the door of his delicatessen store the better to see, by the morning light, the hundred-dollar bill Gina had given him.

"It's a good one, all right," he announced. "Let's see now—the stuff Miss Rosie had last night come to one sixty-five, and you want some coffee and milk and two doughnuts and two eggs . . ."

Steve and Jake were talking in the back room on West Forty-ninth Street. Steve's manner indicated discouragement.

"Guess you're right, Jake," he said. "Being a dip is small-time stuff these days. I lifted a nifty brooch off'm a dolled-up mama today and when I took it to Sam, he laughed in my face. It was phony. Worth six berries wholesale. All the dames is wearing phony junk these days. It's a shame. A guy can't make a living on two-dollar strings of pearls. Have another drink?"

"Yeah. Rye."

"Where's my dough?"

"Blew it last night," said Jake. "But, listen, Steve, I'll get it back inside an hour."

"How come?"

"That job I spoke of. Only I got to have help. I can handle the inside work but it calls for a lookout."

"Yeah?"

"Listen, Steve, it'll be like findin' six or seven hundred."

"Yeah—and maybe gettin' a slug in the pump."

"Listen, Steve, if there's any gat work done, I do it. All you do is hang around outside keeping your eyes open for bulls. Well, what do you say?"

"I'm with you," said Steve. "Let's go."

AT TEN O'CLOCK Emil Bressler began to close his store for the night. He was grinning, well pleased, as he bent over his cash-register and examined his receipts for the past three days. Then his heart gave a short, violent hop.

"Stick 'em up, Dutchy, and keep 'em up." The voice was low, hard, businesslike. "Now walk to the back of the store and play dead, or you'll be dead."

Trembling, Emil Bressler obeyed.

He heard his door slam, and then the muffled thunder of a starting taxicab. He ran to the door, bawling, "Police! Police!"

THEY were in the back room on Forty-ninth Street, Jake and Steve, both drunk. The room was deserted.

"Come across, Jake. I want my bit."

"Aw, hold your horses. You're goin' to get it."

Jake counted out three ten-dollar bills, two fives, three ones and shoved them across the table. Steve stared down at the money.

"Say," he demanded, "what's the idea? Forty-three bucks! I got more than that comin' to me, Jake."

"How do you figure that? There was less dough than I expected in the till. I'm givin' you your half. What you yellin' about?"

Steve's face grew black and menacing. "Say, Harmon, what you tryin' to pull? What sorta sap do you take me for?"

You'll get fat, tryin' to hold out on me, you dirty double-crosser."

"Keep your shirt on, Steve," growled Jake. "I went inside and took all the chances, but just the same I'm goin' fifty-fifty with you."

"You're a far, Harmon. I was watchin' through the window. I can see a century note three blocks away. You got one—and more—and I want my share—"

"Don't try to get tough with me, you cheap dip. I'm warnin' you—"

"You'll come across. Get that?"

Steve stood up and came round the table, his fists clenched. Harmon leaped to his feet and backed away. His right hand slid round toward his hip pocket. Steve darted in. There was a short, fierce struggle, then a shot. Jake Harmon crumpled down to the floor.

With swift, expert hands Steve dived into the other man's pockets, then turned and ran; just (Continued on page 158)



"You'll come across, Harmon," said Steve.

Three Rousing



SOMETIMES Stacey Staggs was forced to admit that Sylvia disturbed him.

"Stacey," Sylvia had said earlier that afternoon, "why don't they grow something on those hills, considering the war's finished?"

Stacey's fingers tightened on the wheel of that shiny motor they had brought over with them. It was Sylvia's favorite car with the body built to order.

"The ground," he said, and his voice came near to startling him, "has been all torn up by shell-fire. Don't you see the old trench-line? It's there along the crest. Nothing will grow in a place like that."

"Oh!" said Sylvia. "Well, can't they get fertilizer?"

Stacey was polite. He always was polite, though his throat still seemed to quiver when he answered.

"They tried fertilizing those hills ten years ago. I dare say you'd still see signs of it, if you walked across the valley."

Sylvia's eyebrows had curled delicately upward. She was so far removed from all of it, so utterly removed.

"Stacey, how coarse you are!" she sighed.

Stacey drew in his breath deeply, but he was perfectly polite, though it was a land of ghosts, though he himself seemed unsubstantial for a moment, like a spirit, airy, powerless, forgotten.

"You don't understand, Sylvia," was all he said, "or you wouldn't say just that."

"Oh," said Sylvia. "Oh!" Sylvia was laughing. She was

Q "What are you looking for, Stacey?" asked Sylvia. Nothing was changed. The

beautiful when she laughed. Her very aloofness added to her beauty. "You're a dear, you know," she said. "You're rather perfect externally. I suppose that's why I married you. I must have had some reason."

"Really?" said Stacey. "Well, just now I'd like to be outside myself to see the view."

"You'd love it, dear," said Sylvia. "After all, manners are almost everything. And no one has better manners. Yes, that's why I married you."

"At this point," said Stacey, "will you consider me as standing up and giving myself three rousing cheers?"

Sylvia gave her head a little shake, as though she tried to shake away the sunlight. "You've got material for cheering, I suppose."

"My dear," replied Stacey—he had been staring at the valley and the hill beside the road, and as he spoke, he raised his voice as if he was pitching it above some dull persistent noise, "where would I be without you? I never have prided myself that I possess that dogged perseverance which drives one through hardship to inevitable success."

"Lately," said Sylvia, "you certainly haven't driven much except this car."

"And why?" asked Stacey. "Has it ever occurred to you that necessity is the only reason why anyone exerts oneself? Sylvia,

Cheers

By John Marquand

*A Story of
LOVE HUNGER*



Sunday paper. His coat was fawn-colored and as soft as soft. His hat had the Bond Street curve. He couldn't help but wonder—was old Colonel Bindle still alive, slender in his muddy whip-cords with his drooping gray mustache? He couldn't help but wonder—what would the colonel say in that even voice of his, burdened with the shafts of mockery?

"Rattincourt—another of those delightful little hamlets. Put out that light back there! The next man who shows a cigaret, I'll blow off his confounded head!"

And what was it now but a dusty



regiment might have pulled out yesterday.

I'm perfectly frank to admit that luxury always has appealed to me. As you've never been deprived of it yourself—

"I suppose that's why I grow tired of it sometimes."

"Not always," suggested Stacey, "seeing you've comparatively recently acquired another luxury."

"Meaning you?" inquired Sylvia.

"It's wonderful," said Stacey, "how you see things."

He smiled. He could look incredibly youthful still when he smiled. The fine-drawn wrinkles about his eyes erased themselves completely, and the lines at the corners of his mouth were no longer faint letters spelling doubtful words.

"Now and then," said Stacey, "you won't believe it, but now and then I still actually feel a twinge of contrition or something or other. Isn't it astonishing?"

"Rot!" Like a being from another world Sylvia surveyed him coolly. "It doesn't hurt me to support you. You know that."

"For that reason," said Stacey, "will you consider me as again giving myself three rousing cheers?"

There he was driving Sylvia's car, as beautiful as the car itself, a thing for the rotogravure section of a

*Illustrations by
Marshall Frantz*

road and dank and ugly weeds, and all the rest a thinning cloud of pain and lost endeavor, so far away, so very far away, lost in a ghostly silence in the benign light of France? It was enough to make the throat grow tense, it was so far away. And Sylvia was speaking, lightly, carelessly. Sylvia was leaning back, dustless, immaculate in her gray broadcloth and her small gray hat.

"What's that over there like a drunken farmer's fence?" she asked.

It was like a low half-finished fence-straggling brokenly across a rise of ground.

"It's barbed wire," said Stacey Stagg, "some of the old barbed wire. It's never been salvaged. The trenches are in back of it, all caved in. They're nothing but a line of sand."

A line of sand and that was all; a line of sand, a few distorted heaps of earth, a few dead trees with naked branches still black against the sky, rising from thickets of newer growth, and those strands of rusty wire in hideous contorted shapes, still nailed to rotting stakes. And Sylvia was speaking again like a being from another world, freed from the pain of it, heedless quite.

"Entanglements—wasn't that the name?"

"Yes." Stacey's voice was low. "I wonder that you knew."

"I wonder"—Sylvia was looking at him—"if you ever got entangled."

YES, Sylvia was smiling at him, radiant in the slant sun of the afternoon, and it made him redden, though he could not tell just why—for once again he was surrounded by vague shapes.

"Exactly how—entangled?"

"You know exactly how, but never mind." Sylvia laughed softly.

"I don't mind." They were past those hills at last, and the sun was sinking low. "Why should I?"

"You tell me and I'll tell you." Sylvia opened a small gold case.

"Slow down while I light this cigaret. Stacey?"

"Yes," he said. The road lay ahead of them curving leisurely over other hills with here and there clusters of white stone houses along its edge.

"I rather like you here."

"Why?" he asked. "I wish I liked myself."

"I don't know why." He felt her eyes upon him beneath their drooping lids. "I can seem to see behind you better here. Stacey, it's getting late. What's the next town?"

"Rattincourt—down there below the hill."

It startled him as he mentioned it by name. He had thought of it so often, but thought was different from hearing the name aloud, wafted through the air.

"Have you been there? Has it got an inn?"

"An inn with a courtyard and the customary manure heap. We were quartered there before we went up."

Again he had that sense of unreality, of being a disembodied spirit wandering through a lonely place.

"All right," said Sylvia. "Let's stay there tonight."

"At Rattincourt?"

"Why not—is it haunted?" Surely she could not have said the thing on purpose.

"Lots of reasons why not." He seemed to hear himself answering from a distance. "You've never stayed in a French village or you wouldn't ask. What would you do without running water?"

"Is that all?" asked Sylvia.

He tried to speak calmly, though why it should have mattered, he could not tell.

"Verdun's only thirty kilometers."

"Stacey, is anything on your mind?" asked Sylvia.

"No," he answered, "nothing except my hat."

"All right," said Sylvia. "Then, seeing I'm paying for this show, we'll both hang up our hats at Rattincourt."

And Stacey did not answer. What was there to say? For he was back again in that unsubstantial land which was all about him, an intangible shifting space which hovered above those fields in the erratic fashion with which heat-waves would shiver of a noon. They were marching. Surely somewhere they were marching still.

If one could only rub a lamp or swallow a potion, say, surely one could reach them, for the sense of their nearness was everywhere, pulsing through the blood, soundless, and yet he could seem to hear. It was not memory exactly, nor a feat of the imagination, but closer yet to fact.

A little more and there would be that springless rattle of steel, the creak of carriages, and that syncopation of walking horses which would sound all night like the background of a fitful dream. A little more, only a little more, and he might have illusions, for he had illusions then.

Long before he first saw Cleonie, long before the regiment ever moved to a position, Stacey knew he did not like Martin Cass, and probably his dislike was solely due to those illusions. For instance, Stacey had a conviction, which he had been taught during those grilling months at Plattsburg when civilians were being initiated into the mysteries of a profession which few civilians can fill with grace, that an officer was invariably a gentleman. Up at Plattsburg they taught so many things out of those volumes on Army Regulations. It was hard to see them begin to disappear when the transports first tied up at Saint Nazaire and vanish almost completely with the first impact of a high-explosive shell.

No matter what Martin Cass might have said to the contrary, he was not a gentleman. Old Colonel Bindle himself must have known it, though there was little time in those days to discuss such matters. As Martin Cass leaned over the black and white staff map which the colonel was holding, for the thousandth time Stacey could not repress a sensation of out-and-out distaste.

Martin's stubby mud-spattered forefinger moved ignorantly over the paper. Martin's heavy, beefy face was stamped with the imprint of an enlisted man. Martin's face was half surly, half subservient. Martin knew what was what, and he should have known. He had learned it in Hawaii; he had learned it in the Philippines.

"Those Spig women could certainly wash clothes, I'll tell the world." It seemed to Stacey that this was Martin's one impression of his travels. "And cheap too! You'd look like a million dollars going on parade."

As Colonel Bindle spoke through the growing dusk, Lieutenant Cass would nod solemnly and obsequiously.

"Yes, sir," he kept saying. "Yes, sir."

"Mr. Cass," said Colonel Bindle—he was always very careful with his Misters—"you have traced the route from the orders?"

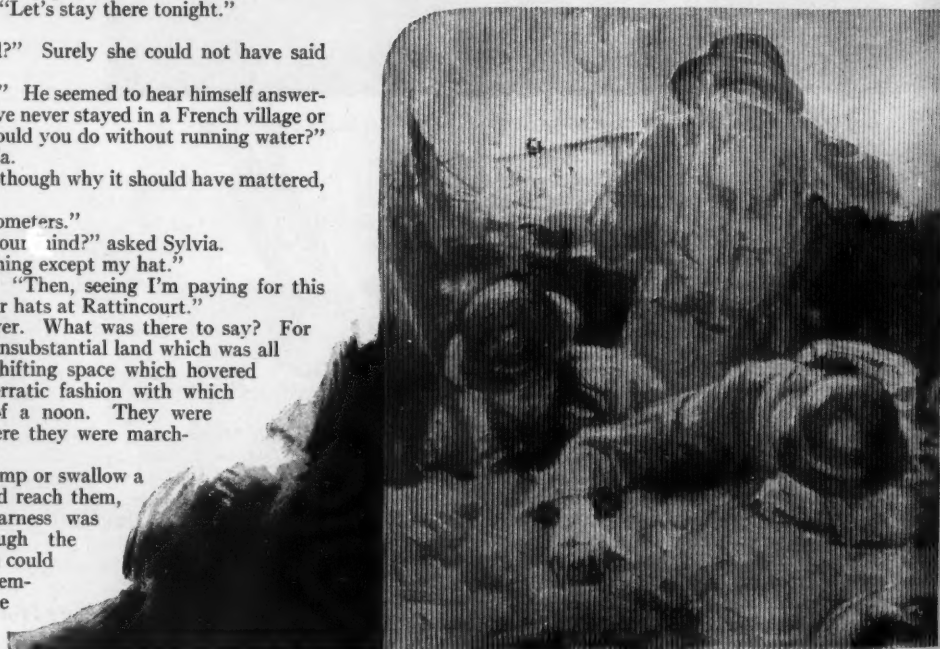
"Yes, sir," said Martin. Colonel Bindle stroked his gray mustache.

"You're to be congratulated," he said. "The route looks like a lot of confounded hen scratches to me. I fancy the French are too meticulous. They've put everything on these maps down to the cavities in the oldest inhabitants' teeth. No wonder a man can't find anything when he wants it."

"That's right, sir," said Martin.

"Now where's what-you-might-call-it—Soucy? Damnation! I had it a minute ago."

"Hey, Stagg—Mr. Stagg," said Martin—"where's Soucy?"



All about them were the crackling of underbrush and the sounds of harnessing and packing.

"It's under your finger," Stacey said. There were times when one could laugh. Stacey found himself near to laughing.

"God bless me—whose finger?" inquired the colonel.

"Lieutenant Cass has his finger on it, sir," said Stacey.

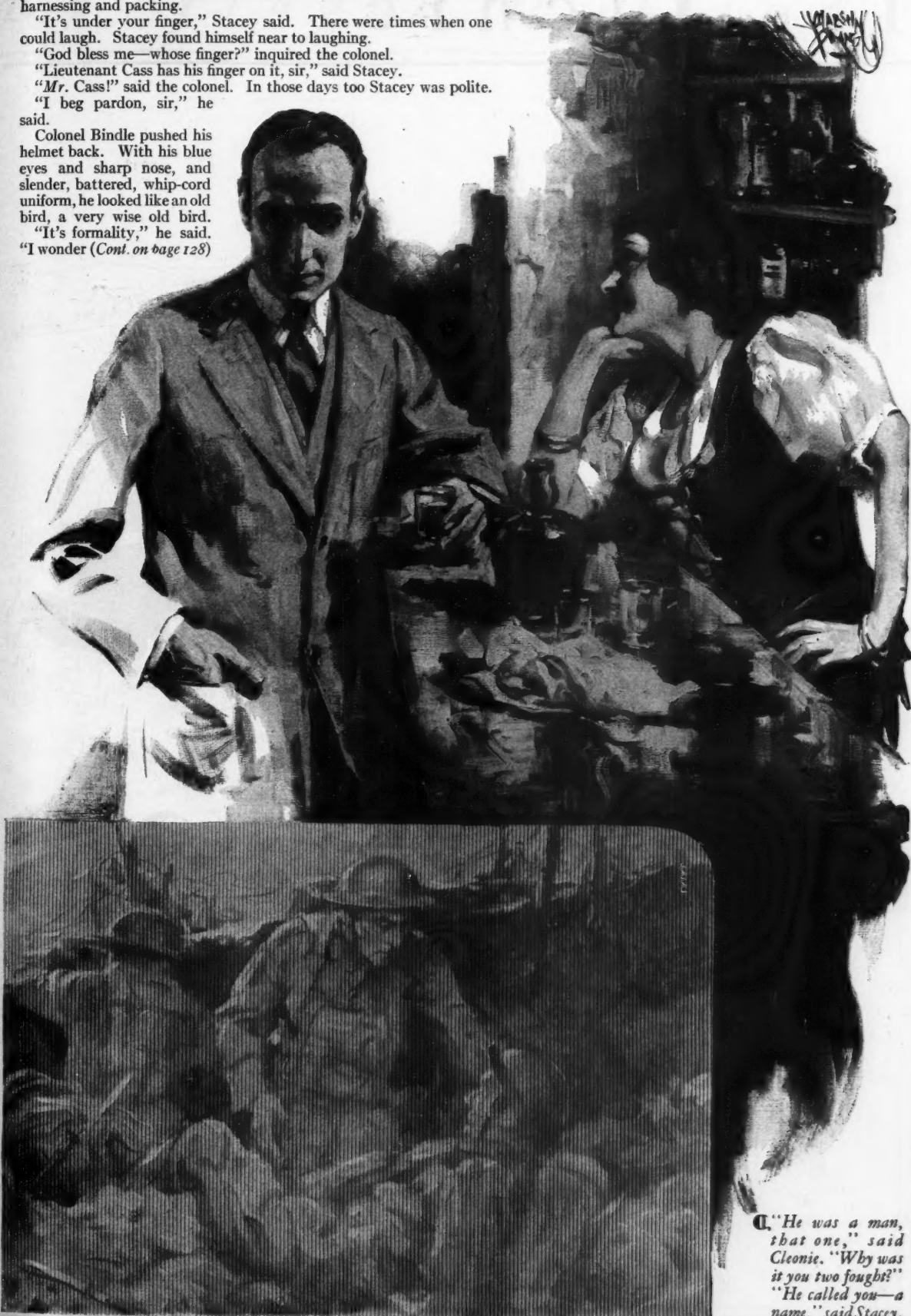
"Mr. Cass!" said the colonel. In those days too Stacey was polite.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said.

Colonel Bindle pushed his helmet back. With his blue eyes and sharp nose, and slender, battered, whip-cord uniform, he looked like an old bird, a very wise old bird.

"It's formality," he said.

"I wonder (Cont. on page 128)



"He was a man, that one," said Cleonie. "Why was it you two fought?" "He called you—a name," said Stacey.

The Picnic



[illegible]

Jim Barnett (*alias* Arsène Lupin?) comes to the Rescue of— Twelve African Boys

By Maurice Leblanc

MONSIEUR GASSIRE'S first waking thought was for the safety of the bundle of securities which he had brought home the previous evening. He stretched out an exploring hand and encountered the bundle still safely on the little table beside his bed.

His mind set at rest, he got out of bed and began the business of dressing for the day.

Nicholas Gassire was a short, corpulent man with a shriveled hawk face. He was an outside broker doing business in the Invalides quarter of Paris, with a sound clientele of worthy bourgeois. These latter entrusted their savings to him and were rewarded by the singularly attractive profits he reaped in part from fortunate speculations and in part from his own little private business of money-lending.

He had a flat on the first floor of a narrow old house which was his property. This flat comprised a hall, his bedroom, a dining-room which he used as his office and another room in which his three clerks

BY WAY of introduction—What is there about Jim Barnett and his methods that arouses uneasy memories of that arch-enemy of the law, Arsène Lupin? Why is someone always the loser of a goodly sum when Barnett solves a problem in detection? And, furthermore, how can the Barnett Agency afford to live up to its proud slogan, "Information Free"? These are questions that Inspector Béchoux cannot answer, yet, when a case arises where the robbery concerns himself, he compromises with his conscience and again implores Jim Barnett's aid.

worked. At the back there was the kitchen.

Gassire's economy led him to do without a servant. Every morning at eight the concierge, a stout, cheerful, active woman, came up with his post and *petit déjeuner*, and then cleaned up the flat.

On the morning in question the concierge had departed at half past eight, and Monsieur Gassire, as was his

custom, breakfasted in leisurely fashion, opened his letters and glanced through the morning paper while he awaited the arrival of his clerks.

Suddenly, just five minutes before nine, he thought he heard a noise in his bedroom. In a twinkling he was in the other room, but—the bundle of securities had vanished! At the same moment he heard the hall door on the landing slam violently.

Monsieur Gassire tried to open the door, but it had a spring-lock and he had left the key on his desk. He was afraid that if he went to get it the thief would escape without being seen. He therefore opened the hall window, which gave on the street. It was impossible for anyone to have had time to leave the building. In any case, the street was empty.

Mastering his excitement, Monsieur Nicholas Gassire refrained from crying "Thief!" But a minute later, when he caught sight of his head clerk coming towards the house, he beckoned furiously to him.

"Hurry up, Sarlonat!" he cried. "Come in, lock the street door and don't let anyone out. I've been robbed!"

As soon as his commands had been obeyed, he hastened downstairs, panting and distraught.

"Tell me, Sarlonat, have you seen anybody?"

"Not a soul, sir."

He hurried to the concierge's little room between the foot of the stairs and a small dark courtyard. She was sweeping the floor.

"Madame Alain, I've been robbed!" he cried. "Is anyone hiding here?"

"Why, no, sir," faltered the poor woman in utter bewilderment.

"Where do you keep the key to my flat?"

"I put it here, sir, behind the clock. No one could have taken it, for I've not stirred out of my room this last half-hour," said the concierge.

"That means the thief must have run upstairs. Oh, this is terrible, terrible!"

Nicholas Gassire went back to the street door. His other two clerks had just come on the scene. Hurriedly he gave them their orders. They were to let no one enter or leave the house until he came back.

"You understand, Sarlonat? No one."

He dashed upstairs and into his flat. In an instant he had grabbed the telephone. "Hello!" he bawled, "hello! Put me through to the Préfecture! . . . No, I don't



"The shares are there! No, they aren't! Ah, old Béchoux, what a good time you've given me!" said Barnett.

mean police headquarters, you fool, I mean the Café de la Préfecture . . ."

Dancing with rage, the little man at last succeeded in getting the proprietor of the café, and thundered: "Is Inspector Béchoux there? . . . Then call him to the telephone—at once. I'm a client of his. There's no time to lose . . . Hello! Inspector Béchoux? This is Gassire speaking; I've just been robbed of some securities—a whole bundle. Béchoux, you must come as quickly as possible! Your twelve African mining shares were in the bundle!"

Monsieur Gassire heard a volcanic monosyllable at the other end. It was barely a quarter of an hour before Inspector Béchoux arrived. He rushed up to the stock-broker.

"My African Boys! My twelve little African Boys! All my savings! What's become of them?"

"Stolen from my bedroom, half an hour ago, along with the bonds and shares of other clients—and all my own securities."

"But what were my African Boys doing in your room?"

"I took the bundle out of the safe at the Crédit Lyonnais yesterday to deposit it at another bank, nearer here. And I made the mistake of—"

Béchoux's hand descended heavily on the other's shoulder. "I shall hold you responsible, Gassire. You will have to make good my loss."

"How can I? I'm ruined."

"What do you mean? You have this house."

"Mortgaged to the hilt!"

THE two men faced each other, convulsed with rage and shouting unintelligibly. The concierge and the three clerks had also lost their heads and were barring the way to two girls from the top floor who had just come down and wanted to be allowed out.

"Nobody shall leave this house until my twelve little African Boys are restored to me!" roared Béchoux.

"Perhaps we'd better call in help," suggested Gassire. "There's the butcher's boy and the grocer—they're both dependable."

"Not for me," the inspector pronounced with decision. "If we need someone else, we'll telephone the Barnett Agency, in the Rue Laborde. Then we'll notify the police. But for the moment that would be sheer waste of time. Action is what we want!"

He tried to control himself and to regain the pontifical calm that best befits a police inspector.

"After all, we have the whip-hand," he told Gassire. "Nobody has left the house. The thing is to retrieve my little African Boys before anyone can find a way of sneaking them out of the building."

He turned to the two girls and began to question them. He ascertained that one was a typist who copied reports and circulars at home. The other gave lessons in flute-playing, also at home. They were both anxious to get out, but Béchoux was adamant.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but this door stays closed for the morning. Monsieur Gassire, two of your clerks shall mount guard here. The third can run errands for the tenants. In the afternoon, the latter will be allowed out, but with my permission only in each case, and all parcels, boxes, baskets or packages of any kind will be submitted to a rigorous search. Now, Monsieur Gassire, it is for us to get to work. The concierge will lead the way."

The building was so planned as to make investigation easy. There were three upper stories, with a single flat on each floor. This made four flats in the house, counting that on the ground floor, which was temporarily unoccupied. Monsieur Gassire lived on the first floor. On the second dwelt Monsieur Touffémont, an ex-Cabinet Minister. The top floor was partitioned off into two flatlets, occupied by Mademoiselle Legoffier, the typist, and Mademoiselle Haveline, who taught the flute.

That morning, Monsieur Touffémont had left at half past eight for the Chambre des Députés where he was president of a commission. Since his flat was cleaned by a woman who came in

daily at luncheon-time and had not yet arrived, they decided to await his return.

First they explored the girls' rooms thoroughly and satisfied themselves that the missing securities were not there. Next, they searched every corner of the attic. After this, they came downstairs again and searched the courtyard and Monsieur Gassire's flat. Their efforts went unrewarded.

Towards noon Monsieur Touffémont came in. He proved to be an earnest parliamentarian, burdened with the type of portfolio proper to the use of an ex-Cabinet Minister.

With measured tread he approached the concierge's room and asked for his letters. Gassire came up and told him of the theft. Touffémont promised his cooperation if Gassire decided to call in the police and urged at the same time that they should search his flat. "You never know," he said. "Someone might have got in with a skeleton key."

Accordingly they searched the flat, but here again they drew a blank. The faces of Béchoux and Gassire grew drawn and pale.

At last they thought they would go to a small café just opposite, so that they could keep an eye on the house all the time. But when they got there, Béchoux found he had no appetite. Gassire said that he felt dizzy; no, he wouldn't take anything, thank you. They both went over what had happened, trying to find some ray of reassurance in the prevailing gloom.

"It's quite obvious," said Béchoux. "Someone got into your flat and stole the securities. Well, as the thief can't have escaped from the building, that means that he or she is still in the house. And if he or she is in the house, my twelve little African Boys are there too. So, we are forced to the conclusion that—"

He never finished the sentence. Suddenly a look of terror came into his eyes, and he stared speechless at someone who was jauntily approaching the house opposite.

"Barnett!" he whispered. "Barnett! How did he get to know of this?"

"You mentioned him and the Barnett Agency in the Rue Laborde," Gassire confessed, "and I thought that, in the appalling circumstances, it was worth giving him a ring."

"You fool!" spluttered Béchoux. "Who's in charge of the case, anyhow? You or me?"

Béchoux was quite sure in his own mind that Barnett's assistance would prove the last straw. Jim Barnett on the case would only mean that if the mystery were solved a bundle of securities, including twelve African Boys of vital import to their owner, would vanish into thin air.

He tore across the street, seized Barnett's arm and said in trembling tones: "Get out! Hop it! We don't want your help. You were called in by mistake."

Barnett gave him an astonished stare full of reproach and childlike innocence. "My dear Béchoux, what's the matter? Tell your Uncle Barnett! You seem a trifle rattled, old lad."

"Get out, I tell you!"

"Then they told me the truth just now on the telephone? Have you really been robbed of your savings? And don't you want your Uncle Barnett to lend a helping hand?"

"My Uncle Barnett can go to the devil!" declared Béchoux, furious. "I know all about your helping hand! It goes into other people's pockets and helps itself."

"Are you in a stew because of your twelve little African Boys?"

"I shall be if you come poking your nose in!"

"Oh, all right. I leave you to it!"

"You're off then?" Béchoux's frown cleared.

"Rather not! I've come here on business."

He turned to Gassire who had joined them and was holding the door ajar. "Can you tell me if Mademoiselle Haveline lives here—Mademoiselle Haveline who teaches the flute?"

Béchoux grew wrathful. "You're asking for her because you've just seen her brass plate up there."

"Well," replied Barnett, "haven't I a perfect right to learn the flute if I like? It's a free country!"

"You can't come here. I absolutely forbid it."

For answer, Barnett snapped his fingers in the other's face and pushed past him into the house. No one dared bar his way. Béchoux, his heart full of misgivings, watched him ascend the first flight of stairs and vanish.

Ten minutes later wabbly scales on the flute began floating down from the top floor.

"The scoundrel!" cried Béchoux. "With him in the house, heaven help us!"

He set to work again madly. They ransacked the empty ground-floor flat, also the concierge's room, in case the bundle of securities had been thrown down somewhere. It was all fruitless. And the whole afternoon the sound of flute practise went on, like a mocking goblin under the eaves. Béchoux nearly collapsed under the strain.

At last, on the stroke of six, Barnett appeared, skipping down the stairs and swinging to and fro a large cardboard box.

A cardboard box! Béchoux, with a strangled exclamation, seized it and snatched off the lid. Out tumbled some old hat shapes and bits of moth-eaten fur.

"Since she is not allowed to leave the house," Barnett explained solemnly, "Mademoiselle Haveline has asked me to throw this stuff away for her. I say, she thinks I am full of talent and says that if I keep on at it I shall soon be able to qualify for the post of blind man on the church steps."

All night long Béchoux and Gassire mounted guard, one inside and the other outside the street door, in case the thief should try to throw a parcel out of a window to an accomplice waiting below. And next day they set to work again. But in vain.

At three o'clock that afternoon Barnett was on the scene again, carrying the empty cardboard box. He went straight upstairs, nodding affably to poor Béchoux.

The flute lesson began. Scales, followed by exercises. Suddenly, all was quiet. The silence continued unbroken, until Béchoux was thoroughly puzzled. What on earth can he be up to now? he wondered.

He ran upstairs and stood listening on the landing. No sound came from Mademoiselle Haveline's room. But a man's voice was distinctly audible in the next-door flatlet of Mademoiselle Legoffier, the typist. Barnett's voice, thought Béchoux, his curiosity now at white-heat. He rang the bell.

"Come in!" called Barnett from within. "The key is in the lock outside."

BÉCHOUX entered the room. Mademoiselle Legoffier, an attractive brunette, was taking shorthand at Barnett's dictation.

"The hunt is up, is it?" said the latter. "Carry on, old man. Nothing up my sleeves"—he mimicked a conjurer—"and as for Mademoiselle Legoffier—" That damsel blushed discreetly; her arms were bare to the shoulder.

"Well," Barnett continued, "I'm dictating my memoirs. You won't mind if I go on?" And while Béchoux peered under the furniture, he proceeded:

"That afternoon Inspector Béchoux dropped in while I was dictating my memoirs to a charming young lady called Legoffier. She had been recommended to me by her friend, the flutist. Béchoux searched high and low for his twelve little African Boys, who persisted in eluding him. Under the couch he collected three grains of dust; under the wardrobe a shoe-heel and a hairpin. Inspector Béchoux never overlooks the slightest detail. What a life!"

Béchoux stood up and shook his fist in Barnett's face, volleying abuse. The other went on dictating, and the detective departed in a fury.

A little later Barnett came down with his cardboard box. Béchoux, who was keeping watch, had a moment's hesitation. But his fears conquered him and he opened the box, to find that it contained nothing but old papers and rags.

Life became unbearable for the unhappy Béchoux. Every day Barnett came to the

house, and after each flute lesson or shorthand sance, he would display his cardboard box.

Béchoux did not know what to do. He had no doubt that the whole thing was a farce and that Barnett was ragging him. All the same, there was always the chance that this time Barnett really was spiriting away the securities.

Béchoux was forced to rummage in the box, empty it and run his hands over its oddly assorted contents of torn clothing, rags, old feather dusters, broom handles, ashes and potato peelings. And this made Barnett roar with laughter.

"He's found his shares! No, false alarm! He's getting warm—try that lettuce leaf! Ah, Béchoux, what a lot of quiet fun you manage to give me, bless you!"

This went on for a week. Béchoux made himself the laughing-stock of the neighborhood. For neither he nor Nicholas Gassire had been able to keep the tenants from attending to their own affairs while they allowed their persons to be searched on exit and entrance. Gossip traveled apace. Gassire's misfortune became known. His terrified clients flocked to the office and demanded the return of their money.

As for Monsieur Touffémont, the ex-Cabinet Minister, who came under the amateur surveillance four times a day, to his great annoyance, he was all for calling in the police officially.

At last things came to a head. Late one afternoon Gassire and Béchoux heard sounds of violent quarreling coming from the top of the house. They hurried upstairs. On the top landing Mademoiselle Haveline and Mademoiselle Legoffier were doing battle. Standing over them like an umpire was Jim Barnett!

After heroic efforts the pair were separated. The typist promptly went into hysterics, and Barnett carried her into her flat while the flute teacher expounded her wrongs to Béchoux and Gassire on the landing.

"Barnett was mine first, and then I caught him kissing her!" shrieked Mademoiselle Haveline. "I can tell you he's up to no good, that Barnett. Why don't you ask him, Monsieur Béchoux, what his game's been up here all this week, questioning the two of us and poking his nose everywhere?"

"He knows who the thief is. It's the concierge, Madame Alain. But he made us swear we wouldn't let on to you. Another thing, he knows where those securities are. Didn't he tell us: 'The securities are in the house and yet not in it, and they're out of it and yet in it?' Those were his very words."

JIM BARNETT had finished with the typist and now came forth. Taking Mademoiselle Haveline by the shoulders, he pushed her firmly through her own front door.

"Come along, professor mine, and no idle gossip, if you please! Stop talking nonsense and stick to the flute. I don't want you playing in my band!"

Béchoux did not stay any longer. Mademoiselle Haveline's sudden revelation had shed a ray of light on the case. He now saw that the thief must be Madame Alain. He only marvelled that he ever could have overlooked her guilt. Spurred by his conviction, he rushed downstairs, followed by Nicholas Gassire, and burst in upon the concierge.

"My Africans! Where are they? It was you who stole them!"

Nicholas Gassire panted at his heels, "My securities! Where have you put them, you thief?"

They both took hold of the poor woman, shaking her violently and overwhelming her with abuse and questions. She seemed quite dazed by it all. She spent a sleepless night, and the next two days proved equally wretched for her.

Béchoux would not for a minute admit that Jim Barnett could have made a mistake.

The concierge, while cleaning the flat, had doubtless noticed the unaccustomed bundle on the table by the bed. She was the only person who had the key to the flat. Knowing Monsieur Gassire's regular habits, she might well

have returned to the flat, seized the securities, run off with them, and taken refuge in the little room where Nicholas Gassire found her when he rushed downstairs.

Béchoux began to get discouraged. "Yes," he said, "it's obvious that this woman is the guilty party. But still we're no nearer a solution of the mystery. I don't care if the criminal is the concierge or the man in the moon. It makes no odds as long as we are still without news of my twelve little African Boys. I can see that she had them in her room, but by what miracle did they leave it between nine o'clock and the time when we searched her belongings?"

All their threats failed to make the fat Madame Alain disclose any helpful information. She denied everything.

"We've simply got to settle this," Gassire told Béchoux one morning. "You know that Touffémont overthrew the Cabinet last night. The reporters will be here any minute to interview him, and we can't possibly go searching them too."

Béchoux agreed that they had come to an *impasse*. "But keep smiling," he urged, "for within three hours I shall know the truth."

That afternoon he called at the Barnett Agency.

"I was waiting for you to drop in, Béchoux," said Barnett amicably. "What do you want?" "I want your cooperation, Barnett. I'm at a loss what to do."

Jim Barnett clapped him friendliwise on the back, then took him by the shoulders and rocked him gently to and fro. This was no meeting of vanquished and victor. Rather was it a scene of reconciliation between two comrades.

"To tell you the truth, Béchoux, I was awfully cut up about that misunderstanding between us. I couldn't bear to think of our being enemies."

A frown clouded Béchoux's brow. He cursed the unkind fate that forced him to collaborate with a man he felt sure was a crook and to incur obligations to him into the bargain.

But swallowing his scruples, he whispered, "It's the concierge, of course?"

"It is she for the reason, *inter alia*, that it could not be anyone else."

"But how do you account for a woman who has always been honest and respectable suddenly turning crook?"

"If you had troubled to make a few inquiries about her, you would know that the poor creature is afflicted with a son who is a thorough bad hat. He is always sponging on her. It was on his account that she suddenly gave way to temptation."

Béchoux jumped up. "Did she manage to give him my shares?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course not! Do you think I should have allowed a thing like that? I regard your twelve little African Boys as sacred."

"Where are they, then?"

"In your own coat pocket."

"Please don't joke about it."

"But Béchoux, I'm not joking. I never joke in times of stress. Look for yourself!"

Béchoux's hand went gingerly to his coat pocket, felt in it and took out a large envelop which bore the following superscription: "To my friend Béchoux." With trembling fingers he tore it open. Oh joy! his African Boys were restored to him, all twelve!

Béchoux was inarticulate with emotion. Of course he had no doubt but that Barnett had stuffed the envelop into his pocket the moment he came into the agency, while they were making up their differences. But anyhow there were the twelve little African Boys in his still trembling hands, and Barnett's virtue was for him untarnished.

"I've got them back!" he cried. "My own little piccaninies! Bless you, Barnett, for a friend in need. From now on there is only one Barnett—Béchoux's preserver! But how on earth did you bring it off? Tell me how you unraveled everything! Where was the bundle? 'In the house yet out of it,' was what you said, I believe?"

"And out of the house but in it," added Barnett with a laugh.

"What does it mean?"

"Will you promise never again to take that chilly and reproachful attitude towards my harmless exploits?"

"Go on, tell me, Barnett!"

"Ah," exclaimed the other, "what a story! I've never come across anything more neatly done, more unexpected. It was at once human and fantastic. And withal so simple that you, Béchoux, gifted as you are in your profession, were absolutely in the dark."

"Well, hang it all, come to the point," said Béchoux in some annoyance. "How did the bundle of securities leave the house?"

"Under your own eyes, my bright lad! And not only did it leave the house, but it came in again. It left the house twice daily, and twice daily it returned! And for ten days you bowed to it respectfully. You almost groveled on your knees before it!"

"I don't believe you!" cried Béchoux. "It's absurd. We searched everything."

"Everything was searched, Béchoux, except that. At the frontier they search all luggage, except the diplomat's valise. Naturally, you searched everything but that."

"What is that?" yelled Béchoux frenziedly.

"The portfolio of the ex-Cabinet Minister!"

BÉCHOUX sprang up in astonishment. "What do you mean, Barnett? Are you accusing Monsieur Touffémont?"

"Idiot, should I dare accuse a member of parliament? In the first place, that man, an ex-Cabinet Minister, is above suspicion. All the same, Madame Alain made him a receiver of stolen goods!"

"Then he was her accomplice?"

"Not a bit of it!"

"Then who was?"

"His portfolio!" Barnett proceeded to elucidate. "A minister's portfolio, Béchoux, has a personality of its own. In this world, we have Monsieur Touffémont and we have his portfolio. The two are inseparable and each is the other's *raison d'être*. You can't imagine Monsieur Touffémont minus his portfolio—or the portfolio minus Monsieur Touffémont."

"But it happens that Monsieur Touffémont lays down his portfolio when he eats and sleeps, and on various other occasions through the day. At such times the portfolio assumes a separate identity and may lend itself to actions for which Monsieur Touffémont cannot be held responsible."

"That was what happened," Barnett explained, "on the morning that your twelve African mining shares vanished away. The concierge, terrified by what she had done and dreading the consequences of her action, could not think how to get rid of the securities, which were bound to betray her guilt."

"Suddenly she noticed the providential presence of Monsieur Touffémont's portfolio on her mantelpiece—the portfolio all by itself! Monsieur Touffémont had come in there to collect his post. He put his portfolio down on the mantelpiece and proceeded to open his letters, while Gassire and you, Béchoux, were telling him about the disappearance of the securities."

"Then Madame Alain had an inspiration of sheer genius. Her room had not yet been searched, but it was bound to be ransacked in a little while, and the securities would be discovered. She turned her back on the three of you, standing there discussing the theft."

"With quick, deft fingers she opened the portfolio, emptied one of the flap pockets of all its papers and slipped the securities into their place. The deed was done. No one suspected anything. And when Monsieur Touffémont withdrew, he took away in the portfolio under his arm your twelve little African Boys and all Gassire's securities."

Béchoux never questioned Barnett's asseverations when they were made on that particular note of absolute conviction.

"Certainly," he said, "I noticed a sheaf of papers and reports lying about down there that morning, but I paid no attention to it. And

Mr. Sid Ward,
Advertising Writer,
Fels Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:
I saw that ad your wife,
Ann Ward, told you to write and
I don't think much of it.

There wasn't a word about
Fels. Naptha for baby clothes and,
believe me, they take some washing.
I've raised five children and I know.
It's just wash, wash, wash! I never
found a way to make that washing

as easy as reading a book, but I
did find Fels. Naptha took the dirt
out easier. I suppose that's the
"extra help" you talk about—the
"good golden soap and plenty of
Naptha, working together". But what
ever you call it if I do say so, my
babies had the cleanest, whitest,
sweetest clothes I ever saw.

Another thing your wife
forgot was how handy Fels. Naptha
is for cleaning around the house. I
never found anything like it for
floors and woodwork, yet you say
nothing about such uses.

Then, too, you talk a lot

about grease. That might make someone
think Fels. Naptha is good only for
heavy washing. That's not true! If it
were I'd never have used it on my
babies' clothes. Goodness knows they're
dainty and cost enough. I use Fels-
Naptha on all my fine linens, too, and
for everything in the family wash
and I've always said how wonderful
it is for keeping colors bright and fresh.

I hope you appreciate that
this letter is in good spirit and meant to be
helpful for, though I don't know your wife,
I have always considered myself a good
friend of Fels. Naptha Soap.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Elizabeth Adams

Ward,
Fels Company,
3rd St. and Woodland Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.

surely she must have given those documents back to Monsieur Touffémont?"

"I hardly think so," answered Barnett. "Rather than incur any suspicion, she probably burned them."

"But he must have asked after them?"

Barnett shook his head and smiled.

"You mean to say he hasn't noticed the disappearance of a whole sheaf of his papers?"

"Has he noticed the appearance of the bundle of securities?"

"But—what happened when he opened the portfolio?"

"He didn't open it. He never opens it. Monsieur Touffémont's portfolio, like that of many a politician, is only a sham—a dummy—a useful prop on the parliamentary stage. If he had opened it, he would have demanded the return of his own papers and restored the securities. He has done neither."

"But when he works—"

"He doesn't work. The mere fact of a man's carrying a portfolio does not necessarily imply that he works. As a matter of fact the possession of an ex-minister's portfolio is in itself a dispensation from work. A portfolio stands for power, authority, omnipotence and omniscience. Last night, at the *Chambre des Députés*—I was there myself, by the way—Monsieur Touffémont laid down his portfolio on the rostrum."

"You can see that his doing this at such a crisis was tantamount to announcing publicly that he was once again a candidate for office. The Cabinet realized that it was lost. The great worker's portfolio must be full of crushing documents crammed with statistics!"

"Monsieur Touffémont even unfolded it, though he took nothing from its bulging compartments. It was clear that he had everything there—but really there was nothing there except your twelve African mining shares, Gassire's securities and some old newspapers. They carried the day, however, and Monsieur Touffémont's portfolio overthrew the Cabinet."

"But how do you know all this?"

"Because, when Monsieur Touffémont was strolling home from the House at one o'clock in the morning, a person unknown came into clumsy collision with him and sent him sprawling on the pavement. Another man—an accomplice—snatched up the portfolio and replaced the securities with a bundle of old papers, carrying off the former. Need I tell you the name of the second man?"

Béchoux laughed heartily. Every time his hand felt the twelve shares in his pocket he was struck afresh with the humor of the story and of Monsieur Touffémont's little adventure.

Barnett, beaming on his friend, concluded: "That's all there is to know, and it was in my endeavor to ferret out the truth and collect evidence in the case that I've dictated my memoirs and taken lessons on the flute. What a pleasant week it's been! The hardest nut I had to crack was that Touffémont could actually be oblivious of his portfolio's guilty secret and be taking your twelve little African Boys to and fro in blissful ignorance. At first it had me absolutely beat."

"And how surprised the poor concierge must have been! She must think Touffémont a common crook, since she certainly believes that he has stuck to your little African Boys and the rest of the bundle. Fancy Touffémont—"

"Haden't I better tell him?" broke in Béchoux.

"What's the good? Don't let on about this to anyone, Béchoux."

"Except Gassire, of course," said Béchoux.

"I shall have to explain to him when I give him back his securities."

"What securities?" asked Barnett blankly.

"The ones you found in Monsieur Touffémont's portfolio—they're his!"

"You must be crazy, Béchoux. You don't suppose Gassire will ever see his securities again?"

"Naturally I do."

Barnett gave vent to a sudden burst of righteous indignation.

"Look here, Béchoux, do you know what sort of man Nicholas Gassire is? He's a scoundrel like the concierge's son! He robbed his clients—I can prove it! He gambled with their money. He was even preparing to steal the lot. Look, here is his first-class railway ticket to Brussels. He bought it on the same day that he withdrew the securities from his safe-deposit, not to hand them over to another bank, as he told you, but to bolt with them! How do you feel about Nicholas Gassire now?"

Béchoux could say nothing. Ever since the theft of his shares his confidence in Nicholas Gassire had been considerably shaken.

Still, he raised the obvious objection. "His clients are all decent people. It's not fair to ruin them as well."

"Who ever talked of ruining them? That would be disgraceful. I simply couldn't bear it!"

Béchoux looked his interrogation.

"Gassire is rich," observed Barnett.

"He's broke," contradicted Béchoux.

"Not at all. I have information that he has enough money to pay back all his clients and then leave something over. You can be quite sure that the reason he didn't call in the police the very first day was that he didn't want

them meddling in his private affairs. Threaten him with imprisonment, and watch him skip! Why, Nicholas Gassire is a millionaire. It's up to him to right his clients' wrongs, no business of mine!"

"Which means that you intend keeping the securities?"

"Certainly not! They're already sold!"

"Yes, but you've got the cash."

Barnett was virtuously indignant and protested that he had kept nothing. "I'm merely distributing it," he declared.

"To whom?"

"To friends in distress and to various deserving charities which I supply with funds. You needn't worry, Béchoux. I'm making good use of Gassire's money."

Béchoux did not doubt it. Yet another treasure-hunt in which the prize was forfeit at the finish! Barnett, as usual, walked off with the spoils. He punished the guilty and saved the innocent—and never forgot to line his pockets in the process. Well-ordered charity invariably begins at home.

Inspector Béchoux found himself blushing. If he made no protest, he became Barnett's accomplice. But, as he felt the precious bundle of shares in his pocket and realized that without Barnett's intervention he would have lost them forever, he cooled down. It was hardly an opportune moment to enter the lists!

"What's up?" asked Barnett. "Aren't you pleased?"

"Oh, rather," said the luckless Béchoux hastily. "Delighted!"

"Then smile!"

Béchoux managed a grimace like a watery sunset.

"That's better!" cried Barnett. "It's been a pleasure to do you this small service, and I thank you for giving me the opportunity. And now it's time for us to part. You must be very busy, and I am expecting a lady."

"So long," said Béchoux, and made for the door.

"To our next merry meeting," answered Barnett.

Béchoux took his leave, delighted, indeed, but at loggerheads with his conscience and firmly resolved to shun Barnett's society henceforward.

As he turned the corner of the Rue Laborde he noticed the pretty typist from the Invalides hurrying along. Doubtless she was the lady Barnett was expecting!

And a couple of days later Béchoux saw Barnett at a motion-picture theater accompanied by the equally charming Mademoiselle Haveline, who played upon the flute . . .

Was It a Sapphire? by Ernest Poole (Continued from page 85)

after the child. But little money was saved by this and the expenses kept right on.

"The young Count Miklos racked his brains for ways of filling up his purse. He had borrowed enormous sums from the prince and refused to take any more help from that source. He lived in a torment. At last he made up his mind to raise money on his half ruined estate."

"And then," said old Shari, holding up the great sapphire to the candlelight, "this stone entered swiftly into their lives."

"For the prince came to the small countess one day, as she sat in her room at her toilet, dressed in a robe of blue brocade, while Shari was finishing dressing her hair. Gallantly he admired her, and begged her, with a smile:

"My adorable cousin, please come with me, and see the only jewel in the world that can match the color of your eyes!"

"And her deep, deep blue enchanting eyes flashed at him as she quickly agreed. Taking her maid along with them—for she was not quite sure of her cousin, you see—in his carriage they drove to a little shop in the Ghetto of Vienna. And there she saw the sapphire."

"Quite dazzled by the gorgeous stone, her eyes grew bright, and her breath came fast as the dealer told her how the great jewel had

traveled through the centuries. It had lived both in palaces and in slums, in Florence and Rome, Madrid and Paris and even far up in Petersburg, in the long four hundred years since it first came out of the ground. In some ages it had been judged real; but again, discredited as false, it had lain for whole generations neglected in shops like his own."

"Because of this doubt, he made the price only a thousand gulden, he said. The Prince Aladar begged her to accept it as a little gift from him. This at first she declined to do—for her husband would be furious. But her cousin smiled at that."

"Am I not your cousin?" he asked. "May I not be allowed even one little gift?"

"And driven to distraction by the beauty of the stone, in the end she gave a quick gracious assent. Only she begged him to let her declare that she had purchased it herself. So she wore it on that very night, and she laughed the young count's suspicions away."

"It is a mere imitation," she said. "I picked it up in a poor little shop in the Ghetto—such a dingy place! For I try to spare you money, *chéri*. So I beg of you, do not be cross and scold me for each little purchase I make."

"When the count spoke of the expenses

which he could no longer meet, she replied: "Borrow from the prince, *chéri*. My cousin has plenty. It's nothing to him—and later on you can repay. Or sell him this palace, if you like. We can easily buy it back, some day."

"This he did agree to do, for he'd come to detest the small palace now. So once more they took money from the prince, and the gay little countess went on with her life all the harder because she knew that so soon she must go back to the *Schloss*."

"When she noticed the torture and gloom of her husband, she would fly like a child to his arms, reproach herself and promise amends, and beg for his love and win him back. But soon she would fly off again. Her cousin went with her everywhere, and the great sapphire shone at her breast, and little by little the word began to be whispered about Vienna that the stone was a gift from the prince, and that it was a real one!"

"This came at last to her husband's ears, and again his jealousy blackened his life. Still he would not speak, for he had grown bitter now. But his eyes were seldom on the face of his wife, they were fixed on the great jewel at her breast. Was it false or real?"

"The gossip grew. At last he could endure



"The Golden Turban"

*Go, fashion me with jewell'd gold,
With coral pink and ivory white
And delicate as the tints that hold
Lily and rose by pale moon-light,—
Go, fashion me with loving care
And all the skill that art can bring
A figure of my lady fair,—
A gossamer and dainty thing.*

—from a poem
dedicated to Lady Lavery

LADY LAVERY

Subject of Celebrated Paintings

*The greatest beauty since
Lady Hamilton*

RED-GOLD Titian hair crowning a lovely Grecian head; great amber eyes; ivory skin, "... delicate as the tints that hold lily and rose by pale moonlight,"—this is the wondrous beauty of Lady Lavery. Beauty which vividly attests that life has its masterpieces just as music has, or sculpture, or painting.

The wife of Sir John Lavery, the internationally known British painter, Lady Lavery is the inspiration of many of his portraits which hang in the famous galleries of Europe.

Such beauty as Lady Lavery's gives so much to the world. To the artist—inspiration; to life—color and romance. And nothing contributes to this precious quality more delicately—more elusively than the exquisite beauty of her lovely skin.

Knowing well the irresistible charm of her "lily and rose" complexion, Lady Lavery has considered—perhaps more than most women—the art of cultivating a beautiful skin.

ABOVE everything—she believes in a simple method of care. "For, after all," she told us with knowing conviction, "the secret of a lovely skin lies in keeping it clean. My formula is a simple one. I always use Pond's! The Two Creams, the cleansing Tissues, the Skin Freshener—that is all."

To achieve the same wonderful re-

sults which cause Lady Lavery to prefer the Pond's method of care to all others—use the four products daily.

FIRST—as always, apply Pond's light and fragrant Cold Cream. Its purifying oils penetrate deep down into the pores, lifting out every particle of dirt. Then—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away gently and completely every trace of oil and dust.

NEXT—tone and firm the skin with Pond's Freshener. It closes the pores, leaves your skin refreshed and fine without a trace of oiliness. Last—for a final touch of loveliness apply the merest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Just one treatment—and your mirror will reflect new loveliness.



This portrait hangs in the Guildhall Gallery, London. By Sir John Lavery.



"Hazel in Mauve and Rose"



A priceless Venetian glass mirror—exquisite crystal candle sticks—and lovely old Chelsea Ware define the rare charm of Lady Lavery's dressing table.

On its top stand jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams and the Tonic Skin Freshener.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c—for a week's supply of all four of these delightful preparations

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it no longer. Secretly he took the stone to a famous jeweler one day and demanded that it be judged. Carefully examining it and making one test and then another, the merchant at last pronounced it real and put the value of the stone at twenty thousand gulden!

"All my grandfather's jealousy flamed at that and drove him quickly half insane! Going back to the palace, he entered and was told that his wife had gone out with the prince. He seized on Shari and demanded that she come with him at once, and take him to the little shop where the sapphire had been found.

"Terrified by his maddened eyes, she babbled that she could not. For how could she, a peasant girl, find a little shop like that? He rushed out to the stable then, but there he learned that the Countess Marishka had not gone in her own carriage, on the day she bought the stone; it was the carriage of the prince that had taken them to the little shop.

"Then the count, old Shari said, came slowly back into the house—and he stopped—with the jewel in his hand. He lifted it up and gazed at it long, as though it were some demon thing. And the look in his brown eyes had become so fearful now, that the terrified girl fell down at his feet and begged him to believe her that the sapphire was false! Then he did a strange thing. With a smile, he raised the peasant girl, kissed her forehead and said:

"Be careful of my daughter, Shari. Let her be bred upon the land."

"Then he went to his room and shut the door—and listening she heard nothing there. Of what did he think? A duel, perhaps. But the feeling of honor in this simple young man would not allow him to kill the man to whom he was so greatly in debt. So he killed himself.

"She heard the shot; and running in, she found him sitting dead at his desk. The great blue stone lay before him there, and beside it a paper, red with his blood, upon which he had written these words:

"It was not the stone that was false."

"But when she had told me this story that night, over fifty years after my grandfather's death, old Shari, now so wrinkled and bent, assured me solemnly that he was wrong—that my grandmother never had been false and that her love for him was so real that she plunged into a grief like death, and came out of it only to live for his work, the slow upbuilding of his estate.

"All the rest of her life she spent at this task and left the estate to her daughter, restored. But never could she bear any sight or whisper of that great blue stone. It lay hidden in old Shari's room, till that evening when she gave it to me."

At the end of her strange narrative, the

young Hungarian girl stopped short; and the look in her brilliant blue eyes was that of one coming out of a dream and made to face reality.

"So that is all I know," she said. "I am hoping now that old Shari was right, and that this time it may be a help instead of a calamity."

"It will be a help," the jeweler said. "I only wish I could be sure it is real. But even as it is, I will give you three thousand dollars for the piece. Will that be satisfactory?"

"Oh! Oh, thank you!" She sprang to her feet. "It will mean everything!" she exclaimed. She spoke softly, but her dark face glowed and her eyes grew radiant with relief. "I shall send some of this to old Shari!"

Quickly the matter was settled between them; and taking the money, she went away. A month later the jeweler sold the piece to a Spanish dealer, who was leaving for the Argentine. And so the great stone continued its journey, like that of the fabled Wandering Jew, about the surface of the earth.

For nearly five centuries it had been a blessing to some and to others a curse. And so it would continue to be—now in a palace and now in a slum, some thinking it real, some thinking it false. When the old jeweler told me the tale, he ended, with a poignant smile:

"But nobody will ever know."

An Ace Up Her Sleeve by Betty Kirk (Continued from page 83)

shoulder. "I want to meet *Mister Akers*. Who's your boy friend, Kate, that you don't call him 'Little One' or 'Darling'?" he mocked.

She had hoped for jealousy and got only railery. Was her ruse after all to mean nothing?

"You wouldn't be interested, Gil, he's not your type."

"No," said Markley nastily. "You just said he was intelligent."

Gil laughed, whirled lightly as they passed Jeanette and continued to murmur, "Darling, darling, darling!"

Her desperate effort to rouse his jealousy had failed and Katherine succumbed to silence.

There was no way. He didn't care even enough to resent a stranger monopolizing her attention and dances. She admitted herself whipped.

Her abstraction was so complete the while her feet followed perfectly those guiding her that she thought she was dreaming when she heard an immense clanking of the cymbals, and Jeanette's high-strung little voice commanding, "The next dance will be a ladies' tag!"

Katherine turned to Drummond who had tagged once more. "Markley, am I awake?"

"Quite primitive, isn't it?" he commented.

"At any rate it's pre-war. What can she mean, Markley?"

"Follow her eyes and we will see." And presently Markley commented, "I see."

"What?"

"The motive. She wants to dance with Gil."

"You mean she would revive a dead institution, a ladies' tag to—"

"To dance with Gil. I tell you she eats them."

With a little vacant feeling Katherine recalled the balcony scene and Gil's remark concerning Farrar. "I always liked that southern type." Jeanette was not only southern, she was French.

The ladies' tag was begun. Katherine soon lost Drummond but even before that had happened Jeanette had tagged Gil. Her eyes dilated as she blissfully paid him court; Katherine's narrowed as she watched them.

She wouldn't dance again. The evening had been too full of dancing already. Standing in the "stag" line she was suddenly caught by a gesture of one of the sub-debs. Betty Brandt had just flung a nonchalant arm about Tiny Lamb's shoulder. The incident was so perfectly imitative of "Jazz-Bo" Agnew's best stag-line performance that Katherine became suddenly animated. Why not a stag? And swiftly and lithely she began to Black Bottom.

Jazz-Bo always did this and promptly had a crowd. She would see if she could draw one. At first the girls just glanced at her, then catching her exaggeration of Jazz-Bo's nonchalance they giggled and gathered around.

"Cheerio, Kate!" "What-ho, Katherine!" and like imitations of masculine gusto greeted her.

She danced with abandon and grace. She saw that Gil was glaring at her and ended with an insolent slap. The girls laughed, the men were astounded and she was savagely delighted. Gil was mad.

Her fun wasn't yet finished. She'd followed Jazz-Bo too often not to know the next move. Lounging through the dancers she sought the orchestra, planted her feet apart, crossed her arms and seemingly lost herself in the weird jazz tunes.

The stags were enjoying her caricature. Lazily they followed her, turned backs on the dancers and studied the bewildered musicians. Betty Brandt, unconscious that she had started the thing, supplemented it. She reached into a silk bag, drew out cigarets and lighted up. Katherine lighted one and then transferred her gaze from the orchestra to the ceiling. In its journey she noticed that Gil was still dancing with Jeanette but was rudely ignoring her fervid chatter.

Her cigaret was finished and she suddenly thought of other stag-line tactics. Often she had watched the older boys suddenly beckon to those near, heads bend together, then a small group start hurriedly for the door. Motioning to the girls standing admiringly near her, she bent her head, whispered, and they all filed out of the room. It was so patently the masculine pursuit of a flask that the whole room broke into laughter, the music stopped and an intermission began.

In the dressing-room the younger girls were commending Katherine for her feat and each one resolving to pull a like one at the next prom which she should rate.

Amy Grenadine embraced her as she leaned over the dressing-table, murmured, "Clever stunt—and how's Gil?" Katherine grinned, shrugged and left the room.

Gil was waiting for her outside. "Get your coat, we're going."

"But this is only the supper dance—"

"I've regretted to Jeanette. Get your coat."

He didn't look at her and she smiled. She would bless the silly stunt a hundred times if it could rouse Gil like this. At last she had

pierced the ironclad indifference, at last she had hurt him once as he had hurt her many times. At last—and she laughed hysterically as she gathered up her coat.

All the way down the steps she was laughing, she couldn't stop. Gil shoved her out of the door, was rude in helping her into the car. Still he didn't look at her.

The car screeched as he shifted gears and made the perilous hill at an abandoned speed. She caught her breath. "Gil, do be careful."

Still he didn't answer. His body was tense, his fingers white as they clutched the dark wheel. Katherine shut her eyes and waited.

They were silent as they entered the house. He was violently angry, of this she was sure.

As he took her coat she could feel his hand trembling. The tension did not relax until he sat upon the lounge beside her.

"I don't see why you should be in such a rage." Katherine was calm.

"Rage?"

"Yes, at a mere caricature of all that you think so clever and debonair. I was just aping that little Jazz-Bo you're always extolling."

"But you, Kate—"

She waited.

"You to make such a spectacle—"

It was the second time tonight he had called her a spectacle.

"You to get before that crowd and perform such an everlastingly vulgar antic."

"It's the sort of vulgarity, the sort of cleverness you admire," she defended.

"But not in you."

"I don't see the difference."

His voice was awed, chastened, as he spoke. "Did you ever have an idol crash?"

"Mine never has crashed—completely. But he disappears for awfully long times."

They were looking at each other now, eyes gently unveiling to impart sweet secrets.

"He won't again—ever," said Gil.

"Promise," Katherine teased, and as he did he told of his hurt, his adoration, his love.

Katherine too confessed her love and her constant confusion at his whimsicality. They laughed, they kissed, they reveled in their first delightful confidences.

Suddenly Gil said, "There's a line that's made for us."

"If young hearts were not so clever Oh, they would be young forever."

"I read a good line earlier in the evening but I've forgotten what it was," said Katherine.

THESE SEVEN QUESTIONS

were asked a thousand times each

528 different questions on Yeast were asked The Fleischmann Company in the past year.

Seven of them were asked 1000 times each!

Here are the correct answers given by their medical advisers.

HAVE you ever wanted to ask questions about Yeast? The medical advisers of The Fleischmann Company have selected the seven questions asked them most frequently. Here they are, correctly answered.

Question. What is Yeast?

Answer: Yeast is a complete plant, even though one of the smallest of the vegetable kingdom. The number of microscopic plants in each cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is calculated to be over one thousand times the combined total population of the United States and Canada. These tiny Yeast plants are grown, under ideal conditions, in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. After being separated from the liquid extract they are then compressed and wrapped in the familiar tinfoil package with the yellow label.

Question. How does Yeast work?

Answer: Headaches, skin troubles, continual tiredness—it is these beginnings of ill health which Yeast successfully combats. In a majority of cases the cause of these common ailments lies in an unhealthy colon. With modern food and lack of exercise the colon becomes clogged, unclean. Poisons collect in it, from waste that is held too long, and are absorbed into the blood. What does Yeast do? It has been found that when the yeast plants pass regularly through the system, the number of harmful bacteria in the intestines is materially reduced. The whole intestinal tract grows cleaner, healthier and more active. The Yeast cells soften the contents of the colon and definitely increase peristalsis—the eliminative action of the intestinal muscles. Yeast also increases the white corpuscles in the blood, making the body more resistant to infection.

Question. What are the scientific facts behind the use of Yeast?

Answer: In the last twenty-five years Yeast as a food and a therapeutic agent has been the subject of research by the world's most important scientists and medical men. One hundred and forty well-known research men in this country and Europe have worked with Yeast—with animals, and finally with thousands of human patients. Their findings are



One evening she wrote, "I am worried about my husband's health. Can you tell me..."

published in the foremost medical and scientific magazines. Today the value of Yeast in the diet, and in the treatment of constipation, with its train of evils—indigestion, skin disorders and below par conditions, is definitely established.

Question. How long should I eat Yeast to get results?

Answer: If your condition is serious you should of course consult a physician. The length of time it takes to secure relief with Yeast depends on the nature of your condition. No unhealthy condition of any standing can be corrected overnight. Most cases are benefited in three or four weeks, but, to give Yeast a fair trial, you should eat it for at least sixty days. In constipation, especially, Yeast must be eaten regularly, every day. If cathartics are being taken they should be reduced gradually. Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a medicine, and you must eat it continuously to get results. Eat 3 cakes every day, one before each meal or between meals: plain, in small pieces, or in water or any other

way you prefer. For stubborn constipation drink it in hot water (not scalding), a cake before each meal and at bedtime.

Question. Will Yeast make me fat?

Answer: No. One Fleischmann's Yeast Cake contains twenty calories—less than an ordinary soda cracker. There is nothing in Yeast itself to make anyone gain or lose weight. Fleischmann's Yeast will clean out the whole alimentary tract and restore it to normal running order. It will enable you to assimilate better the food you eat and will give you a normally healthy appetite. If the amount of food you like to eat when you are feeling really well tends to put on extra pounds you must watch the calories. Any increase in weight will come from the other food you eat, not from the Yeast.

Question. Does Yeast cause gas?

Answer: Yeast should not cause gas if eaten before meals as directed. It is digested by the gastric juice of the stomach the same as any other food. In cases where gas has formed it is usually because Yeast has been eaten on a full stomach. Yeast eaten on an

empty stomach increases the flow of gastric juice and so aids digestion, thus in most cases relieving the condition that caused the gas. If you are extremely susceptible to gas you should eat Yeast at least half an hour before meals. In extreme cases it may be dissolved in hot water (not scalding).

Question. Is the continued use of Yeast harmful? Will it become a habit?

Answer: No. Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a drug. It can never hurt anyone. You can stop eating it any time you wish, the same as you can stop eating any other fresh vegetable. Since it is a food it should be eaten daily. Only in this way can Yeast work continually for you, keeping the intestinal tract always clean and active.

* * *

The mass of scientific and medical data available on Yeast is too great to list here but a copy of our latest booklet on Yeast in the diet, containing authoritative matter on the subject will be sent on request. Address Health Research Dept. K-67, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

Pipe-Smoking Fisherman Goes Poetic

Expounds in rhyme his theory
that ties up with smoking
of favorite tobacco

Fly-fishermen say there's nothing so thrilling as a battle with a fish that rises to the fly. And by the same token there's nothing so heartrending as to lose such a fish after you've played him until you've felt sure he was yours.

However, here's a pipe-smoker whose philosophy includes a balm for such disappointments:

Bingham, Maine
Jan. 31, 1928.

When you've planned a trip for fishing,
And you've spent a lot of kale,
Bet the whole of your vacation
On some advertiser's tale
And you fish a lake of beauty
Hidden in a land of dreams,
Where the air is clean as sunshine
Haunted by songs of crystal streams.

Comes the moment when you're casting
And a smasher hits your line,
Then you play him like a gamester
With the battle going fine,
Till a snag, a yank, and silence
And the line is hanging slack,
While you grit your teeth and whistle
And reel the fishline back.

Take the pipe and fill with Edgeworth,
Light her up and learn to grin
Then by gum you are elected
To the Club of Try Agin!

A. R. M., Jr.



If, for some reason or other, you have never tried this tobacco, let us send you some samples to try in your own pipe. Just write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 4 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and you will receive samples of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed

and Edgeworth Plug Slice.

Try the samples. If you like them, then go and buy a can. It will be just as good as the samples, and so will each succeeding can you buy—for the quality of Edgeworth never changes.

You can get this tobacco everywhere, in either the Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice form, in various sizes, from the can that fits your pocket to the handsome humidor that holds one pound.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles]

Lily Christine (Continued from page 71)

limitless life so very different from the life she actually was living—that they were weak and helpless.

Once she had told him that when she was a girl several young men had fancied themselves in love with her for no other reason she could see than that she wore spectacles. He had sympathized with the rejected young men. A pretty girl with that "appealing" shortcoming was a devilish pitfall for the sentimental side of a man. Whereas if she had not been pretty—well, it was a funny world.

"I'm sometimes worried about Timothy's eyes," she was saying. "Wouldn't it be awful if they turned out not to be everything a chap's eyes should be?"

"But you don't want him to be a 'chap,' do you?"

"I didn't mean socially, but athletically. Imagine how furious Ivor would be if his son and heir couldn't keep his eye on the ball without spectacles! Oh dear, oh dear!"

But young Timothy's eyes, on the contrary, had struck Harvey as being anything but weak. Timothy, at the age of two and a half, appeared to be gifted with very sharp eyesight indeed for anything he wanted.

"But it's not about his eyes I'm really worried," Lily Christine said. "I'm worried about what is going to happen to Timothy before he is twenty. Apparently he is to be taken out of my hands years and years before then and his character formed for him in the usual way. Now do I trust that usual way to produce a sound, reasonable Timothy at the age of twenty? Do I? Well, I don't know that I do."

"Well," said Harvey, "the very worst that can happen to a boy of Timothy's upbringing is that he will think only of enjoying himself." And he was thinking of Timothy's father.

"Yes," Lily Christine said thoughtfully. "But one must fight against that."

"Your main difficulty will be that examples will always be before him." And he was thinking of Timothy's father.

"We'll see," she said, smiling suddenly. "I'll do my damndest, anyhow. It's no fate for a boy—to grow up from a fag to a prefect—and then stop!"

"Like his father?"

"Not quite," she said slowly. "Ivor has got a subtle thinking devil somewhere in him. That's what makes him unaccountable—and—"

"And attractive?"

"Yes," she said.

All this while the two young couples had not ceased dancing, but Lily Christine had begged Harvey not to ask her to dance as she was not in the mood. The small floor was crammed with people dancing, the men with a glum look which would have called out one's sympathy if one hadn't known they were enjoying themselves enormously. On the whole, though, they seemed to be dancing very well, that is to say they did not look as though they were dancing but as though they were dying, and dying slowly, very slowly, too slowly.

Harvey thought the girls were very pretty and decorative, with their long irresponsible legs and their bright dresses. Fine strapping girls most of them were too, dancing with men half their size, so that one wondered what girls were coming to, where was their sense of fair play, where was their chivalry?

Presently he turned to Lily Christine to ask, would she think it rude of him if he were to set about going home? She seemed to be absorbed in playing with a burnt match on the white cloth. Her head was bent, her whole being seemed to be absorbed in the fingers with which she was making silly idle strokes of a dirty brown color on the white cloth.

Somehow there was something sad in the look of her bent head, the boyish nape and the short dark curly hair. Why said he could not define to himself, but in that moment that was what he felt, and also he felt that something in

her drooping absorption was calling to his friendship. But alas, what an unavailing friend friendship is, for what can one ever really do to help another, what can friendship achieve to justify our lofty belief in the friendship we have to offer?

"It's time," he tentatively said, "for a working man to be going home."

At first he thought she was so absorbed in her silly game with her burnt match that she had not heard. But then she looked round at him very quickly and away again.

"Yes?" she murmured.

Quick she had been with her look, but not quick enough, for when she had turned away again to her game with the burnt match he had a picture in his head of two eyes alight with tears.

He lighted a cigaret and sat silent.

About a quarter of an hour before, he had seen Summerest come in with two women, but he had taken no particular notice. Now his eyes searched for him and his companions, to find them at last in a corner a good way from them.

The fellow was talking earnestly to a lovely fair woman, and a very good-looking pair they made. He had never heard Summerest say much and could not help wondering what he was finding to say with such earnestness to his lovely companion. As for the other woman, who had looks of a kind herself but was quite put in the shade by the beauty, she sat taking a very bright interest in everything that was going on except at her own table.

She was quite pitifully the "third," poor woman.

Of course Harvey had instantly recognized the lovely fair woman, for he would have been a hermit indeed who did not know the face of Mrs. Abbey the actress, long acknowledged to be the most beautiful Englishwoman of her time. Harvey admired her, but what is more his wife admired her very much, and as a rule they would make a point of going to see her in whatever play she was appearing in.

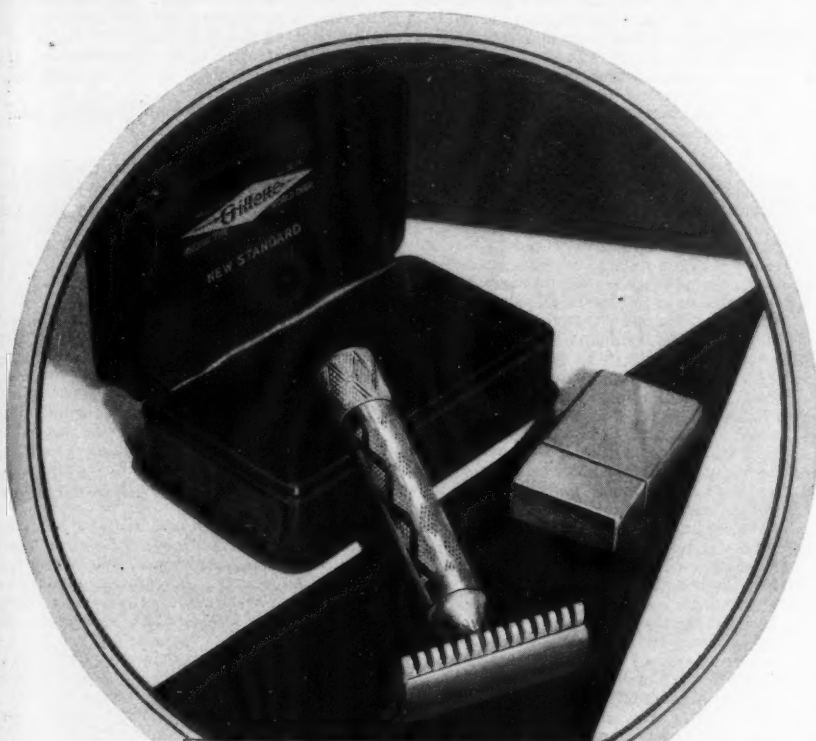
Mrs. Abbey was a very beautiful woman in a radiant compelling way, but that alone would not have won for her a following so enormous and so devoted that no play in which she was "billed" was ever anything but a great success. Where Mrs. Abbey scored over other beautiful women was in the profound sympathy she called out of ordinary people. She gave ordinary people such a convincing impression of being unspoiled and kind and good.

Serious critics were agreed that she was a great actress, but complained that of late years she had done herself and her genius less than justice in her choice of plays. Mrs. Abbey had first attracted critical attention and made a very great reputation in serious plays at the smaller theaters, and her interpretations of Shakespearian, Scandinavian and Russian parts were never to be forgotten by true lovers of the theater. Apparently, however, she had found that, in fairness to herself, she must concede to the popular fancy the choice of her plays, and of late years she had played in a series of polite comedies and melodramas by popular authors.

Her following was enormous. But it was not for her acting that the people flocked to see Mrs. Abbey; they went because they admired her and loved her.

Harvey had always felt that it was right and proper that Mrs. Abbey should be the most popular figure on the stage, perhaps the most popular woman in the public eye. He felt it was a popularity that was highly creditable to the people at large; it was an essentially English popularity as apart from the other varieties that made a great hullabaloo about wit and glitter and sex profundities.

Mrs. Abbey was a woman who behaved herself with a sense of her responsibility to her position, and so she was an example to people. She flattered the Englishness of the public not only by her glorious fair beauty, which never



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The same set in Heavy Silver Plate . \$9.00



SOMERSET. Case, Blade Box and Razor are Heavily Gold Plated and Brocaded in an attractive design. Ten Gillette Blades (twenty shaving edges) \$10.00
The Somerset in Heavy Silver Plate . \$9.00

was spoken of but as "typically English," but also by her way of life, for in her private life Mrs. Abbey stood for everything that was womanly and good and sensible. When her only son had died of pneumonia a few years ago there had been unparalleled scenes of popular sympathy. Her husband had been killed in the last year of the war.

Lily Christine, jabbing at the table-cloth, broke her overworked match. But she did not look round at Harvey. He was relieved, for he did not want to meet those distressed eyes. So at last she was showing her pain, at last the long suffering was wearing her down.

Then she surprised him by seeming to know his thoughts, for she suddenly said: "Now you wouldn't call *her* a piece of nonsense, would you?"

"Mrs. Abbey!" He was surprised into a thoughtless vehemence. "Good Lord, no!"

SHE looked at him then. She was smiling—that was a good thing. But what an unknowableness there was in those deep seal-lit eyes of hers!

What was she really doing, really thinking, in the far-away, limitless place where she could have no companion?

But she was smiling, too.

"I suppose you think, Mr. Rupert Harvey, that I'm jealous?"

"I shouldn't blame you if you were—angry!"

For a while she seemed to be considering something very seriously. The shadows of deep, deep places seemed to darken the mermaid's eyes. But she was smiling, too.

"All the same, it is hard," she said. "Here I get used to his being partial to fancy ladies and pieces of nonsense—and then he rounds on me by coming out with the Albert Memorial—for though she is much more beautiful, she is just as respectable, isn't she? You'll admit he is a most surprising man."

He could see she was talking to distract herself, not heeding what she was saying.

"I wonder who the other woman is," he said, to keep the ball rolling.

"All I know about her is that Mrs. Abbey is never seen out alone with a man after midnight and that she always has someone like that with her."

He glanced again through the crowd at the far corner table. Summerest was still talking, while Mrs. Abbey was eating, not just pecking at her food but really eating as though she had wanted her supper. There was a faint smile on her lovely fair face while she ate. One could see that Summerest was talking to amuse, and that he was succeeding. All the same, Harvey could not help fancying there was a gloom over him, something hopeless about him.

"He certainly seems to have plenty to say to her," he couldn't help remarking.

Lily Christine had put her glasses on and was looking about the room. At his remark she turned to him, and her eyes behind her glasses were so shy, so timid, that he wondered fearfully what he had said.

"That's just the point," she said, laughing nervously.

"The point, Lily Christine?"

"You see," she said nervously, "you would never believe it, but that isn't Ivor talking—but me!"

And as he did not understand the riddle at all, she tried to give him the key, confused and flushing, for she had been led into the temptation of talking of herself.

The irony of things was what had suddenly stabbed at her, pierced her defenses. He could see her now clearly enough sitting at Summerest's table, a sad and self-mocking phantom, prompting him, giving him amusing terms of speech, points of view, more or less civilized arguments—adding to his physical attractions just the necessary bits of intelligent background without which he could not amuse or interest a Mrs. Abbey.

There she was, a self-mocking but conscientious phantom, standing at her husband's shoulder and helping him to cut a figure in a serious woman's eyes. Summerest had never

read much, had never had but a lazy inarticulate point of view, while for years she had been talking to him about everything from politics and books to nursery rhymes. Nonsense it all was, of course, for what brains had she?—but still she had talked on in her own way, while he, with that slow spidery power of assimilation which some blundering men have, had taken it all in.

"It is hard," she said, "but at the same time it's laughable. And the hardest point of all, and also the most laughable, is that—well, that Ivor has nothing to say to me in a general way because—well, I've already said to him anything he's got to say—whereas he naturally likes being with some other woman with whom he's not tongue-tied by the knowledge that she has at one time or another given him the point of view that's making his conversation. I wonder if it happens to many a woman—to start off eagerly to amuse her husband, to make him laugh and interest him—and then gradually find out that the poor man is being made to feel small to himself by her pathetic little talents—from which the next step follows naturally, his feeling much more comfortable with a woman whom he can amuse and interest in the way he has learned from his wife." She suddenly added: "Do you know her at all?"

"Mrs. Abbey?" No, he had never met her, but he knew enough about the lady, he teased Lily Christine, to be able to assure her that her husband was in very safe-keeping with her, that he could come to no harm with Mrs. Abbey.

"Oh yes, I know! Poor Ivor. I know her a little—we've had stalls together at charity bazaars—that kind of knowing. But I like her very much indeed. She is straightforward and serious—you know, in the French sense. One has, right away, confidence in her—she's kind and sympathetic. But I heard something—well, odd—about her the other day. At least, it seemed to me odd. Do you know a Greek called Ambatriadi?"

Now Harvey did not know a Greek called Ambatriadi and, what is more, found himself viewing Mr. Ambatriadi with prejudice.

"So he told you something odd about Mrs. Abbey, did he?"

"No, not that—he was merely—well, giving an opinion about her."

Harvey, to his surprise, found himself resenting the idea of any foreigner giving any "odd" opinion whatsoever about a first-rate Englishwoman like Mrs. Abbey. He had never had any reason to define his admiration of her to himself, but now he began to realize that it was a very particular admiration, rooted deep in him.

Lily Christine laughed at him, made fun of him.

"No, he is not a bit what you think, but very kind and agreeable. We all like our Ambatriadi very much, and you will too when you meet him. And he didn't say anything against Mrs. Abbey—on the contrary he admires her as much as we all do. It was only that he happened to choose a curious word in describing her—he said she was 'crafty.'"

"Well!" snapped Harvey. "The old *perfidie* Albion, I suppose. Of all the silly words that might be used by jealous people about Mrs. Abbey, that must be about the silliest. Crafty!"

But he could not help thinking indignantly that there was something more than merely silly in such a perverted description—there was something rotten, musty. Crafty! It took him quite a few moments to "get over" that word in such a connection. And, in spite of what Lily Christine said, he felt he would never have a really warm feeling for Mr. Ambatriadi.

Lily Christine was laughing at him, teasing him.

"Anyone would think your best girl had been insulted!"

He laughed at himself too, then, rather ruefully.

"All the same, Lily Christine, we have to stick up for our institutions before foreigners; we can't have them running down things we believe in and respect."

Suddenly she was serious. "Do you know," she said, "I'm delighted you were indignant—really I am. I didn't like that word 'crafty' at all—it has been making me uncomfortable. If you like, I'll tell Andy he has overshot the mark for once, shall I?"

"If you don't he will soon be describing John Bull as a sleek oily gentleman."

"Poor old Andy!" she sighed.

"You seem to be very sorry for the fellow."

"Oh, I am!" she said thoughtfully—"Another dear incapace."

"Another?"

She laughed suddenly, teasing him from his disgruntled mood. "You—and I," she said. "Two more."

When Lily Christine reached home that night at half past one she was surprised not to see Ivor's silk hat obscuring the dusty income tax envelop on the hall table, for his party had left the Embassy quite a while before hers. Mrs. Abbey was known to keep sensible hours, and whenever Ivor went out with her he was back by one o'clock or so, which went to show that some men have to leave the straight and narrow path before it is made worth their while to lead a respectable life.

For years she had not been with Ivor so much as she had these last few weeks. But Mrs. Abbey would not see him more than once or at most twice a week; she rationed him quite severely, and certainly no sensible wife could have complained of Mrs. Abbey's part in Ivor's infatuation.

For one thing, it was obvious that she wasn't a snatcher, and for another, it was only too obvious that Ivor was running after her, bothering her, pestering her. And how often it must happen to so lovely a woman to have her life made a nuisance by men whom she liked and would have wanted to keep as friends but who spoiled it all by insisting on trying to be "something more."

Sometimes Lily Christine could have wished that Mrs. Abbey was not quite so severe with Ivor, for when he could not be with her he seemed to think that nothing would do for him but to be with his wife. And what a queer hang-dog companion he was these days. Oh, he was so wearing, hanging about her with his clumsy shamefacedness. And she simply could not bear that; if there was one thing she could not bear it was that shamefacedness that led to nothing. So she wanted to shout at him and shake him and make him pull himself together, but somehow it would have been like driving away a beggar.

He seemed to be in such need of her, to be putting such trust in her friendship, that she couldn't but be melted to an uneasy unwilling tenderness. She wished she could help him somehow, she wished she could do something for him to give him back his primitive zest for life.

FOR that was what he had lost. How bewildering it was, the effect Mrs. Abbey had had on him. His meeting with her had changed him from a primitive man to a complicated man. For he always had been a primitive man, one who thought that pleasure was happiness. So he had been happy with his pieces of nonsense. But what had happened to him now? Suddenly he seemed to have grown up in an unpleasant precocious way, to have passed at one bound from the primitive stage to decadence.

It was good that he had at last found out that pleasure was not happiness, that sensation and gratification palled, that there was a happiness that must be sought for and would not, like pleasure, fall into one's hand like a rotten apple. That was good, yes, but now he had gone to the other extreme with all the strength of his primitive nature and seemed to be seeking for what he wanted in the shadows of a deep, melancholy and intolerable desire. How he was slave-driven by himself!

She must have fallen into a doze, with the light on and a book in her hand and her spectacles on her nose, for she awoke with a

MODERN FOODS, SO SOFT, SO RICH

threaten the health of your teeth and gums



But IPANA and massage keep gums firm and sound . . and teeth sparkling white

GLANCE at any modern menu. Mentally check over the last meal you ate. Did it contain any natural roughage—any coarse, fibrous material—any similar substance that could really stir and stimulate the gums to life and health?

Very probably not. For nearly all the things we eat are soft and creamy. Our taste is for tender meats, for fruits and vegetables stripped of fibre, for grains robbed of their husks.

To this over-refinement of our diet the dental profession traces the under-nourishment of our gums—to it they trace, as a basic cause, the multitude of gum troubles which beset modern teeth.

Why over-coddled gums become soft and tender

There's nothing mysterious about it. Like any other living tissue, the gums need exercise. The vigorous chewing of hard foods once kept gums active and well nourished, with a brisk flow of fresh blood within their walls.

But modern diet robs our gums of exercise. They be-

come soft and flabby. They lose their normal tonicity, and they bleed easily. "Pink tooth brush" is often the forerunner of more serious troubles to come.

Ipana and massage restore the gums to health

Fortunately, specialists have discovered an effective safeguard against the damage done by soft foods. It is gum massage—a simple frictionizing of the gums, with the brush or finger. You can perform it twice daily at the time you brush your teeth.

And thousands of good dentists prescribe Ipana Tooth Paste as the ideal medium for massage as well as for the regular cleaning with the brush. For the stimulating properties of Ipana tone and strengthen the weakened tissue and the gums become more resistant to disease.

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start to find that it was a few minutes after three.

Then Ivor must have come in long since and gone up to bed. But it was his quiet steps going upstairs that had startled her out of her doze.

"Ivor!"

She heard him hesitate outside, to make sure she had called out.

"Come in, dear."

He came in, stood in the doorway, looking at her in a preoccupied way.

"You ought to be asleep," he said.

"I was—with the light on!" And suddenly she felt relieved of a weight, unburdened of his heavy clinging obsession, and at the same time very friendly to him. "Fancy your having kept Mrs. Abbey up to this hour! Isn't that quite a triumph, Ivor?"

This was the first time Mrs. Abbey's name had been mentioned between them.

HE CAME into the room with his slow deliberate steps. His hands were deep in his pockets, and he shut the door behind him with a twitch of an elbow, reminding her of a large bewildered animal patiently shutting the door of its own cage on itself.

He stood by the bed, above her, looking down at her thoughtfully, taking pleasure in being there with her. And that was sweet for her to know, although she laughed at herself for being so easily pleased.

"Not much of a triumph," he said absently.

"What's that you are reading?"

"An Edgar Wallace. You can have it if you like."

He bent and took it from her, his bulk suddenly weighing down on her, overpowering her with its animal-like oppression.

"Good?" he asked, looking at the title of the book.

"It's the most bloodthirsty book I've ever read."

He put the book under his arm, his hands back in his pockets. He looked about him in a preoccupied way.

"Don't feel like sleeping," he said.

"But you had better try, dear. You look more tired than I've ever seen you," she said gently.

"It's this weather that's depressing. I've been thinking I might go abroad."

"It might be a good thing. Yes, why don't you?"

He seemed to ponder on it, heavily weighing her agreement with the idea. "I think I will," he said.

"Darling, I'll be delighted."

He was looking down at her, turning something over in his mind.

"Old cart-horse!" she laughed. "What is it?"

He grinned sheepishly. "Mind if I sleep here tonight?"

She laughed outright, enjoying him. "I'm sorry you didn't send the request in writing. Of course, dear!"

He was back very soon. She threw the sheets open, steeling herself against the coldness he would bring into the bed.

He said: "I'll read myself to sleep. You don't mind the light, do you?"

The bed sagged under him. But he was curiously gentle in his movements, the heavy limbs arranged themselves under the sheets with timid, almost feminine care. Then he propped his pillow up behind his head and began reading.

She lay looking up at him, but not really seeing him.

She lay in a trance of long-sought-for happiness.

How surprising happiness is when it comes, how natural, unemphatic! It seems to have been always there in one, only one was too stupid to see it. One can't imagine oneself as having ever been really miserable.

She hadn't a thought in her head. She lay in

a warm, blissful isolation of complete union with him.

When she awoke, it was as though she had not been to sleep at all. She could not see the time; he was between her and the clock by the bed.

She lay curled up in his shadow, a small warm thing in the shadow of a friendly mountain.

The book was still open in his hands, but presently she saw that he was not reading. He was staring straight in front of him—smiling. She could see the faint glinting bristles on his chin. She was so content, it was a long time before she could actually wonder why he was smiling. Or was he smiling?

"Ivor, what is the joke?"

He did not seem at all surprised that she was awake, nor at her question. Yes, he was smiling. He did not turn his head to her when he spoke.

"You should have seen her face when I dropped her at her door—and didn't go away, as usual!"

She waited, curled up in his shadow, staring up at his thin fine face. What a magical night it was, he and she there together in a dreamlike isolation.

"Why, what did you do?" she asked at last. And her own voice surprised her, it was so light, beautiful, so much a part of the magical night.

She could see his teeth gleaming as he smiled to himself. Like a peasant he was, smiling secretly to himself at the way the devils eat the rich.

"But where was her friend?" she asked.

"We had dropped her already."

"And what did you do?" she repeated, not really interested but wanting to hear him talk out of his tranquil, smiling, secret being. And his secrecy was part of her too, part of their blissful dreamlike isolation.

"I forced my way in," he said.

"What, into her house?"

"You should have seen her face! She never had such a shock in her life."

And he sat there, above her, musing, heedless of her. He was like a man smiling at his own shadow, letting his own shadow amuse him with wicked jests.

And she was with him, part of him, in their dreamlike isolation. Nothing had any real existence except just themselves lying there, talking. And it did not matter what he talked about, nothing had any real existence except their union.

"She thought she had me well tamed," he said. "You should have seen her face when I began to tell her what I thought of her."

"What did you say, Ivor?"

Because she was part of him she could feel a deep laugh rumbling in him, a dark, throbbing, hostile laugh welling up from the shadows of his being.

And she was afraid.

"Ivor, what did you say?" she whispered, watching him intently, fearfully.

But the laugh stayed locked up in him, there was nothing but that secret, musing smile on his face.

"That woman's a devil," he said.

She began laughing, pleased with his foolishness. And he sat faintly smiling, like a man with a taste for wicked jests.

"Oh, Ivor, how silly you are! Mrs. Abbey a devil!"

"Ay, she's a devil," he said softly, amused by himself. "She'll go to hell."

She began to get helpless with laughter.

"Darling, you're crazy!" she laughed.

"Perhaps. But she's wicked. I told her that."

And he sat with his secret smile, not heeding her.

"And what did she say? Did she laugh?" she asked.

"I said to her: 'You are a wicked woman not because you do wicked things yourself but

because you are the cause of other people doing wicked things.'"

"What a lot of 'wicked's,' Ivor!"

"I piled 'em on slap-dash."

"I'll bet she laughed!"

"Yes, at first she did. And I did, too." And the smile was like a shadow on his face, dark with secret laughter. "It seemed so funny standing there calling the famous Mrs. Abbey a wicked woman."

She stirred, uneasy after her laughter.

He said slowly: "Did I ever tell you I knew her husband in the war?"

"No," she said, uneasy.

"Well, Abbey committed suicide."

"But Ivor, he was killed!"

"It's my idea he was out to get killed. I call that suicide."

"But why should he?"

"I'll bet she drove him to it," he said slowly, as though he was enjoying the words.

"Ivor, what a thing to say!"

"I'll bet she broke Abbey," he repeated slowly, not heeding her. "Hefty-looking bloke he was too, but I always fancied he was all rotten with wanting something he couldn't get."

She lay curled up in his shadow, watching him intently. But she did not really take in what he said, not with her mind. A sweet warm languor kept sweeping over her, drenching her with delicious lassitude. It was bliss, this luxurious dreamlike isolation. And Ivor up there, mocking at all the world with his secret subtle smile that she never had seen before.

"And all the time," he said softly, "she's so bloody good and respectable."

"And you'd like to call her bluff, would you, funny-face?" she teased him lazily.

"I said to her: 'Look at me. I'm not good for much, Lord knows, but I'm not a bad man. Well, you are making me bad.' That's what I said."

"Is she making you bad, darling?"

"Oh, I forgot! I said to her: 'I shall commit any wickedness I can to get you. I haven't many qualities left, but I have loyalty and gratitude and tenderness—and I'll sacrifice the whole lot to get you. And then you will be satisfied, God forgive you.'"

"Darling, what a lot of sacrificing—and all because the poor woman won't have anything to do with your shop-soiled kisses!"

She could see his teeth gleaming as he grinned.

"They're a sight too good for her, anyhow," he said.

"Well, you are a funny man! You despise her, and yet you want her. Why don't you be a good boy and face the fact that she doesn't love you and leave her alone?"

"Who said she doesn't love me?"

She giggled. "I said she doesn't love you, darling."

He gave a sudden laugh—and it shocked her, frightened her.

"Oh, doesn't she!" he said.

THEN for the first time he turned his head, glanced down at her. He looked tired and hopeless. The smile had been a mirage, he was just a tired and jaded man. A wave of tenderness swept over her. She began crying very quietly. "Poor baby!" she thought. "Oh, poor baby!"

"Don't take any notice of my nonsense," he said gently. "I'm tired to death with not sleeping, that's all it is."

"All I know is," she said, laughing through her tears, "you will have to give up this Mrs. Abbey business. The next thing I know you will be loving her so much that you will be murdering her. Better go away in time, Ivor."

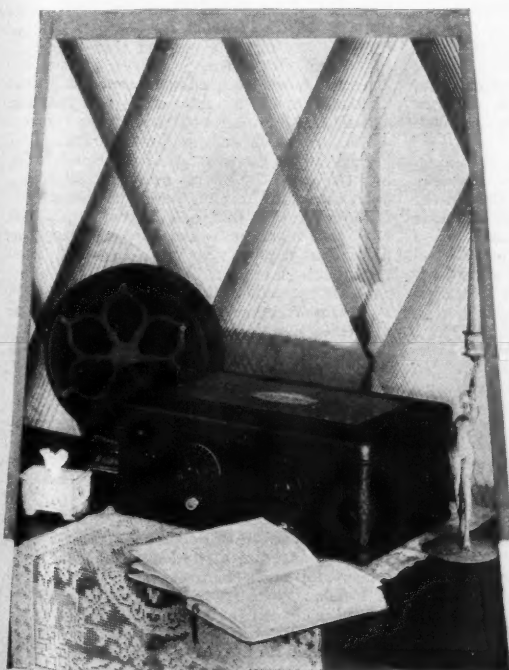
"Tomorrow, perhaps. Sleep now, and forget my nonsense."

He turned out the light. And this time it was his hand that searched for hers and held it. She felt deliciously tired, luxuriously conscious of sinking to sleep.

Strange as Ivor's words have been, they failed to prepare Lily Christine for the entirely new and surprising turn of events related in Michael Arlen's September Instalment

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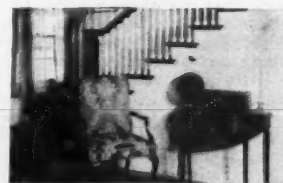


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The Fan Dancer by Berta Ruck (Continued from page 93)

no one could have guessed that the little theater girl lifted her face in invitation.

"Say, that's mighty nice of you!" exclaimed young Rick, and he caught her by the shoulders, bent his head and gave her on both cheeks the hearty kiss of an affectionate brother.

Then Consuelo knew. No good. All up. Not a hope, not a hope! Chill, in her heart, turned to ice. She knew, now.

There was an instant's pause. She swept a heap of flimsies off a chair. "Take a pew?"

"Thanks."

Another tiny silence, in which Consuelo had time to tell herself, "What you feel now, my lady, is numb, like when you've been bashed over the head. Bimeby you'll come to, and that'll 'urt like the devil. You be a woman and don't you let 'im notice nothing. 'Ave a spot of pride! Anyhow"—the conviction suddenly struck her—"something's been 'urting 'im."

For she had looked at his wholesome young face—with a difference in it; looked into his blue boy's eyes—with a change in them; and she stifled her own anguish to ask with casual friendliness:

"What's the trouble, Rickie? Not 'ard up?"

"I should say not. Thanks to you, I've passed the hard-up line; that money for 'The Fan Dancer' would have kept me going for quite a while, but the commissions I've got on it are starting to pour in, now. It's because I've been rushed over those that I haven't got round to call on any of my friends; you'll have to forgive me."

This apology Consuelo waved aside, small hand holding big puff, with which she was unnecessarily repowdering her throat.

"I've a stunning thing to do of the Folly Sisters in their Collie Number. Other days I'm working on a portrait of Madame Bertin—"

"Ah." At the tone in which Rick pronounced this name, something woke, throbbed, stabbed, in Consuelo's heart.

Quickened senses of a woman in love caught her back to that which she had only subconsciously noted during her dance. Sitting in the stage-box, between old Jumbo Bertin and Rick. Costly frock; pearls. Slight white forearms on the velvet ledge. Baby mouth, big miserable eyes of another girl.

So that was it? Oh, yes. Consuelo saw.

"Aha! Painting the director's wife? Good for you, Rickie. 'Ope Jumbo's being made to pay through the nose for it!"

"Twenty thousand francs more than I got for 'The Fan Dancer'."

"Some people's never satisfied! With all this run of luck, you feel—" She bit the soft insides of her lips to keep her voice lightly steady. "You feel as if something had taken all the kick out of your life."

Rick paused with a match half-way to his cigaret. "Why, whatever makes you think—"

"I don't think. I know. For a fellow like you, Rick, only two things can take the kick out of life. Since money's not the trouble, love is."

"You've certainly got imagination! What makes you fancy—"

"Love is!" the Fan Dancer cried sharply. "Don't lie to me, Rickie. Aren't we pals? 'Aven't I told you 'eaps? Even—even my real name being Florrie, and that? Come on, boy; tell me! I'm right?"

The big fellow drooped his fair head. Then, raising it, he turned on his little friend most honest, trustful, most unhappy eyes, and said, "You're right, I guess."

"You're just crazy about—er you're painting now?"

Rick nodded. Presently, just as a big brother confides in a favorite sister, he strove to describe the woman he loved to the woman who loved him.

"Consuelo! She—she's the sweetest ever. So shy. So sort of—exquisite. Everything a man dreams of when he's a boy starting to

grow up. She's all different from any other girl I've struck. 'Made to be loved."

"Wasn't any girl?" muttered Consuelo; a question lost, for, from below in the theater rose the softened blare of the orchestra, the softened gale of laughter over the antics of a troupe of Japanese dwarf acrobats.

"She doesn't fit in with this theatrical crowd," went on Rick, staring at a row of little dancing-shoes he did not see any more than he saw the look on the dancer's face. "A home, kids, a man to worship the ground she walks on—those would make her happy."

The widening of Consuelo's black eyes asked, "Wouldn't they make any of us happy?"

"And then she—difficult to tell you. At seventeen—it's the way still with some of these young French girls!—she was taken straight out of her school and married off without knowing a thing of what it meant. Just handed over to Bertin by her mother."

"Er mother," retorted the cockney lass, "ought to 'ave got ten years!"

"It's worse than prison, for the girl."

"She tell you that, Rick?"

"She's never told me a thing. How can a man help knowing?"

"Old Bertin neglect 'er?"

With great bitterness young Rick replied, "I once heard a fellow say, 'Bertin doesn't neglect any pretty young woman—not even his wife. It might be kinder if he did.' That about gives it, Consuelo."

Consuelo, spraying *chypre* on a handkerchief already saturated, nodded.

"Lord knows I'm no saint, but plenty of times Bertin's talk is more than a man can stand. Personally, I'd not want to know him if it weren't for— Wish to heaven I'd never set foot in his house. Times, I make up my mind to chuck it all. 'It's spoiling my life,' I think; 'I'll cut it out.' Then it's too strong for me. I can't keep away. Can't! Don't care to live if I'm not seeing Her. Can you understand that feeling, kid?"

The girl, twisting that handkerchief between her fingers, said she thought she could. "Sympathetic little soul, aren't you? Sorry to inflict all this sob-stuff. Had to pour it out to somebody who'd understand. That's why I came round to you tonight."

"That was it, was it? Well, you're welcome to anything I could do for you," said she (thinking, "What's the good of words?"). "Just tell me one other thing, Rickie. She—does she care the same way about you?"

"There hasn't been a word or a look of that sort between us," said honest-eyed Rick. "And yet! Yet, though I've no reason, mind you, I've sometimes wondered. When she saw your picture she was awful keen to know all about you; and if we were friends."

"Was she? Don't you worry to go on 'wondering' no more, then," retorted Consuelo, with a husky laugh, and dropped the twisted handkerchief as an excuse to stoop and hide her face before she went on. "She cares. You take my word for that. And look 'ere, Rickie! Why don't you take that poor girl away from her 'ell of a life and let 'er be 'appy? Straight and aboveboard, I mean. You make a clean bolt of it. Then you can marry and—"

"Marry?" repeated Rickman Davis hopelessly. Unseeing, he stared over the Fan Dancer's shoulder at the big calico bag which shrouded her furred fan. "Marry? She wouldn't think of it, Florrie, my dear. You forget. She's a Frenchwoman. She's a good Catholic. Divorce doesn't exist, for her. There's only one thing on earth that could set her free. Her death—or his."

"And 'ow old is that Bertin?"

"Fifty-eight and as sound as a bell, blast him! I guess," said Rick heavily, "that his death is the less likely proposition. You've only got to look at the brute."

Consuelo looked at the brute.

Appraisingly she looked at him—this was

on the evening after her talk with Rick—over champagne-glasses at a secluded table at "The Ox On the Roof" where for the first time she had been dined by Monsieur Bertin.

Up to that evening she had regarded the Jumbo Bertin type with philosophy learned in the country and the life around her; shrugging her shoulders and agreeing with her colleagues—"Luck, that the patron interests himself in you!" She had taken from the type dinners and presents, giving in return the non-chalant smiles, the exotic English chatter, even the careless kisses of her red lips.

But now no more.

She looked at the brute, and while she seemed to be listening to his after-dinner amiabilities, she thought, "Nothing so bad it couldn't be worse, as they say. To be crazy about Rick without the chance of getting 'im is 'ell enough, for me and that other pore girl. But imagine being tied up to this for the next ten, fifteen, twenty years!"

She looked through cigar smoke at the roseate brute who stood between happiness and Rick, the only man who had been kind to Consuelo. Rick's life was to be spoiled by the existence of this—this!

"And not a thing to be done about it," fretted the real girl behind the artificial smile with which she responded to the director's suave murmur that though this was the first time, charming mees, that he had had this pleasure, it was not to be the last.

Came the childish impulsive thought that there was something after all she might do. She might get a bit of Rick's own back for 'im. 'Ere was this other man who wanted 'er; couldn't she lead 'im up the garden path, round on 'im and 'and 'im a nasty one for 'imself? That would be something! It wouldn't be much, but—

But it was the motive that made Consuelo accept with a more roguish smile the Frenchman's suggestion that the Quarter was too full of wicked *apaches* to let a *petite* girl find her way back alone to the theater, even in his car.

And her Fan Dance? That did not come on till after the Performing Dogs, after the Interval. Might he not have the pleasure of sitting in her *loge* while she made her toilette—oh, *bien entendu!* behind the screen, of course—while she dressed for her number?

"*Onchontay, Monsieur Director!*" declared Consuelo, in her French.

TO LEAD the brute on, and then turn him down with a bang, and never mind what happened to her job, nothing mattered now, was Consuelo's mood as, later, with face painted and slender body latticed in readiness for her dance, she herself told the dresser to go.

Only such a desperate, pitifully girlish little bit of revenge the stormy-hearted loyal vagabond meant to take on the man whose bulk filled the corner that had been occupied by Rick last night, and who now watched her like a black tom-cat watching a mouse. It was the mouse who meant to play with him.

So unexpectedly quickly he pounced!

The door scarcely had closed behind the discreetly smiling *habilleuse* before he'd risen, lunged across the dressing-room, caught that coveted form into his arms, breathed into that face a hot cloud of wine fumes and cigar smoke and lustful words.

At his touch something went snap in Consuelo, and all her slender supple youth blazed into hatred of that which made women recoil on meeting the eyes of little Madame Bertin's husband. It happened in less than a minute; the pounce, the recoil, Consuelo's "Let me go, you beast!" stifled as Bertin pressed her backwards against her littered dressing-table and reached for her lips.

A name broke from them; a soft, panted "Rickie!" Then the mad resolution took the cockney girl whose blood was up. "Rickie, I will! I'll fix 'im for you—"

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As she writhed in Bertin's grip, one slenderly muscular white arm shot out behind her. Blindly it groped for something on her dressing-table. It pushed aside make-up sticks, powder-box, mascots, found and snatched up that thin blade of the Spanish dagger.

Wildly she thrust it through broadcloth, silk, and flesh; got him between two vertebrae which, touched, would mean paralysis; which, severed, meant what came upon him before he knew. There was a sobbing gasp from her, the smothered grunt of a poleaxed ox from him. Then Bertin fell, crashing forward like a falling chimney, bringing the girl down with him, upon the dressing-room floor.

Shuddering, panting, dragging herself from under that bulk, Consuelo struggled up again to her feet. For one instant she stood, still clutching that knife on which Bertin's blood clogged the motto "Trust me, before a man." Panting, she looked down at her work, that inert mass which had twitched once, and was still.

"There!" gasped Consuelo, aloud.

Her next involuntary movement was to snatch up a towel already colored with make-up. Swiftly she wiped the steel. Crimson of blood merged with stains of lip-rouge, eyelid-blue and fleshing; and the blade glittered again, clean as an icicle.

A tap at her door. Her call.

"Mees Consuelo, s'il vous plait."

Her number now. Thirteen. Her Fan Dance.

Graceful as Salome posturing before the king who gave her as fee the head of a murdered saint, Consuelo took the stage, unfurled and spread her giant fan, and danced.

Brilliantly she smiled at her enchanted

audience, but with each fluent step she took, those great black eyes of hers—which, as someone had said, promised that Consuelo could kill for the sake of the man she loved—were seeing neither the stage nor the house.

They were seeing the gross body of a man lying face downwards and lifeless on her dressing-room floor, the back of his well-cut coat torn, soaked and darkly stained. On that sight Consuelo had locked the dressing-room door. Until she ran up again no one would enter the dressing-room, where it would be taken for granted that Monsieur Bertin was waiting for his latest flame.

Dancing, she thought, "Funny to think of all those people over there, never dreaming this is my last appearance on this or any stage."

There rose before her eyes other hideous pictures of a crowded court-house—a cell—a grim morning sky—a scaffold.

Ignorant of law, of *crime passionnel*, of the unlikelihood that any French jury would in the circumstances convict her, the little vagabond thought, "I suppose even I am English, it's 'ere they'd get me, because that brute was French. Murder. Guilty, my lord, and a blinking good job! Even if I 'ave to swing for it! Who wants to go on living? But they don't 'ang 'em 'ere. It'd be me for the guillotine. Brrrr."

Fronds of her blood-red feathers drifted across Consuelo's throat as the end of the dance sent her bending backwards, backwards, the half-furled fan sinking with her. The limes caught the light tortoise-shell sticks, and there was a gleam of sudden piercing brilliance.

"Diamonds on her fan!" whispered a woman in the audience; but it was not the blink of diamonds, it was the gleam of steel.

Sinking backwards, Consuelo saw another vision. Not that of the great knife with the semicircular *lunette*. She saw the young wholesome face of Rick and close beside it appeared the gentle girlishness of little Madame Bertin, from whose gaze all misery had melted into a great and radiant happiness.

"It'll be all right for them, now. Maybe if they do have a kiddie, they'll call it Florrie. Rick," she whispered, "I'd like that!" And she seemed to see that dear face widen into its well-known friendly grin.

Sinking, she fixed upon that vision her desperate eyes.

Eyes of the house were upon her finish, as there collapsed to the boards that soft scarlet heap which was a girl's body covered by a fan. Every movement had been the poetry of motion; but now came one swift resolute gesture which, screened by the feathers, the house did not see. It was the driving home of icicle-bright steel into blossom-white flesh.

One last quiver, then still; still, for longer than last night, lay the scarlet heap in the center of the stage.

"Now you watch her," said a lad in the gallery to his sweetheart. "See her blow the feathers from in front of her mouth; that's what she does next."

The house watched for that playful gesture that finished the Fan Dance.

Not tonight? Not for any night any more. Still as Death lay the feathery heap, and no plume of it rose fluttering to the soft breath of a girl's sigh.

Only slowly, slowly from the dancer's breast there curled underneath the fan and down over the stage a slender blood-red trickle.

A Miracle of Mayfair by Harold Dearden (Continued from page 63)

when the man is entirely blameless. Channing saw that the time had come to take steps for her cure.

He drew his chair to her bedside therefore, and dismissed the nurse. And then, putting his big hand on the coverlet by her uninjured one, he began in a quiet voice to tell her what had happened.

"You have had a great shock," he said. "That's the whole cause of your trouble. To a refined and sensitive nature such as yours the mere accusation you speak of would be terrible enough without the blow which accompanied it."

Estelle nodded, and her soft lips trembled. "This shock has been so violent in your case that it has jarred your nervous system to an extent which has isolated a tiny part of it—that part of it which controls your right arm, in fact. You know how children play with quicksilver on a tray and break up a big pool of it into tiny droplets by a blow?"

"Well, that's just what has happened here. The few nerve-cells which control your arm have been disconnected, as it were; they are beyond the control of your mind for the time being, and so your arm is paralyzed."

"Will it ever get well?" she asked. For after all that was the main thing—never mind the quicksilver.

Channing looked at her steadily. In that moment and its effects he would, he knew, either earn his fee or fail. And he put into his next words a full five guineas' worth, pressed down and running over, of the great power of suggestion which was his gift.

"It will get well," he assured her. "Without a doubt. I shall give you treatment, and you will use every bit of will-power you possess to force your mind to get control again. And between us we shall succeed." His eyes seemed to burn into her. "You do believe that, don't you?" he asked her.

Estelle nodded. She did believe it. He had a lovely voice—rather rough and thrillingly down the back—and his hands looked terribly strong. It would be rather nice—Well, anyway she believed him.

"I'll try," she whispered, "if you'll help me." And the tiny hand which lay beside his crept softly into his palm.

"You're splendid," said Channing. "I know we shall succeed." Two big tears welled up in Estelle's eyes.

He left her, after a few quiet words with the nurse, and sought Sir Herbert, who for the last two hours had been awaiting the interview anxiously. Channing told him what he had told Estelle and, save that Sir Herbert neither wept nor held his hand, the effect in this case was similar. Sir Herbert was comforted and reassured.

"Restoring contact with that arm," Channing told him, "is very like attracting the attention of a drowsy telephone operator. If a sufficiently urgent message can be sent down from her brain—if her desire to move her arm can only be made intense enough—connection will be established again and she will be cured."

"But how will you do that?" asked Sir Herbert anxiously.

Channing smiled mysteriously. "That's my job," he answered. "There are various methods I propose to adopt, electrical—and otherwise."

And with that Sir Herbert was content.

The next morning Estelle's treatment began. It was heralded by an invasion of her bedroom, and the introduction into its sacred daintiness of a variety of instruments of strange and impressive complexity. There was a machine which, when fitted to a wall-plug, gave off sparks which crackled alarmingly, and there were cunning pads with copper armlets which were joined to this machine by wires.

The procedure was elaborate. One pad was soaked in a pink solution and applied to her left arm. It was then bound round with bandages and connected to the machine. While the nurse held this arm steady on the bed, swathed in its wrappings and helpless with their weight, Channing commenced with the most rigid precautions to prepare the other.

He put on rubber gloves. Then from a sealed tin he took out a thick pad of lint about the size of a man's palm. This he soaked in

glycerin and, drawing the helpless arm from the sleeve of the night-dress, he applied the lint with great care over a certain spot upon the shoulder, just where it joined her neck.

"Just under this spot," he explained, "the main nerves run from the brain to the arm. In a few moments, by means of this second pad to carry the electric current, we shall send a certain chemical down that nerve, which will stir it into activity. We shall thus prepare the way for that nervous current from your brain which will one day, through your efforts, make your arm move again."

"Really!" said Estelle listlessly.

Channing turned away and busied himself in withdrawing the stopper from a squat glass bottle, filled with a colorless fluid and ominously labeled "Poison."

"What's in that?" asked Estelle timidly.

"This is the chemical I spoke of," replied Channing, dipping into it a piece of lint about the size of a postage-stamp, which he held in a pair of long and shining forceps.

"But what is it?" insisted Estelle.

Channing hesitated. "As a matter of fact," he said, "it's sulphuric acid—vitriol, you know, it's generally called."

He approached her as he spoke, the forceps with their terrible burden held in his right hand, and a metal tray in his left hand below it to catch any drops which might fall.

Estelle stiffened. "But that burns, doesn't it?" she said fearfully. "I've read dreadful things in the papers about it. It marks people for life!" She almost rose from her pillows, so terrified was she.

Channing paused by her bedside.

"You surely trust me better than that," he said gravely. "It's true that if I did put this on your skin it would burn you terribly. But I've no intention of doing so. I shall place this small pad on that bigger one soaked in glycerin, which will act as a screen against the acid and protect your skin entirely. But the current, passing through both the pads, will be so much the more powerful in its effect."

Estelle smiled wanly. "I was stupid," she said shyly. "Please forgive me."

"It has women's enthusiastic approval!"



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"I don't blame you a bit," replied Channing. "The idea of this being dropped on one's skin is enough to terrify anybody." He glanced down at the forceps. "I'll have to use another piece," he continued. "This bit's drained off a little." And he dropped it into the tray.

There was a hiss and a crackle as the lint touched the tray, and a faint cloud of pungent vapor rose into the air.

"Heavens!" cried Estelle. "What ghastly stuff it is."

"Yes," replied Channing quietly. "There was some water in the tray, I expect." He dipped a fresh piece of lint into the grim little bottle. "But it gives you some idea of the nature of the thing, doesn't it?"

Estelle shuddered. "I'm terrified," she whispered.

Channing came towards her, and her eyes were riveted on the forceps in his hand.

"There's nothing—" began Channing—when the horror happened. His foot caught in the rug beside her bed, his hands shot

forward as he stumbled, and the dripping piece of lint which he was holding struck her full upon the right cheek. She screamed aloud and in a convulsion of horror brushed it from her face onto the floor.

But she used her right arm for the purpose; and the next moment a firm hand was laid upon her shoulders, and a quiet voice was in her ear.

"It's all right," she heard Channing saying. "There was no danger really. But I must ask you to forgive me, all the same."

Estelle stared at him blindly, waiting in an agony for the first flaming pain upon her skin.

Then Channing continued: "You're cured, that's all that's happened. Self-preservation is the strongest urge we have, you know. I banked on that and, as you see, it succeeded."

The nurse was smiling and removing her wrappings. Channing was smiling, too.

"But the acid!" gasped Estelle.

Still Channing smiled. "The acid," he said, "was in the tray only. The lint was soaked in water. It produced the same effect, you

know. It was essential you should be convinced."

He looked down at her for a moment, and held out one hand. "You'll forgive me, won't you?" he said appealingly.

"Oh! I hate you," sobbed Estelle. "I hate you! I hate you!" and buried her face in the pillows.

Sir Herbert, when he heard the news, was overwhelming in his gratitude. But he never heard the details. He called it "simply a miracle," and the check which he pressed upon Channing later certainly lived up to that description.

And he did more than that. He worked for Channing. He spread his fame far and wide among his friends in the City. It is even credibly reported that ailing and affluent gentlemen have been abducted forcibly in Sir Herbert's car, and unloaded with his own hands on Channing's very doorstep.

But Lady Cowan, it is sad to relate, seems strangely lacking in gratitude.

Three Rousing Cheers by John Marquand (Continued from page 105)

if you think I'm a blamed fool for insisting on formality. I suppose you do, but I've been in this army rising thirty years, not counting the Point, and the little things are what make it. Mark my words, the little things—calling the lieutenants right, knowing how to speak to the Old Man. Would you kindly move your finger, Mr. Cass? Ah, there it is—Soucy. I suppose there's a devil of a lot of mud between here and Soucy. And then—where the devil is it?—Nogent, on the Something-or-Other? Have you got it, Mr. Cass?"

"Mr. Staggs," said Martin, "where's Nogent?"

"Just about where you moved your thumb," said Stacey.

"Ah!" said Colonel Bindle. "So it is—the elusive little joker! And then—there we are—Rattincourt, another of those charming little hamlets. Push ahead, Mr. Cass. Mr. Staggs will go with you, and take ten men to put at cross-roads, and when you get there look at Mr. Peeble's list. Sometimes Mr. Peeble is erratic about billeting."

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"Can your horses stand it?"

"Yes, sir," said Martin. "They"—his voice grew thick. It was the only subject which ever worked on his emotion—"they'll stand about one more day without feeding."

"There are worse things than dying in harness," said Colonel Bindle. "Start out right away, Mr. Cass; the regiment moves out in fifteen minutes."

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

They were on that road again, that foodless, endless, forced-march road which stretched mysteriously into the night to some unknown destination, whether in this world or the next you never could tell exactly.

Martin Cass, however, was not disturbed by the mysteries of the night. Stacey could see him through that growing smoky dusk, slouching in his saddle in a most ungentelemanly way, staring sardonically here and there. The road was becoming like a gigantic living thing, noisy and complaining, but he did not mind.

"Hell!" said Martin. "This isn't much of a war."

"So I've heard you say," said Stacey.

"Have you now?" said Martin. "Now this con-yac—I'd rather have white mule any day; and these Mademoiselles—it's propaganda about these Mademoiselles."

"You ought to know," said Stacey. Martin Cass saluted reverentially.

"Oh, pawdon my coarseness," he said. "Shall we change the subject?"

"Oh, no," said Stacey. "Do go on. You don't know how your conversation intrigues me, really."

It was simple enough in all conscience to handle Martin Cass. There was a difference between them, and Martin knew it.

"Might I tempt you with a chaw of tobacco?" inquired Martin with an attempt at an English accent.

"Generous, aren't you?" replied Stacey.

"Just a big-hearted generous boy at bottom. That's me, Percy," said Martin. "You'll let me call you Percy, won't you?"

"I wouldn't for the world interfere with your bucolic pleasures," said Stacey. He was polite, always polite. "Next week we may both be pushing daisies. The daisies may be bigger and brighter if we die happy."

"Think of that now!" said Martin.

Conversation died away, and they rode for a while in silence.

"Percy," said Martin at length, "take this map and run the show. Frankly, it don't mean much to me."

"Delighted to oblige," said Stacey. "You'd better leave a marker at this road. We're branching toward the left."

"Marker!" roared Lieutenant Cass. "We're bearing left. Snap into it there and don't go to sleep when you're waiting."

Again there was a silence for an hour or more as their horses shambled forward in the dark. The damp mist of early French autumn curled about them, impalpable, yet heavy. Martin's horse stumbled.

"There, kid, there," he said, "it ain't as bad as that. Percy? Are you there, Percy? I suppose you think I don't know much, not knowing how to read these maps. Don't kid yourself. I know the game in this man's army. I ought to. I've been in it fifteen years—and just take a tip from a friend, Percy. You never want to know too much. They soak you with the dirty details if you know too much. The bone-heads get the best of it, if they can handle men, but you're clever. Yes, I'll admit you're clever."

"At this point," said Stacey, "will you consider me as giving myself three rousing cheers?"

Another hour or possibly more than that went by in silence.

It was like a sort of disturbed unconsciousness, riding in the dark.

"Percy"—it was Martin's voice from somewhere beside him—"you like to say that, don't you?"

"Say what?"

"That about the three rousing cheers. You're a smooth proposition, eh what? Nickel-plated and ready to run without oiling. You don't like me, do you, Percy?"

"I wonder," inquired Stacey, "how you ever found that out?"

"You got the target bracketed." Through the dark Martin seemed really to be admiring. "Volley fire ten rounds. Sometimes I rather like you, Percy, though I don't know just why."

"It must be the rugged simplicity of your nature," said Stacey Staggs.

"That's it—simple," said Martin Cass. "That's me all over. First I thought you were a Willy-boy, but you're not, at that. You're a cold proposition. You're a highbrow shell-back, if you'll pawdon me for saying it. Of course you've got all the sentimental bunk of the Willy-boys. I wonder, buddy, will you get over it before we finish this show? You may not be all just nickel-plate."

"In view of your favorable analysis," said Stacey Staggs, "will you consider me again as rising to give myself three rousing cheers?"

"Hip-hip-hooray!" said Lieutenant Cass.

"Marker on that road there! We're bearing to the left, and let your horse eat while you're waiting."

It was nearly dawn before Martin spoke again. There was that damp chilliness of dawn, like the premonition of death, almost, and a contradictory stillness. In spite of the noise upon the road everything seemed still.

"I know what you think I am," said Martin Cass—"a roughneck, eh what, Percy? No, bo, I haven't got the outside you have, and you've got guts as well, but I don't know. Maybe I'm not so bad. Maybe I'd clink louder than you, kid, if the barkeep was to throw me on the counter."

"If any barkeep threw you anywhere," said Stacey, "you'd surely gurgel louder."

"With which remark," said Martin, "the two buddies again lapsed into silence, until our hero raised his voice in song. Will you pawdon me if I sing, Percy? I've got a lovely voice."

"Good-by, Broadway—hello, Fr-a-a-ance—We're ten millyun strong, Good-by, sweethearts, wives and mothers, It won't keep us long—"

"What's that ahead? We're getting somewhere. I smell the manure piles. Percy, what joint is this?"

The moist damp air was keen as knives. There were shadows of low stone buildings about them. They were in a narrow street. A dog had begun to bark. Stacey could hear his own voice replying. It sounded like a stranger's through the dark.

"It's Rattincourt," he said, and suddenly he was very numb and very, very tired. Martin Cass was speaking, imperturbably and unwearied.

"Someone put the rat in it, I'll tell the world," he said. "Here's where the division orders us to rest. Well, go and rest, kid."

Again Stacey heard his own voice rather thin and distant.

"We've got to wait until the regiment comes in."

They had stopped. Before them, dim and ghostly, was a courtyard wall with a gate in it. Against the white arch of the gate, just visible,

a piece of dead bush was hanging, swinging slightly, like a corpse upon a gibbet.

"A gin-mill," said Lieutenant Cass. "Go inside, kid, and bed your horse. I'm running this show. I'll find that Willy-boy Peebles and get the billets straight. Go in and flop. You're tired."

"But what about you?" For a moment Stacey was almost softened, but Martin Cass laughed gently.

"Me? Don't mind me. I'm a tough guy, Percy. There must be some Mademoiselles here. Me? I'll just stick around and see if the Mademoiselles wear rats in Rattincourt."

He seemed to be back at the old P. C. in the Ferme de Veaux. He was crouching by the door of that roofless building, cautiously, like some hunted rodent. He was blinking at the sun, which was tranquil in a summer's sky that spoke lyingly of peace. Before him, trampled in the ground, were wrecks of things, poignant yet neglected, like the flotsam on filthy water, splintered masonry, bits of red tile from roofs, a mess tin, dented and plowed into the rubble where a hundred feet had stamped it, a rusty rifle and a heap of refuse where flies were buzzing, a muddy blouse, like a corpse itself without the body, a helmet and a hob-nailed boot . . .

But what was terrible, the sun shone down upon it, as it might upon a garden. Its stark intensity was a mockery of what in common decency nature should have veiled. It displayed the loathsome nakedness of a nameless something, the worse because one could not name it. It seared his eyes, that sunlight . . .

And then suddenly he knew it was not the Ferme de Veaux. Instead, the sun was shining upon Stacey's face through a window. He was lying, wrapped in his trench coat, sprawled upon a heap of litter. His horse, unsaddled and unbridled, was cropping at a wisp of hay.

He was in a shed of the inn at Rattincourt, and the night before was clear to him again. It was early morning, and his joints were stiff with cold. Yet he was conscious that he had not awakened suddenly or with a start of fright. Rather it seemed to Stacey that there was something pleasant, yet wistful as a dream of youth in that dusty straw-strewn place.

"Allo," someone was saying. "Allo, soldaire!"

Now he may have been a fool, for he was young in those days, but what is the use in forever casting back? He only knew his heart was beating fast. It was as though, out of that dream of his of the filth-strewn courtyard of the Ferme de Veaux, a generous watcher over helpless souls had carelessly evoked a miracle. It was a vague vision of something, some radiant inspiration which had hovered near him, but which he never could reach.

It was beyond life and death, and so passing fair and pure—though one might laugh when one said pure—that its very shape and meaning were lost in a sort of dazzling radiance. Yet he could almost grasp it then. It was pulsing with his heart-beats. It was speaking in the music of that voice, which struggled playfully with a coarser tongue.

"Allo! 'Allo, soldaire!"

A girl with the morning sun full on her was standing looking down at him. Though he could not tell just why, he knew that she belonged to that radiance. He knew, in spite of mud upon him and the stubble of his beard, and in spite of that girl's black peasant dress and sabots, that he was living through a moment of strange ecstasy, devoid of reason—and yet she must have known it too as he sat up and stared. That idiotic thing he said must have been enough to tell her, but even then Stacey Staggs was perfectly polite.

"Have you come," he said in French, and he could speak French very well, "to see the prodigal among the husks of corn?"

It seemed to Stacey, as she looked at him, that she might have been a child staring at a candle flame, with a wide wonder in her eyes and wonder in the white oval of her face.

"Poor soldaire!" Her voice was laden with ineffable peace. "Poor boy," she said.

The lather's the thing—

MENNEN lather won't sharpen a dull razor, but it will soften the toughest, horniest beard that grows. And that's the most important part to any shave. For unless your beard is thoroughly and actually softened, the keenest razor is up against a stiff handicap. When the razor edge runs up against a partially soft beard it does one of two things. It either hurdles the hairs or hooks part way in, yanking and tugging painfully at the hair roots and nerves.

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There was a silence. Neither moved. He still was sitting in the straw, thin, tight-lipped and muddy. She was standing, slender and small in black. Against that black her neck was white as paper. Her face was delicate as an ivory in the Louvre.

"What is your name?" he asked. Like a child he asked it, exactly like a child. And she smiled. Her lips parted, delicate and flower-like.

"Cleonie," she said. "Are you very tired then?"

"I was," Stacey answered, "but I'm not now."

"And why not now—any more than then?" Time was very fleeting and he had so much to say.

"It's like the water to see you," he said. Even as he spoke, he knew he was absurd, but he continued speaking. Yes, for once he said what he wished without weighing a single word. "Clear cool water off—off a white beach by the sea."

Surely it was like a silly piece of drama, stupid bathos of a fairy-tale, but she did not laugh.

"Are you so dirty then?" was all she said.

"You can see," he said. His voice was choked. "But—but I'm better now."

THE cheapness of a life and the tawdry decorations with which all life was held in check were suddenly behind him in a panorama, as though he had climbed a hill. Who was she? The daughter of the keeper of a pot-house? He knew it made no difference then. It was unworlly, pure—yes, the word was pure—for he had been a walker in the Valley of the Shadow, and soon he would be back.

"You—you're not going?" He spoke hastily in a hurt way, exactly as a child might. "You mustn't, if you please."

He scrambled to his feet, and again her lips parted, soft as petals, and she did not look away. Instead her eyes met his, wide and dark.

"You are impertinent," she said softly, "but you are *très à fait gentil*."

Yet what did it matter what she said? The restfulness that was hers was all that mattered—her straight black hair, her parted lips. "You mustn't go," he whispered. "Please—you mustn't go!"

She drew her breath sharply and then smiled at him gaily.

"Truly?" she said. "At the bridge by the canal tonight—if you still love me then. And why are you so *sérieux*? You may kiss me now."

"Well, fan me with a brick!" Martin Cass was in the doorway of the shed. Martin's helmet was on the back of his head. A cigaret was between his lips, and he had raised both his stubby hands in a parody of amazement. "Pawdon me, Percy! Hey, Mademoiselle, *donnez un baysee aussi*? Hey, what's the idea beating it? *Après déjeuner? Ce soir?* All right for you then. Olive oil!"

There was no doubt that Martin was amused, very much amused. He shook his head coyly and grinned.

"Now fancy that!" he said. "I wouldn't have thought it of you—so I wouldn't! Wait till I get the Y.M.C.A. on the wire. You'll pawdon my being all of a twitter-like? But finding you in a clinch in the chow-shed with a little tart— Say, are you getting sore?"

Martin no longer needed to parody amazement. With a hasty flip of his left hand he jerked his helmet forward and took his weight from his heels.

"Call her that again," said Stacey Stagg, "and I'll smash your face!"

"Pawdon my asking—are you shell-shocked?" said Martin Cass.

"You call her that again, and there'll be two of us."

Martin Cass rocked forward on his toes and chuckled gently. "Excuse me, Percy," he said. "Can you beat it? I was forgetting I'm an old-timer in a rookie army, but I've been young myself. Now that old poster now—'Earn While

You Learn'—it's the bunk like all in this man's army, but I've learned, all right. Right today I'm the doctor when it comes to women, Percy, and don't let 'em kid you. Now that little skirt—I was that way once myself, thinking they all were different from other girls. Nix, Percy, this place has been a billet town. Look at it right, Percy—in a normal way."

Martin paused and smiled. His cigaret moved jerkily with his lips.

"Listen, kid, don't get me wrong, but did you think you were having a—romance when I came butting in?"

Sometimes Stacey marveled at it still, marveled at his anger burning like red iron. Perhaps already the thing was an obsession, an illusion to which he desperately clung, in a world where illusion had vanished, but he was glad, always glad for what he said.

"Lord, but you've got an evil mind," he answered.

"Evil, eh?" said Martin Cass. "Now who'd think that any kid as smooth as you would be a plain fool?"

"Do you think I am?" Stacey actually smiled as he asked it. Martin Cass nodded.

"I'll tell the world I do."

And Stacey smiled again. "Since that is your candid opinion," he said, "will you consider me as rising to give myself three rousing cheers?"

"You'll need 'em, for later," said Martin Cass. "You're woolly in the head, Percy, but you won't make a fool of yourself while we sit still in Rattincourt."

"Why not?" said Stacey Stagg.

"Three reasons," Martin gave his helmet a tilt backward. "Number one—because I won't see you mixing with any third-rate wenches. Easy—easy, now. And do you want to know reason number two? Because you haven't got the guts, and number three, which we might call the salient point"—Martin tossed his cigaret out the half-opened door—"number three, buddy, is because I want that girl myself."

"Oh," said Stacey, "really?"

He was astonished at how evenly he spoke, though his face burned like living fire.

"Reelly and trooly," said Martin Cass. "Percy, you don't possess the requisite original sin to truck around with a kid like that. When you woke up and saw the facts, they would certainly make you cry."

Stacey shrugged his shoulders delicately. "You've got such a sewer of a mind," he remarked, "you don't know what's decent when you see it. You're not fit to look at that girl. She—why, you dirty mucker—if she came within a hundred yards of you, you ought to run and hide."

Martin Cass was convulsed with unexpected mirth. It could not have been wholly Stacey's speech that made him so genuinely amused.

"Why, the little everlasting tart!" he cried. "Oh, Percy! Reelly, now—" He stopped. He had a reason for stopping. "By—gosh!"

gaped Martin Cass.

Stacey Stagg had struck him with his open hand across the mouth.

There was a moment when everything seemed stopped against the laws of gravity and time. The shed was like a background etched with acid, and the face of Martin Cass before him was still as stone.

"I'll beat the devil out of you for that," said Martin Cass.

He never could tell how they got out the door. They slammed into it and caromed from the frame. Stacey drove at Martin's body and then they were in the sunlight, though everything looked red. Martin staggered, tripped and recovered himself, and then, without ever knowing how it happened, Stacey was on his back, sprawling in the courtyard mud of the inn at Rattincourt.

Again the world seemed still for just an instant, as a pendulum stops on its upward swing. There was sunlight on an old white wall. There was a rolling kitchen. Some men with mess-kits were standing by it, staring.

Someone was shouting. There was a scream. It was Cleonie who screamed.

He saw her, white and staring, with her hand clasped to her throat, standing by an open door. He saw her and the sky, which was warm and softly blue. He was up in a split second. Martin Cass was not a gentleman, but he knew how to fight.

Sergeant Kaplan from the signal detail was holding Stacey. Stacey could hear him speaking.

"You don't want to get a general court, sir. No, I won't leave go of you now. Hold still! Hey, Bill, get Lieutenant Stagg a rag to wipe his face before the Old Man sees it."

No one was holding Martin Cass. He was standing bareheaded in the inn yard, buttoning his blouse and pulling at his belt.

"Let the lieutenant go," he said. "And you there"—he spun around and stared at a circle of solid heavy faces about them, curiously like his own—"now what the devil are you rubbering about? Get busy policing this yard."

No, Martin Cass may not have been a gentleman, but he had his code. It was not his fault that Colonel Bindle had a nose for trouble.

Perhaps fifty feet away was the door of the inn. Sergeant Kaplan was staring at it. A glazed, fascinated quality was in his stare, which caused Martin Cass to turn. Martin was a soldier. His reflexes were perfect.

"Tention!" roared Martin Cass.

"Quick!" growled Sergeant Kaplan. "Wipe your face before the Old Man sees it!"

Colonel Bindle was coming out the door. For a moment he was framed by a gnarled old grape-vine, and then he was in the sun, a tall old man, beautifully, spiritually aloof. He raised his hand to his helmet in the negligent way of one who has acknowledged millions of salutes.

"At ease," said Colonel Bindle. "Now, what's all this?"

"Nothing, sir," said Martin Cass.

"Good! And Mr. Stagg?"

"Nothing, sir," said Stacey.

"Sergeant," said Colonel Bindle, "I dislike seeming to be a martinet. Suppose we just be reasonable about it. You see this inn court, charming as it is to the eye, is not as charming to the nose? Suppose you communicate this thought to the men here, and could you possibly surprise me in half an hour by having it neat and clean? Thank you, sergeant, and gentlemen, may I take up a little of your time?"

That was exactly how Colonel Bindle spoke, politely, banteringly, a mild old man with clear blue eyes. They followed him toward the door of that old inn, the colonel walking lightly through the mud. As is not uncommon with small French towns the door with the gnarled old grape-vine led first into the kitchen, dark with smoky rafters, and a huge fireplace at one end which was darker still.

A FAT old woman, dark-eyed and heavily armed, stood by the hearth and stared, and Cleonie was standing beside her with her hand still at her throat. It was only a glimpse as they walked through like a vague room in a dream, for Stacey was not himself as yet. He still felt an exhilaration such as he never had known.

"Decidedly an old-world touch," said Colonel Bindle. "Madame has given me the bar as orderly room. This way, gentlemen."

No longer was the bar of that inn a very festive sight. The pewter counter was bare of glass and bottles. Two field desks had been opened upon the tables.

Colonel Bindle seated himself upon a wire-backed chair, removed his helmet, set it on the ground beside him and rubbed the back of his neck.

"Now, gentlemen," he began, "what was the trouble outside?"

"Nothing, sir," said Martin Cass.

"Nothing, sir," said Stacey.

"Wouldn't you know it?" said Colonel Bindle. "My mistake as usual. That little dark-eyed girl burst in here to say, or rather scream that two officers were killing each other

near the compost heap. Shall I say I understood her wrong, or do you care to tell the truth? You don't need to. It won't have any bearing upon the measures I'm obliged to take."

"Do you care to hear it, sir?" It was Stacey Stagg who spoke.

Colonel Bindle stared at the ceiling. "It makes no difference," he said, "except to you. I only thought you might feel better if you told it. I would, I think, considering."

"Very well, sir," said Stacey Stagg.

Martin Cass was the one who was perturbed, for he knew the colonel better.

"The colonel isn't going to give us a court, right when we're at the front and going in?" he asked.

"Help me heaven!" said Colonel Bindle. "Why should I waste two officers on some confounded judge advocate? I can manage things when my lieutenants disgrace themselves before enlisted men. Well, what was the trouble, Mr. Stagg?"

"It was that girl," said Stacey.

"So I guessed," said Colonel Bindle with a sigh. "Well, what about that girl?"

"Cass," began Stacey, "Cass called her—"

"Mr. Cass, please," said Colonel Bindle. "What did he call her then?"

"Mr. Cass referred to her as a—little tart," said Stacey.

"He did?" said Colonel Bindle. "Well, Mr. Cass, is she a little tart?"

"I beg pardon, sir," said Stacey, "he won't call her that while I'm here, and you won't, if I have to get shot for it."

Colonel Bindle stroked his gray mustache, and then he sighed and rose, giving the wire-backed chair a backward push, so that it teetered noisily.

"I'm glad," he said, "that someone has decency left. You've no idea, Mr. Stagg, how it wears away with time. You see he's right, Mr. Cass? Now tell him you're sorry."

"I'll tell the world I'm sorry," said Martin fervently. "I didn't know he'd do what he did. I didn't know he'd be fool enough, sir."

"Or gentleman enough," said Colonel Bindle softly. "It's so often one and the same thing. Dear me—if you'd only thought of the men and discipline! Well—"

"Won't the colonel please say what he's going to do with us?" asked Martin.

"You know me, don't you?" inquired Colonel Bindle. "You know I won't let a breach of discipline go by."

"I'll tell the world I know it, sir," said Martin Cass. "I was a sergeant in your outfit once."

"And once was enough, eh?" said Colonel Bindle. "Get your blankets and some side-arm ammunition, gentlemen, and Mr. Cass, pick out a telephone and the five worst men from Headquarters detachment, and hop the truck for Esnes. You can fight your heads off where you're going."

"Where's that, sir?" asked Martin Cass.

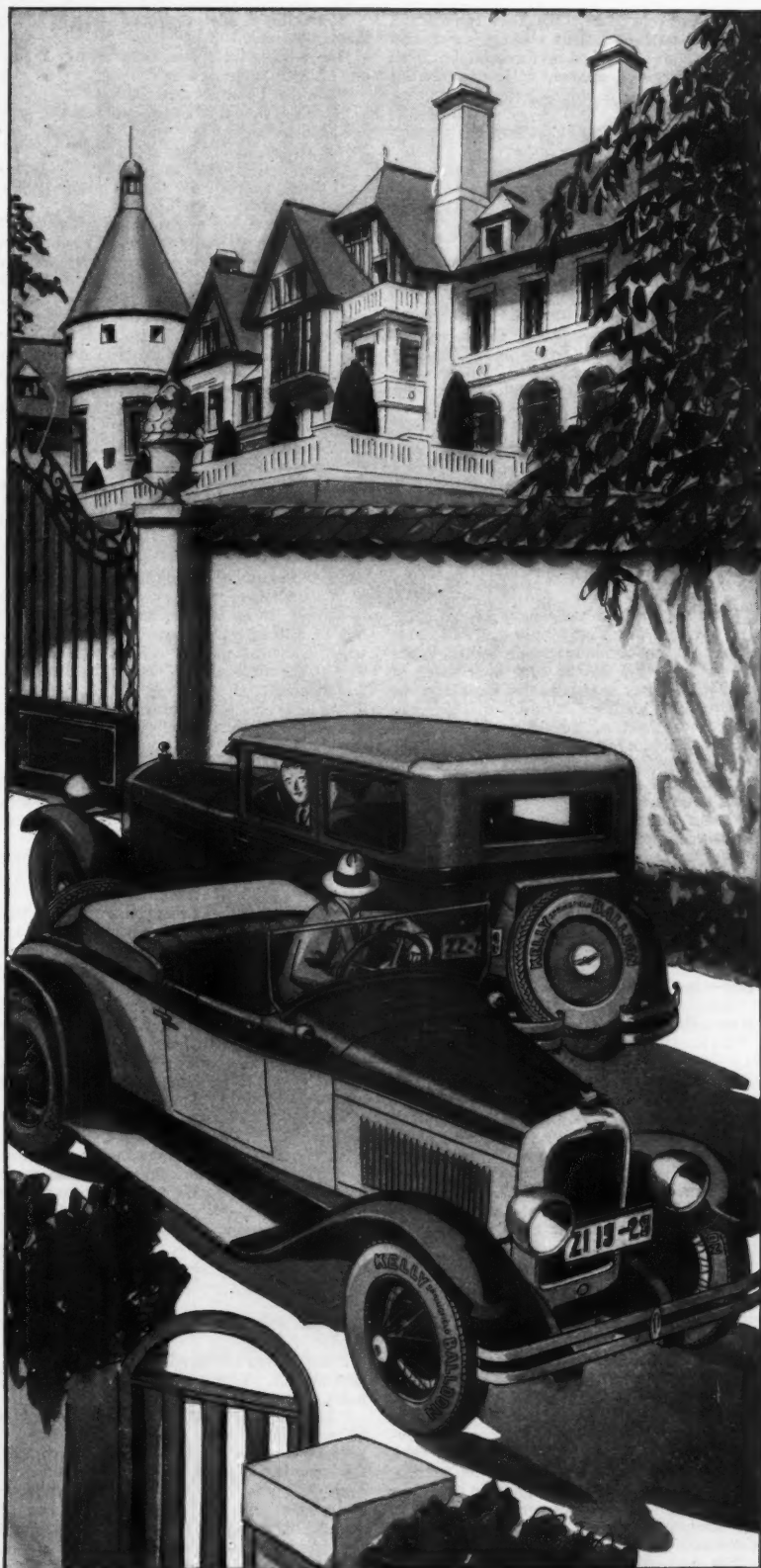
"The infantry," said Colonel Bindle gently. "Report at Esnes to the brigade P.C. and move up to the front line. We must retain liaison with the infantry, mustn't we? Burke was killed in the last show, and Henry's missing. Yes, we must retain liaison with the infantry, and kill off two more officers. Of course it won't do any good. Doubtless no one will locate the infantry for a week, but you'll show 'em the artillery isn't yellow, won't you? Go over with the first wave."

"Yes, sir," said Martin Cass.

Colonel Bindle held out his hand. "Good-by, gentlemen," he said. "Do the best you can, and you might take that box of cigars with you if you smoke. You'll need them more than I will, I've no doubt. And Stagg, get the women in the kitchen to bathe that cut above your eye. It's bleeding like the devil."

"Yes, sir," said Stacey, and that was the last he ever saw of Colonel Bindle, an old man standing alone in that deserted tap-room, staring at the ash of his cigar. Yet somehow he could remember. It was all as plain as day.

"Buddy," said Martin, "didn't I tell you



"Hello, Dick—glad to see you! I see you've had the old bus repainted—and Kellys all around, too! That's fine."

"I can thank you for the Kelly-Springfields, Bob. I always thought they were as much out of my reach as that estate in there, until you told me they didn't cost any more than the ones I was using."

you'd get a dirty detail, if you knew too much?"

Cleonie bathed the cut above his eye, and once she bent and kissed his forehead, but it all was a matter of a moment. He scarcely felt her lips. There was only one thought running in his mind.

"I'm coming back. Don't forget, I'm coming back," he said.

He remembered how her sabots clattered on the flagging as they walked toward the door. He remembered because the sound contrasted with the softness of her voice.

"It's *blague*. You'll never come."

She was standing by the door of that dark old kitchen, so frail, so delicately pure, for that was the only word, that he scarcely dared to look. Her face was the more wonderful for the lack of any conscious effort to enhance its beauty. It was the face on a cathedral window against the morning light. She was smiling, and yet not really smiling, and he was like a child again, and so was she.

"I'm coming back," he said.

"*Bonne chance*," she answered. "Good-by, soldaire!"

And that was the last he saw of her, standing by the inn door, slender and all in black, and that was the last he saw of that old gray inn where the light of ecstasy was vouchsafed him once, to make him foolish and splendid in that fleeting time.

EVEN Martin Cass must have known in his own dim way that a splendor had shone in that old inn, forbidden to his sight. When Martin got "his" on the edge of a patch of woods on a misty morning three days later, he took it like a soldier. It was a machine-gun bullet in the lung. It tossed him half around and knocked him flat.

"One down," said Martin huskily. "Set 'em up in the other alley. Drag tail out, Percy, the devils have got the range."

Martin looked very sick, but he kept his insolent easy grin.

"Not a thing you can do. You've seen enough get theirs to know how they look when they get it. If you gotta stay here, you poor fool, there's a slug of con-yac in my canteen. Percy, you poor fool, I've always liked you, though Lord knows why. But Percy, get this, kid, from one buddy to another—don't go back—back—"

"Back where?" said Stacey, and he too felt rather sick.

"To Rattincourt, you poor damn Willy-boy! And Percy—"

"Lie still," said Stacey. "Don't talk. I'll get a stretcher bearer."

"—you might as soon get a snowball in Hell," said Martin Cass. "But Percy, it's not so bad . . . Will you consider me as givin' myself three . . . rousin' cheers?"

Of course he did not go back. One never does, perhaps, and surely it was a trivial affair enough, though somehow Stacey knew that it was brave and bright. Somehow he knew that the best of him lay in it, for once he had been a man, and it was pleasant to remember. Yes, it was pleasant to remember that he had not trimmed or compromised, or stood aloof.

"Stacey," said Sylvia, "why can't you answer? What on earth are you looking at?"

"Nothing," said Stacey, "really nothing."

Sylvia was staring at him levelly, and yet with a cool detachment. The motor was moving slowly down a narrow cobbled way with small white houses crowding on the gutters. Through the dusk, for it was growing dark, one could feel the presence of curious folk behind the windows. Beyond a doubt they made a marvelous sight for Rattincourt.

"Oh, do push on," said Sylvia. "Didn't you say there was an inn?"

"Yes," said Stacey, "yes. Of course there was an inn."

"Well, find it then, in heaven's name," said Sylvia. "What on earth have you been thinking about? You haven't said a word."

The wrinkles at the corners of Stacey's eyes deepened. He stared straight along the street.

"Thinking I'm a rotter, if you want to know," he said.

"Oh, well," said Sylvia, "what of it? Everyone's a rotter more or less."

"You don't know," said Stacey.

"Don't I, though?" Sylvia laughed and gave her head a little shake.

"Oh, Lord!" said Stacey. "Lord!"

"What is it? What is it, Stacey?" It was easy to tell that Sylvia was not pleased. Yet he did not care then what he said.

"Of course you don't know. You don't know what a cursed trimming parasite I've been. You don't know how long it is since I've obeyed a decent emotion or thought a clean straight thought. I—I can't look the sky in the face down here. I want to hide my head."

Sylvia looked at him, and as she did so he was startled. It seemed to him at that moment that her eyes were blue with that same clear blue of Colonel Eindle's eyes.

"Rubbish," said Sylvia. "All you need's a drink."

"You think so?" said Stacey. "Well, we'll get one in a minute. Here's the inn."

There it was, the high old wall with the arched gateway and the gate wide open. Above the gate was that faded piece of bush swinging still like a figure on a gibbet. And the courtyard was there and the grape-vine, spectral and unworldly in the dusk.

Of course there was the accompanying bustle to which Stacey had grown accustomed. A boy in a dirty apron was struggling with the bags. The fat-armed old woman, a trifle fatter, was at the kitchen door, bowing and nodding and staring.

"In heaven's name," said Sylvia, "tell her we want a meal at once, and bring the wine-card. Stacey, what are you looking for?"

"Nothing," said Stacey—"nothing."

At a long table near the fireplace peasant men were delving spoons into heavy plates of pottage, flanked by big red bottles of ordinary wine. They turned and stared.

"Ugh!" said Sylvia. "We can't eat here. What's that beyond the door? The tap? Tell her to give us dinner there!"

Not even the paint was changed. The regiment might have pulled out yesterday, and not—when was it that the regiment pulled out to leave that place forever to furtive ghosts and memories? The field desks were gone from the tables. There were bottles and glasses now upon the pewter counter. Yet it would not have startled him to hear the colonel's voice:

"Good-by, gentlemen. You might take that box of cigars, if you smoke. You'll need 'em more than I will, I've no doubt."

The table itself was there where the cigars had rested, for nothing had been changed.

Surely Sylvia never saw what happened just as that meal was finished. She might have seen his face grow white, but he did not move a muscle. He did not even stare, except for that first instant. He was facing the pewter counter with the bottles. He was just finishing his coffee from a small thick cup when he glanced casually beyond Sylvia's gray shoulders.

"Pha!" Sylvia was saying. "What nauseous stuff!"

Stacey's cup clattered upon the saucer, but that was all. A drop of coffee slopped upon his hand. He raised his napkin.

"And you don't like it either," said Sylvia.

"You needn't pretend you do."

Cleonie was standing behind the counter. He knew her at once, and she knew him. He could feel an indefinable wave of sympathy and recognition, and she was not changed, at least not in the light of the bracket lamps. It might have been yesterday that he had seen her last. Her black working dress might have been the same, rendering her the more beautiful through its starkness. Her eyes were wide, her lips were red, like petals.

"No," said Stacey, "I—I won't pretend."

Sylvia pushed back her chair, glancing at him lazily. She was exquisite and utterly out of place. Midas might have touched her hair, sparkling in the light. That was what she

was, a being touched by Midas, as utterly removed as precious metal is from common dross.

"Nonsense," said Sylvia. "You'll always be pretending something. I'm a wreck, and I'm off to bed. Come up soon, won't you? You're looking tired."

He stood up, his hands resting on the back of his chair, his knuckles white, and again he had that curious illusion that Sylvia's eyes were that same clear blue which he remembered seeing when last he was in this room.

"Am I?" he said. "I'll be right up."

And then they were alone.

"Cleonie," he said, and that was all he could say. Something choked his voice—tears or self-pity or hatred of himself. She was polishing a glass. She set it softly down.

"Allo," she said. "Allo, soldaire."

And still he could not speak, though he was back, for suddenly he saw something as clearly as though that room was bright with sun. And suddenly he knew that he was weary, wearier in body and wearier in spirit, even, than when he had ridden into Rattincourt ten years or so before.

"Don't go back to Rattincourt—you poor damn Willy-boy."

It was uncanny how the voice of Martin Cass, mocking, gasping, glided through Stacey's mind. It was like a well-cast bell, ringing, ringing still. She had picked up another glass and was moving her towel over it, and Stacey heard her speak again before he knew what to say.

"Name of a name, soldaire, are you still so *sérieux*?"

She must have been puzzled by Stacey's answer.

He cleared his throat and smiled.

"My dear," he said, "have you ever seen Niagara Falls? Well, don't. They're really not so much. Don't try to understand me. Just fill that glass with brandy. There's a dear."

"Sacred blue," said Cleonie, and laughed. "The Americans could drink the sea."

"I'd drink it, if I could—to you, my dear," said Stacey.

"Sacred blue! What a fool you were!" She was laughing, and Stacey also laughed, "And where is the other lieutenant, the funny one? You know?"

"Dead. The good ones always died."

You poor damn Willy-boy . . . you poor damn Willy-boy. The brandy and the champagne behind it were singing in his head.

Cleonie leaned a little way across the counter and set down her glass. "He was a man, that one. Tell me, little friend, why was it you two fought? It was about me, of course."

"Of course," Stacey smiled again. "He called you—well, a name."

"A name?" Cleonie was laughing softly, tenderly almost. "He should have known, that one. Ah, but you were a simple boy. Listen, little friend—my room—would you care to know it?"

STACEY never knew exactly how it happened. Sylvia was in her wrapper, all silk and swan's-down and light blue. He never had done such a thing before. His head was on her shoulder and his eyes were hot.

"Poor boy." It seemed to him that Sylvia was wholly different. "You've had a horrid time, I know."

And now what did she know? He never asked her, though it seemed to him that she was wiser far than he.

"Don't you think I understand? I do, my dear. I do."

And it really seemed to him just then that perhaps she did, in some intuitive way, beyond all knowledge.

"Poor boy, you've had a nasty time, but do you have to worry now? Tell me what's inside you. I swear I'll understand."

"Sylvia," he said, and some long-dead emotion within him came marvelously back to life, incoherent as yet, but strong, "Sylvia, after all—will you consider me as rising to give myself three rousing cheers?"

9 to 5 by Edna Ferber

(Continued from page 43)

the corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street; could have bought fifty motor-cars; given fifty thousand dinners for the Gebhardts.

Back to the window and the ticker. The ticker was gibbering more idiotically than ever. The window revealed the brilliance of an April noonday with a high mad wind. Bits of paper sailed up half a mile in the air and pretended they were gulls, swooping and dipping and whirling.

"I'm going out to lunch, Miss Rosen. Tell Soandso thisandthat. I'll be back at two."

Trinity churchyard was full of loungers basking in the spring. Clerks sprawled like lean lizards in the sun. Little stenographers perched on the flat slabs of ancient grave-stones and munched apples and read Sabatini.

Liberty Street at noonday was a gray and black chiaroscuro. Nassau Street opened out brilliant and startling. The sunlight was like a sword thrust. You felt as if you had been plunged into cold water and then hot.

Cass lunched at his club, a cozy nook on the forty-eighth floor of the Bond Building. The room was vaulted and tiled. The food was well cooked and perfectly served. The windows to the south side framed the bay; to the north lay the city, a vast Persian carpet of color for gods like Cass to tread upon.

He ate a cautious and deliciously prepared luncheon, being full-blooded and not very healthy with a tendency toward gout inherited from old Cass and fostered by a good deal of indiscreet eating and drinking in his youth. The oyster-bar at the far end tempted him. He had a bowl of stew, eschewing the bivalves; crackers, celery and a baked apple. He lunched usually with the same group of men at the same table. The talk was interesting and even amusing. Sometimes they had a guest—the newest aviator or French diplomat or Russian tenor. No woman was ever allowed in the room. In these safe precincts one could have wine, cocktails, beer, ale. Almost no one availed himself of this privilege.

When Cass returned to his office Miss Rosen was there with more papers, more letters, things written on slips. Everything in order. She was composed but vivacious. A stimulating but restful person, Miss Rosen.

"Isn't it grand out! I don't see why people want to go to the country in April when it's so much more like spring down here. I skipped in a minute to see the Easter altar decorations at Trinity. The lilies were lovely."

"You'll have to eat an extra matzoth tonight in penance."

"There's a long strip of ticker tape that the wind picked up and twisted round the church spire. Look. You can see it from here. There! Like a pennant. I don't know. I came out feeling kind of married."

Cass, understanding, grinned.

From the window he turned to the ticker again as a mother lays a finger on the forehead and pulse of a feverish child.

From the telephone on his desk came a single ring. Mr. Heavenrich on the phone.

Mr. Wally Heavenrich was president of Behemoth Pictures, Inc. Cass had a great block of Behemoth Pictures, Inc., which he used for amusement rather than profit. He almost never saw a picture, but he was repaid by the immense entertainment provided by a first-hand study of the mind and manners of Mr. Wally Heavenrich.

"Hello, Cass! How are you, Cass? Listen. Cass, I want you to come over here to my office at four, won't you, Cass, and take a look at a picture we're running through."

"I'm due at the gym at half-past three. Anyway, you know I don't look at pictures."

"But listen, Cass, this is different. I wish you would do me a favor and come up and see this picture. Listen, Cass. This is a picture

Different— in recipe, in mulling, in delightful flavor

Wine of
tomatoes
gorgeously
spiced!



CATSUP has been good before. But never *quite* so good as Snider's, many folks tell us.

The reason? Taste, taste, more taste!

There's the magic of Snider's own time-honored recipe. There's that wonder-working Snider method, called "mulling," which adds

sparkle and tone to the natural rich flavor of the tomato.

The next time your marketing list calls for catsup, say

Snider's—for a condiment blended to the queen's taste!

P. S. Also the king's.



Naturally
they prefer
Snider's

Snider's The *mulled* catsup

CHILI SAUCE ~ ~ ~ COCKTAIL SAUCE
FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

if the German producers think they have all the artistic pictures let me tell you they are going to get fooled this time. The Coast just sent it on and the girl in it is going to be the sensation of Broadway, mark my words. They're tired of these Swedish masseuses and Polish Hunkies and this couch stuff. This little girl is the first real ingénue since Pickford. She reminds you of your first sweetheart when you went to school. I'll send the car for you at the gym. What do you want more than half an hour of that bag-punching or whatever it is, a big strapping boy like you! I have got some Scotch Leon brought me from England it is like a liqueur."

"I never touch the stuff."

"All right, Cass, all right. Come anyway. A favor to me, Cass."

AT THREE Cass left the Window and the ticker tape and Miss Rosen and the Street behind him. At three-fifteen he was doing a lot of undignified things that resembled the antics of an overturned beetle. He lay on his back and alternately brought his right and left leg up in the air and down slowly within two inches of the floor; he did half-somersaults; he turned over on his face and chinned the ground, his biceps screaming. He then put on gloves and tried to jab the jaw of a mosquito made of steel springs and named McDermott. The mosquito treated him disrespectfully, saying, "Yeah, you couldn't hit a barn door with a shovel." Queerly enough Cass did not seem to resent this. Hot, wet and red-faced, he then stood under an ice-cold shower.

At four he entered a Madison Avenue building which was the fruit of what happens when an American architect travels in Spain. He was ushered through halls and corridors by troops of attendants and glorified office boys and terrifically dressy secretaries and came at last to the cathedral spaces of Wally Heavenrich's private office where he sank in plush and hand-tooled leather to his chin. He refused the Scotch and the cigar out of the ancient and beautiful box which had been part of the jewel treasure of an Italian church and was now so cleverly converted into a humidior.

"This girl, I am telling you, Cass, is a type which—"

"All right, all right. You're a throwback to the slave market in Damascus."

Curiously enough, Wally Heavenrich was right. Cass Condon, looking at the picture, would not have believed that anyone could be so right as he had been about this girl. Her name was Emmy Dale and she hailed from Iowa, and she was the most exquisite and touching little figure he had ever seen. After the lean voluptuous ladies of the screen, stretched pantherlike on impermanent-looking couches, she seemed from another world.

Her arms had the immature curves of adolescence. Her profile still was haunted by the piquant spirit of childhood. Her mouth was soft and wet and flexible, like a puppy's, and her eyes said, "I trust you." Looking at her you resolved to be kinder to your office staff, more generous with your wife, more tolerant of your friends; to give up desserts, do something about that widening bald spot, buy some new shirts. Youth. That was it. She made you young again.

The picture was terrible, and she triumphed above it. Wally Heavenrich sat beside Cass and kept up a maddening buzz of comment. Cass Condon ignored it. Here was sheer loveliness of body and mind and spirit in a world where he had thought it had ceased to exist.

The picture ran its foolish length, and there was nothing that Emmy Dale did that was not perfect.

Cass Condon frequently day-dreamed of the perfect woman. When he read or heard of the futile excesses of men like himself—forty-fivish, rich, respected—he did not condemn them. He understood something of their unsatisfied longing. In a perverted way they were little boys looking for the rainbow's end . . . Stanford White . . . What's-his-name . . . that girl they found murdered . . .

Hilda was a good kid, amusing, balanced, poised, but . . .

"If you'd care to meet her," Wally was saying, "she's over at the Ambassador with her mother. She never goes anywhere without her mother. She doesn't go around like these others. Half the time she's got a book under her arm. She is a student, that kid is."

Cass was for walking. The Ambassador was a scant half-dozen blocks away.

"Oh, no!" cried Wally Heavenrich, in shocked accents. "My car is right here . . . Fred, take us over to the Ambassador. Over to the Ambassador, Fred."

"Yes, Mr. Heavenrich. The Ambassador?"

"Yes, Fred, the Ambassador."

"If you say that again I'll bust you," said Cass suddenly, his face red.

"Say what?" Mr. Heavenrich smiled as one who does not quite understand the joke, but is willing to.

"That. The Ambassador."

"Ambassador!"

"Oh, my God!"

Mr. Heavenrich in the Ambassador was greeted like royalty. How do you do, Mr. Heavenrich. Good evening, Mr. Heavenrich. How are you this evening, Mr. Heavenrich? His was a triumphal progress from car to door, from door to elevator, from elevator to the portal of Miss Dale's apartment. Mr. Heavenrich was no slouch himself when it came to greetings. He, too, knew names. The doorman, the hall boys, the elevator man. Hello, Louis. H're yuh, Ed? Evening, Sid. Fine, George. How are you?

"We'll surprise her. We'll go right up. She'll be home, that little bookworm . . ." The noise within Miss Dale's apartment was such as to render their knock or buzz unavailing, so they entered.

The little bookworm was standing in the center of the splendid room in a little black velvet dress and a little Fauntleroy lace collar and little low-heeled pumps. Cass Condon knew it was she by the way she resembled the girl he had just seen in the picture. Someone was playing the piano, very loud. Wally Heavenrich and Cass Condon stood in the doorway. As she turned and saw them she suddenly and miraculously not only resembled the girl of the picture; she became that girl. The thing slipped down over her face like a smooth fluid mask. She was even a better actress than Cass had thought.

She came straight over to them. She ran to them, like a child. "Oh, Mr. Heavenrich, why didn't you let me know! You bad man, you!"

"Hello, girlie! Do you know who this is I've got with me! This is Mr. Cass Condon, and you better be nice to him."

"Nice! I'm thrilled! I'm really scared to death. As if I didn't know who Mr. Cass Condon was! Everybody knows who Mr. Cass Condon is, I guess."

She stood before him, looking up at him. Somewhere inside her must be the fine white flame that had burned through the girl of the picture. There was something infinitely touching about her meager little shoulders, her too-slim legs. He looked down at her, feeling almost sheepish, like a boy. Hoping he did not look it. Absurd. She was talking.

"Won't you have a cocktail? Well, I never touch them, either. But you have to have them for other people or they won't come. Won't you have even a teensy one? You don't need to be afraid of my gin, because it's good old Piccadilly—uh—dear old Wally told me it was pre-war Piccadilly, whatever that means . . ."

Something inside Cass Condon was sinking. "I'm afraid I must be running along, Miss Dale. I just dropped in—"

Her little hand clutched his arm. Wally Heavenrich was talking to a girl at the far end of the room.

"Oh, Mr. Condon, don't go. I want to talk to you. I want you to advise me." She looked up at him with the limpid eyes of the girl in the picture.

"Glad to. But what could I advise you

about that Heavenrich, for example, wouldn't know a lot better?"

"Oh, but he doesn't! He wouldn't. Come over here and sit down." The fellow at the piano was playing furious discords. Cass had a curious feeling that he was playing at him. "Now tell me, honestly, what did you think of me in the picture?"

He told her.

She looked a little bewildered. The terms he used were not in her vocabulary, but she sensed that they were meant in praise and admiration. Then her lovely mouth puckered into a pout. "But that's just it. They want me to keep on playing those parts because I look it. They won't let me play any other kinds. But I want to play something where I can wear clothes—beautiful clothes—and look like something. In a picture like the one you saw this afternoon I am just playing myself and I don't think that is acting. I don't think that is true Art. Anyway a girl has got to look out for her future, and look at what happened to Mary. She played those little innocent parts all the time and pretty soon she got too old for them—of course I'm so young—I mean I guess I don't have to start worrying for a long time yet, but anyway I am like that. I think of my future and look ahead of my career. And you can't play parts like that when you're an old hag of twenty-five."

"I think you were exquisite in it," Cass said again, helplessly. He had to get out. What was the matter with that fellow at the piano? He was staring at him with an almost hypnotic fixity of gaze; playing at him in a kind of frenzy. "Who's that fellow? What's he rolling his eyes at me for?"

"That! Oh, Mr. Condon, I want you to meet him. You must. Isn't he wonderful?"

"I'm afraid I must be running along, Miss Dale."

"That's one of his own things he's playing. I think he's a million times better than Gershwin only people have got so used to saying Gershwin Gershwin all the time. I don't see where Gershwin's so hot. He's dying to meet you. Won't you come over and meet him? Oh, my! I keep forgetting you're a great man. Let me bring him over to you, I mean. Listen. He has written an opera and all he needs is somebody who understands and appreciates good music to help him produce it. I want you to let him play a little of—"

"Some other time. Glad to. Charmed. I've just got to go . . . Hey, Wally. I'm going. Late already. My wife—promised my wife I'd be home . . ."

Wally seemed relieved, if anything. He had been regarding them from the other side of the room. Said Wally, then: "Fred will take you. I'm not going just yet, Cass. Fred is just outside. Let Fred drive you home in the car and come back for me."

"Good God, man, I live two blocks away!"

Emmy Dale smiled up at him, one little hand at her throat. "Won't you come in again? Any afternoon. Tomorrow, maybe. There won't be so many people tomorrow."

"Sure," said Cass. "Thanks so much, Miss Dale . . . pleasure . . . picture . . . great success . . ."

HE FLED. The April twilight received him. He strode home through it, evading the patient Fred. Two rivers flowed through Park Avenue at this hour, an endless viscid stream. One was called Northbound Traffic and the other was called Southbound Traffic. Now and then these streams were checked by a Power with a single blazing eye, and at such times they parted like the Red Sea when it accommodated the Israelitish children, and the hordes from the east and west poured through.

Cass entered his own building. He let himself in with his latch-key. Lamps glowed softly in foyer and drawing-room. The gleaming satin curtains were drawn, shutting out the city. Hilda was in her room, dressing.

"Darling, you're late."

"I stopped in at the Ambassador with Heavenrich."

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.



Before meeting others - play safe!

Common decency demands that
you rid yourself of halitosis

It is impossible to tell when you have halitosis. It doesn't announce itself to you. But it does to others. And that offends.

Don't take the chance. Before any appointment where you wish to appear at your best, use Listerine, which checks halitosis instantly.

Use it systematically every morning and night, and between times—especially before meeting others. It puts you on the polite—and popular—side.

READ THE FACTS $\frac{1}{3}$ had halitosis.

68 hair dressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?



Listerine is so powerful a deodorant that it removes even the odors of onion and fish. Naturally it makes short work of milder, but more offensive, odors arising in the mouth.

You owe it to yourself—and your associates—to keep your breath beyond suspicion. And Listerine is your best aid in this matter. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Have you tried
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Shaving Cream?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic



No fear of sunburn

Are you one of those many persons whose skins seem unusually sensitive to the scorching rays of the sun? Then to you Mennen Skin Balm will be a real blessing, for it relieves a tender, fiery, sunburned skin and soothes the pain in a way that's almost magic.

Skin Balm heals and cools at the same time. That hot, flaming feeling which usually accompanies an afternoon under the blazing summer sun gives way quickly to the cooling touch of this creamy lotion. Relief comes at once. Clothing slips on without the usual pain and healing is rapid and complete.

There's nothing greasy about Skin Balm. Its creamy whiteness leaves no stains on clothing. Disappears quickly and has no "tacky" after-feel. Mildly astringent and antiseptic, too. Has a clean, invigorating odor. 50 cents at all drug stores. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J. and Toronto, Ont.



She slipped her dress deftly over her head, shutting her lips in a tight straight line to avoid soiling the top of her corsage with the scarlet of her lip rouge. The dress was bouffant—a robe de style of taffeta and tulle. Cass thought her wise to wear it. Hilda's figure was a little inclined to the pear-shaped—narrow at the shoulders and disproportionately wide at the hips.

The dress hid these defects and gave her figure great elegance.

"I don't see why you go about with people like that."

"Wally's very amusing."

"So's the traffic cop at Fifty-seventh. But you wouldn't make a buddy of him."

"Why not?"

"Oh, you're in one of those moods. You're tired."

"I am not."

"All right, lamb. You're not. Did you have a hard day at the office?"

"About as usual."

"You know we're dining at seven sharp with the Geb—"

"I know, I know."

"Lie down for six minutes, won't you?"

You'll fall asleep in the middle of the second act if you don't."

"I don't fall asleep because I'm tired."

"Why then?"

He was fond of her. He couldn't say that he fell asleep because he was bored. So he said nothing. He kicked a satin chair and Hilda said not a word in protest. He went into his room. The lamps were lighted there too, and his clothes were laid out.

Hilda was calling from her room. "It's quite a large dinner so there'll probably be two or three cars. Don't let that terrible Kassell girl get into ours when we go to the theater. And listen. Tell Jimmy I don't want to sit next to George at the show. Will you try to find out from Linda—she spills everything—what they paid for the place at Syosset. Remember to speak to Otto..."

He lay down across his bed and even closed his eyes. Miss Rosen would never have asked him to remember all those things. He breathed deeply. Scented air. Drawn curtains. Soft deferential footsteps. Low-pitched voices. Quiet. Luxurious. Shut in.

A prisoner until nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

Going for a Ride (Continued from page 75)

pleasure. The suburbanites were making love on wings as Babe and Cheeky would have been doing if their girls had not spoken or had been on time at the corner. It hurt to see so many lovers with their arms all interlaced, the motors heaped with singing couples out for a moon-ride.

The car that pushed through the festival with Cheeky and Babe was silent and dark, haunted by two ghosts that had not quite graduated.

No sarcasm was spared them. They had to stop for a police patrol-wagon to pass them. They almost ran over a detective so well disguised that Poke turned to laugh:

"Did you make Kennedy? He's one the dicks that's lookin' for the guys that got Crock and Tip. Ain't 'at a shriek?"

"Look out!" Link gasped. "You come near runnin' into a truck."

The homes out here had yards around them and big immense Christmas trees shading the porches where a lot of love was going on. Babe had never spooned on a porch with a girl. It would have been great just once.

His heart flopped. Poke nearly ran over a couple of kids. Babe thought that it would have been swell to have some kids of his own. He and Elsie had talked a lot about that.

He was going to be wiped off the slate before he had ever married or been a father.

All nature cried out in him against dying before he had handed on the torch of life. He had never felt such remorse for such a shame. He rocked with the eternal revulsion against annihilation. His frenzy drove him to the silliest of all his thoughts. He tried bribery.

"Say, Link?"

"Who told you my name was Link?"

"You did. That makes me kind of uncertain, but anyway, whatever your name is, what would you say if I was to ask you how much you would charge to let us off? You could leave us slip out on one these dark streets and nobody would be any wiser. We'd make it worth your while."

"Oh, yeah? Well, in a first place, I wouldn't believe the both of you on oat'. In a seckin place, I wouldn't trust you as far as I could spit. In a third place, if you was John D. in person, and you gimme a billion dollars I wouldn't have a chance to count the first hunnerd before I'd be croaked by me own gang."

"I see. Well—"

That old word "well"! It didn't mean much. But then, what did? One word was as good as another out here in this inarticulate night that closed in around them as the houses grew fewer and smaller and the street-lamps dimmer and farther apart.

Cheeky broke the near-silence next: "How about a smoke?"

"Sure! Light up! Only don't pull out anything but a fag. Wait! Say, Poke, slip these babies a cigaret, will you?"

Poke seemed glad of an excuse to take his hands off that wabby wheel. Again the boys had hope of a crash as he passed back a crumpled package, with a genial "Sorry I ain't any better to offer." Cheeky matched courtesy:

"All smokes is good; some is better'n others."

Poke handed back a cigar-lighter in flame, while Link commented amiably:

"Smokin' is one thing yous babies will get a plenty of. Smokin' is one habit you won't have to break off."

He laughed. They laughed. Even at funerals there is usually a certain amount of merriment in the back hacks, but the corpse does not often join in.

The hilarity here was more strictly hysteria than a sense of well-being, but Cheeky was moved to a good one:

"Say, Link, I bet your hands are awful tired holdin' them gats so long. They must 'a' went to sleep."

"Yeah? Well, don't wake 'em."

"Oh, no; I was only thinkin' maybe you'd like to lea' me hold your guns awhile so's you can rest your mits."

Link laughed like he would split. He had to tell Poke about it.

"Hey, Poke! Cheeky here just got off a swift one. He says, 'Say, Link, your hands must be tired holdin' 'em guns so long. Lea' me hold 'em for you whilst you rest your hands!'"

Poke nearly died at that. He rolled and slapped the wheel, and there was a pretty bit of scuttering into a ditch and out again and almost under a suburban street-car going about fifty miles an hour.

But Poke twisted his neck to say: "Wants to hold your guns while you rest your hands, eh? Say, 'at's hot. We'll have to remember 'at one. Remind me to tell a boys—how they wanted to hold your guns while you rested your hands. Well, yous guys goes out like a couple real guys. I got to slip it to you. You sure do. He offered to hold your guns whilst you rested your hands. 'At's a hot one."

They "went out like a couple of real guys." That was the highest praise Babe and Cheeky would get, or would ask. It was pleasant to have it from an enemy. It made everything more friendly, kind of.

The situation was hateful yet it was cleansed of hate. It was a necessary event which could not be escaped. There were precedents and

edicts and time-hallowed customs to be observed. Nobody could be blamed except for a breach of decorum.

The world rolled on outside. Tides of feeling surged and leaped inside the bodies of all four and in their souls, which they had not chosen or trained.

Everything on earth grew more beautiful, more solemnly beautiful. The whole long journey was a slow, slow, winding writing of the beautiful word, "Farewell!"

It was desolating to have left the city so far behind. Chicago was their world, a grand world, stupendous, uproarious, seething with people and blazing with lights.

But the country was nice, too. That sky, those fields, the line of trees along a road that raced down a hill to meet the highway, and stood to watch it flash past. The little farmhouses with a sleepy light in a window and everybody going to bed or gone to bed with the chickens.

No devotee approaching a temple could have regarded it with more awe than Babe and Cheeky felt for the luminous beauty and whiteness of a gasoline filling-station with its graceful pumps and tanks.

A train stormed through the black, scattering sparks like gold confetti. It was sublime to them. It passed them at twice their speed, but they would pass it when they got the signal to go.

Now and then they pierced a small town trying drowsily to support a little night life. The streets were yawning with a few belated rubes and boobies and their molls. Yet they were nice little burghs, and the people were probably right nice folks if you came to know them.

But Babe and Cheeky were not going to know any more folks. And nobody would know them any more.

By and by a lonely road drew in ahead, a tunnel under trees that whispered in their sleep. "Hush! Hush!"

Poke turned sharply off the highway. The going was bumpy and Babe complained:

"Say, where is this place you're takin' us, anyway?"

"What's it to you?"

"I'd just like to know."

"Well, it ain't much of a place but you ain't goin' to stay there long."

The road died out at a rotted bridge over a half-dried cattle-wallow. Poke stopped the car, stepped out, shook his long legs, took a pistol from his pocket, looked to it carefully, opened the rear door and said:

"End of the line. All out, gents."

Babe and Cheeky clambered down and gazed about. The stars were pretty, anyway.

Link crept after them and, leaving Poke on guard, stretched his aching hands a few times before he took out his two pistols, studied them and motioned the boys to stand close to the mud-hole.

Babe and Cheeky stared at it with elegant disgust.

"Can't you drop us on clean dirt?"

"Sure. Pick your own spots."

"I choose Fi'th Avenue, Noo York," said Babe with a last smile.

"Me for gay Paree," said Cheeky.

"Unbutton your coats and vests, boys, and step on it. I got a date in town."

"And we got a date with Saint Peter," said Cheeky.

They opened their overcoats, their coats, their waistcoats and lifted them away from their bodies. They held themselves erect, but there was a mighty tumult in their hearts, which did not want to stop.

Poke stepped nearer to Babe. Link closed in on Cheeky.

"Well, so long, boys," said Poke. "No hard feelin's, I hope. Nothin' pers'nal, just a lost bet, you know."

"At's right," said Babe and Cheeky. Babe added:

"You might tell El— No—never mind."

"Tell who what?" said Link.

"Tell nobody nothin'."

"You bet your sweet life I won't."



COLLEGE GIRLS, typical of the younger set of today, say that baldness and dandruff make men unattractive. Are you missing out with the women you know because they can say this about you?

"Men who are bald or have dandruff don't attract us"

HOLYOKE Seniors say

"NATURALLY we find men with thick, well-kept hair far more attractive than those who are bald," Mount Holyoke Seniors recently told us.

And dandruff, all college women agree, is simply intolerable.

Do the women you know believe—as these women do—that men's own carelessness causes dandruff and thinning hair?

They are right. If you haven't given your hair faithful care daily you cannot expect your scalp to be clean, your hair healthy.

But kept up regularly, 3 minutes a day every day this famous treatment produces amazing results.

EVERY MORNING moisten scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with fingers pressed down firmly, move scalp vigorously in every direction, working tonic thoroughly into every inch of scalp. Move scalp—not fingers. Brush your hair while moist. It will stay just the way you want it.

Dashing Pinaud's Eau de Quinine over the scalp kills dandruff. Working it into the scalp thoroughly every day keeps the hair thick and strong.

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store today.

FREE: generous sample bottle of the famous Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Write today to Pinaud Inc., Dept. C-1, 220 East 21st Street, New York.



IT'S ALREADY very noticeable, this good-looking young chap's receding hair. But five years from today, when the recession has become actual baldness, how much older than his age he'll look! Begin your Pinaud treatment today. Practise it faithfully, three minutes a day every day. Check and destroy dandruff. Keep your hair thick, vigorous, young-looking, through the years



Look for Pinaud's signature on every Bottle

PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine

Copy, 1928, by Pinaud, Inc.

Oh! ye daughters of Eve



WHEN lovely woman ventures forth in search of beauty, what a great collection of bottles and jars does she gather on her toilette tables!

\$1 for this—\$2 for that—\$5 even for something else—all devoted to improving the complexion—to clearing blemishes from outside in! Yet there is one little jar sold for but 30c with a precious beauty secret of its own... the little bottle of Sal Hepatica.

Its beauty secret is this: Keep clean internally. Your complexion will be better, your skin finer, more translucent.

Well do fashionable women of the continent know how salines guard the complexion—how they guard the figure by never causing plumpness! The springs and spas are crowded with nobility... stars of the stage... the opera... social leaders and wealthy Americans and Argentines... freshening their complexions—improving their health by the fashionable path of drinking the saline waters.

SAL HEPATICA is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, indigestion, auto-intoxication, etc. Sal Hepatica taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can make you feel better and look your best.

Sal Hepatica

The Sparkling Effervescent Saline

© 1928 Bristol-Myers Co., New York, N. Y.

Your sweet life! Life was sweet. O God, don't let them—

"Ready, Link?"

"Yep."

"Let's go!"

Two chilled-steel muzzles touched two icy stomachs cringing away from the ribs above two plunging hearts.

Two right hands squeezed slowly, two forefingers bent a little, then a little more. Two thumps. Two upstanding lads were two fallen tailor's dummies.

The young men who remained standing studied the two that had gone away. When they were sure that they were, indeed, gone, Poke and Link knelt cautiously, in compliance with the new fashion in their circle, and performed a rite of mysterious significance, if any.

They buttoned the waistcoats over the gushing wounds, the coats next, then the overcoats, straightened the arms and legs and put the two hats over the two faces—to keep the dazzling light of the reeling moon out of the sleepers' eyes, perhaps.

Then they rubbed their hands on cotton-waste from the tool-box, washed them with a little gasoline and cleansed their clothes of a few spots.

They dropped the waste on the ground, remembered that there might be traces of fingerprints, kept the waste to throw into the first creek, scuffed up their own footprints and stepped into the car.

Poke curled up to sleep on the back seat while Link drove toward the sky where it was weird with the upward daylight of the city.

So far as they could see, they had left no trace whatever of their identities. And the next evening's extras confirmed their self-congratulation with the head-lines:

TWO MORE THUGS
GO FOR A RIDE
COPS FIND NO CLUE

From the same source Elsie and Louise had their first word of Babe and Cheeky. They had waited by the ominously empty car until midnight made the corner lonely and dark.

Then they had been frantic enough to visit the empty hide-out.

They had parted in terror, and spent long hours in agues of suspense. It was Louise that telephoned Elsie, sobbing:

"Seen the papers, dearie?"

"Ye-es."

"Know who done it?"

"I wish to Gawd I did. I'd kill the— But nobody knows."

"I do. 'Member the day Hattie was raggin' us about the boys, and I let slip about what they done to Tip and Crock?"

"Yes. You oughtn't to 'a—"

"I could 'a' cut my tongue out, but now I know and I'm goin' to get Link Fadden."

"Who's he?"

"Hattie's fella. He belongs to Crock's old gang. He must 'a' had somebody with him to drive the car. I'll find out and let you know."

"All right, dearie. I guess poor Babe knew what he was about when he give me that little thirty-two with the pearl handle. If the gang don't get 'em, it may come in handy."

Hell and High Water (Continued from page 89)

of a malicious grimace left Mr. Haley's face. He read the concern on hers. It was plain that he liked her; his changed manner proved that. Probably some people, knowing him only for a dogmatic and a crotchety and a tremendously vain old person, would have been surprised to learn that this woman valued him as her good friend and neighbor.

"Well, Mizz Fuqua, howdy-do?" he said to her, with a short nod of his head. He did not lift his hat. Outdoors he kept it on always and frequently wore it indoors, too.

"I've been watching for you, suh," she said. "I wanted to ask you something."

"Yessum?"

"Oh, Mr. Haley, do you really and truly still think the river's coming much higher?"

"Remember what I told you last Sunday evenin' when you ast that very same thing, don't you?"

"Yes, but since then it's quit raining and turned off so nice. And today I got to hoping—hoping, with the weather so bright and clear, maybe—" She broke off and made a new start. "We're moving all our things upstairs—I've been moving all day and trying to turn the spare-room into a kitchen where I can do a little cooking on a coal-oil stove. And my husband has rented a skiff for us to get around in. He says that by tomorrow the very last scrap of ground down in our hollow will be gone."

"Of course you don't need to worry so much up here. But with us it means so much! He'll be out of work—the canning factory shut down at dinnertime today on account that the basement where the boilers are is beginning to fill up. And when I think of all the poor people who'll be driven out entirely, besides those who're driven out already, and on top of that when I think of the new wall-paper on my hall being ruined—!"

Womanlike and, for that matter, manlike, Mrs. Fuqua was coupling the impending woes of the world at large with the woes of her small personal world. "When I think of all those things piling up along with the rest of the great big sorrow that I've had to carry all these years, well, sometimes it honestly seems like my burden's getting too heavy for me to bear it much

longer without just breaking down." Her eyes were tearless; perhaps they had gone so from overmuch weeping in solitude, but there was a catch, like a dusty dry sob in her throat. "And so I was hoping that maybe you might have changed your mind about the flood prospects since last Sunday, seeing that the sun's come out so bright, and that maybe, according to your best judgment now, it wouldn't be necessary after all for us to go to all this trouble."

"Mizz Fuqua, come here a second with me." He led the way inside the gate and up the short graveled walk to the shabby house. "Look there." He squatted, and with his forefinger pointed out a faint blackish line extending thwartwise of the sill of his door. "I don't s'pose I ever showed you that there mark before? Well, it's been there for goin' on thirty years—thirty years plus about four or five weeks, to be exact about it. About once in so often I've touched it up again with fresh paint ez a reminder, sort of. It's the high-water mark of '84."

"In '84 she come right there and then she stopped and then she started fallin'. Now mark my words: I hate to tell you this sence it's goin' to fret you so, but you'd better know the worst. A rainy spell comin' this late won't help this flood along much; nor sunshine won't hender it none. You know the old sayin' 'round here about somethin' or other bein' ez shore ez Hell and high-water? Well—'scuse my language—but ez shore ez Hell, this year's high water is goin' to climb up to this here mark and it's goin' to pass it by a leedle fraction. It won't pass it much but it'll pass it. So you better keep right on with your job of movin' up into your top story—you and your sister's folks both... There's somethin' else in connection with this flood I'm goin' to say to you."

"She is."

"Which?"

"My sister Lutie—she's moving upstairs, too. Just a minute ago when I passed her house coming to speak with you, I caught a little quick glimpse of her through her front window. She was taking down her parlor curtains. Oh, Mr. Haley, when I think that I can't walk into her house or speak with her—my own dear sister

—or don't even see her any more except by little scraps and snatches like just now, my heart gets to be like a lump of lead in my breast. It's like a lump of lead in my breast all the time—just like so much lead . . . Mr. Haley, do you believe in prayer when everything else fails?"

But Mr. Haley was not thus summarily to be steered away from what lately had become his main and favorite theme.

"Huh!" he grunted. "I ain't aimin' to discourage nobody in their religion but sence that there time when the old Red Sea rolled herself back to let the Children of Israel walk acrost dry-shod and rejoicin', I ain't never heard of no case yit where prayer helt up a flood that was set and r'arin' to go."

"That wasn't what I meant," she began. "What I meant was praying for something else."

He seemed not to hear her, being intent on concluding his discourse. He was, as the phrase goes, so full of himself.

"Speakin' of this high water, Mizz Fuqua, there seems to be a consid'ble lot of people in this town that act like they're holdin' me responsible fur it, so to speak. Oh, I know what they're sayin' behind my back. It's enough to make a feller plum' vindictive. But no matter what you hear about me, I ain't vindictive."

"Tubby sure, there's a kind of a satisfaction in havin' it proved that you're in the right—I ain't denyin' that. And when this here prediction of mine comes true, which it most shorley will betwixt now and the tenth of next month, I expect to take the credit that's due me. But there's a sight of difference betwixt a feller's takin' credit where credit is due and bein' practically blamed, ez you might say, fur what no mortal man can't check nor stop."

"F'rinstance now, take that spiteful, thick-headed Dutchman of a 'Gustus Honigsbaum. Jest a leedle bit ago he seemed like he wanted to blame me because he'd went and made a perfect jackass fool of himself. Lemme tell you what he done."

He did tell at length and with grins and frequent chuckles. It may have been that Mr. Haley secretly was inspired to lift the woman out of her present mood, if he could; diplomacy sometimes bides in an unlikely tenement. She, though, was not to be lifted. She merely smiled wanly, and when the narrator had finished with a final humorous flourish, she took up where she had been interrupted:

"It's terrible what life can do to people. It's terrible what it's done to me and mine. Oh, how I'd love to be able to make a fresh start and wipe out all the awful misunderstanding that's separated me from my own flesh and blood for so long! Mr. Haley, did you know that it's been nearly six years since Lutie's husband put up that spite-fence? Six years! It seems like sixty to me. And Lutie feels the same way about it."

"I thought you and your sister wasn't s'posed to be on speakin' terms?"

"We're not—but—but unbeknownst to anybody, we send messages back and forth. It's only last week—please don't tell on me, Mr. Haley; but then, I know you won't—only last week I got word to her of how my husband stood. He'd as good as forbid me ever to mention the subject again to him but I caught him in a 'specially good humor one night after supper and I begged him to agree to meet Tom Fogg half-way, thinking maybe that if he softened a little then Tom Fogg might soften a little, too."

"Here's what he said to me: 'I didn't start this row in the first place,' he says. 'And I didn't put up that fence, either. Putting it up was Fogg's doings, not mine. As long as it stays there I'll have no dealings with him or with anybody or anything that belongs to him; neither will anybody under my roof have any dealings with him and his outfit. When that fence is taken down and not till then will it be time to talk about making up. Now that's final,' he says."

"That wasn't much, Mr. Haley, but still, coming from Aleck, it was something; because

No doctor
means
for you to
give up
coffee

he really means caffeine!



ONCE "coffee" meant "coffee containing caffeine." But not any more. Today you can get coffee from which the caffeine has been removed. Wonderful coffee! Delicious, fragrant, cheery—and *free of caffeine*. Free of the drug that is often a cause of sleepless nights and nervous days.

Kaffee Hag is a blend of the world's finest coffees. There's not a single coffee virtue missing . . . yet you can enjoy its mellow cheer even at midnight—and sleep!

We remove 97% of the caffeine by a secret process. All the flavor and strength remain. All the quick bracing effects. They come from warmth and fragrant coffee oils—not caffeine. Caffeine stimulation doesn't begin until two hours after drinking. You don't miss tasteless, odorless caffeine at meal-time. But it can keep you awake hours later.



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never before had he so much as hinted to me that he might ever be willing to make friends with Tom Fogg. So next day, like I was saying, I got the word over to Lutie and she went to her husband and tried to work on him the same as I'd done on mine. That evening she sent back this message: 'Tell my sister for me that my husband says he'll never in this world lay hands on that fence to tear it down. If ever he touches it, it'll be to build it higher.'

"Tell my dearly beloved sister Eva for me that all either of us can do is to pray to God. Tell her that night and morning I'm praying on bended knee. Tell her to do the same thing. Tell her I say that if God doesn't hear one of us maybe He'll hear the other."

"So that's what I meant a little bit ago, Mr. Haley, when I asked you if you believed in prayer after everything else failed. I'm not a good church-member like Lutie is. But ever since that night when I got that message from Lutie I've been praying. I wouldn't let Aleck catch me at it—it would only irritate him. So I pray behind closed doors."

"It's a consolation to me to think that probably whilst I'm down on my knees, Lutie is down on her knees, too. It's not much but it's something. And a dozen times during the day I shut my eyes and I say to God: 'O God, please pull that spite-fence down'—that's all I say to Him, but over and over again I say it. . . . Oh, Mr. Haley, don't you think that praying hard and often like that might help?"

CURIOUSLY enough, having so earnestly asked her question she did not tarry for the answer to it. It was as though she feared this old man's answer might shake her in her new-found faith. With a sharp movement she turned from him and hurried away.

From his doorstep he watched her until she had vanished indoors. Then, very deliberately, he followed along the sloping route she had taken until he came to the spite-fence and for a brief space stood abreast of it scanning the gaunt forbidding vista of it with the eye of one who knew structural woodwork. While he did this, his memory went back, reviving recollections of his earlier acquaintance with the affairs of these sundered neighbors of his, the Fuquas and the Fogg.

So this bulkhead of a fence had been up for six years? It must be six years, because Eva Fuqua had said so, but it seemed to him in retrospect that it couldn't have been nearly so long as that.

As though it were yesterday, he could re-picture the day when the two households moved in. There was no fence of any sort then, nor even a hedge, between the houses; he remembered Mrs. Fuqua telling him that they had been set close together so she and Lutie, in the midst of domestic duties, could talk across to each other from their windows; he remembered also how she rejoiced that her husband and her sister's husband simultaneously had been able to buy adjoining lots down here in this hollow where land was cheap, and how she'd said it was Lutie's idea that the houses should be as alike as two peas in a pod. The devotion of the pair of them, Mrs. Fuqua and Mrs. Fogg, was the talk of the street then.

But when the quarrel came—it started with so small a thing as the Fuqua dog scratching up Tom Fogg's pet flower-bed and from that trivial beginning grew and grew until it was a thing deep and bitter—either sister, being by nature docile, had obeyed the stronger will of her husband, and so they had gone their separate submissive ways, but grieving sorely, as he and sundry others knew. And Tom Fogg, having Irish blood in him, had been hot-tempered and obstinate about it all and Aleck Fuqua, having Scotch blood in him, had been dour and just as obstinate, and presently this fence had gone up, Tom Fogg hammering the long nails to their heads in a silent venomous fury, while morbid passers-by looked on. And here it still was, stout and strong and cruel as on the day it was built, itself not badly warped but potent still to go on warping the lives of those who dwelt in its black shadow.

As though he meant to punish it for its stubborn wickedness, Mr. Haley, before returning to his domicile, gave the nearest boards several sound whacks with his cane. He returned then with a briskened gait. It was getting along toward dusk and he must be seeing about his supper. As a widower of long standing and one having no offspring, Mr. Haley ran a bachelor's hall. There was an old negro woman who came daily to tidy up for him and cook his meals but for the time being he had been deprived of her services. Her cabin down by the railroad incline being already water-bound, she had declined either to move out or to dare the perils of journeying by rowboat morning and night across the intervening half-mile between her place and his.

So he made a pot of coffee for himself and fried eggs and ham and finished off with wild-grape jelly and cold light bread. Then he climbed into the low attic of the one-story house to rummage out his rubber hip-boots. No doubt a good many other people in town were doing the same thing.

April came in and with it a soft balminess; and in places the full-blossomed peach trees, standing trunk deep in backwater, were like so many fat pink bouquets resting on big wrinkly copper platters. There was abundant inconvenience for nearly everybody, and, for a large number, downright misery; but the visitation had its comedy touches and plenty of them.

Practical jokers made fine pretense of fishing in their own dooryards and there was an impromptu water carnival on the wide canal which Broad Street had become, with a whole flotilla of skiffs and rafts and motor-craft going back and forth. The older men and women in the negroes' refugee camp out at the Fair Grounds went on strike against their rations because, owing to the ignorance of a Northern-born chief of commissary, they were getting wheat loaves from the baker instead of corn-bread.

The gasoline packet Gypsy Girl set out to do rescue work by night and lost her bearings and went aground in, or rather on, an unsuspected corn-field four miles back from the normal shore-line. Like two vast arks, the wharf-boats loomed high above street level, their hulls nudging at the front of the boat-store. Word came of humans and farm animals marooned on barn tops and the peaks of sodden haystacks.

There was a funny story in the evening paper about how a citizen in a town downstream, while sitting on his roof awaiting succor after the levee broke, saw four clothing-store dummies traveling toward him in the swirling mill-race of the main business street, their heads bobbing together as though in conference and how, first hesitating in front of an abandoned millinery shop, they made what to him seemed the wiser choice and passed jostling in at the open doors of the Last Chance saloon. The reporter claimed that this witness laughed so hard that he slid right off his perch.

Among its local brevities that same issue of the paper carried a paragraph stating that Mr. Gholson Haley, better known as "Jericho" Haley, the esteemed former foreman of the marine ways, who was credited with having prophesied an undue amount of high water as far back as several weeks ago, was dangerously ill with pneumonia at his residence on lower Clay Street; that he had refused to be removed to the City Hospital and was being cared for by Doctor Leon Calhoun, the popular and rising young general practitioner, assisted by some of the kind ladies of the vicinity; that his friends would no doubt join in wishing for him a speedy and complete recovery. This was the first intimation to many persons that the veteran was ailing; they had troubles of their own just about then. It was the first intimation to a great many that Gholson was his Christian name.

With the slowing water up to the baseboards, the bedroom, which was at the rear of the cottage, had become damp, so by the doctor's

orders the patient had been moved into the front room where there was a better air circulation and better light. To the patient it made no difference what they did with him.

He lay in what appeared to be a complete coma. The sound of his heavy, rumbling breathing filled the room.

That sound and the ticking of the clock and a constant *splash-splash* from without made undertones for the voice of a strong wind blowing in from the northeast. The skiff which had brought Mrs. Fuqua for her regular five-hour vigil by the sick-bed rocked very gently where it was tethered to one of the porch columns. At supper-time Mrs. Harkley, from up the street, would spell her.

Doctor Calhoun was gone to make his round of afternoon calls. He had told her when she came over after giving her husband his dinner, that there was nothing really to be done except to watch for any change in the old man's condition. The crisis of the disease was past. If his heart held out he had a chance, a slim chance, for recovery. If it failed, why he would go, perhaps without regaining consciousness. And meanwhile let the front door and the two windows stay open—the more fresh air the better.

There was no one else there with him. She was standing at the side window looking toward the hollow, now more than brimful. Since the day before, the rate of rise had slackened greatly. The river barely crept, whereas before it fairly had leaped at the land. Indeed, that morning it seemed to stop at the mark of fifty-four feet, two-tenths, which, by a remarkable coincidence, was exactly the point it had reached away back yonder in 1884. Some optimists were claiming it had stopped there, that actually the ebb had set in. Her husband brought her the good news when he rowed back from the center of town at noon.

If this wind which had sprung up didn't shift their house on its foundations, the worst for them and for the community generally would be over soon. By night, before night possibly, an infinitesimal but definite recession would be recorded; so everybody agreed. With the peak passed, then the flood would abate quickly, leaving yellowish smears on everything to prove the tale of its triumph.

For a good while she stood there at the window, her eyes brooding on what she could see beyond. She could see the bulk of her sister's house next door, and beyond that, the fore and aft stretches of the spite-fence, rearing its upper half above waters which twisted and sucked at and raced along the obstacle which it offered against their freer flowing. Her lips moved and formed words. Her body swayed a trifle to the intensity of her thoughts.

SUDDENLY she cried out sharply and cried again and bent her head and peered out, and her very soul was in her eyes. This which she beheld had been no mirage born of her wishing. The craved-for thing was coming to pass.

"Oh, it's a miracle, it's a miracle!" she screamed out, and then forgetting the low state to which the patient had sunk, she ran to his side and shook him.

"Oh, Mr. Haley!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Haley, wake up and look! Wake up and let me tell you! Oh please, suh, Mr. Haley, wake up and help me be happy!"

Whereupon Mr. Haley's eyelids flickered and lifted and in a rasping thread of voice he inquired: "Which?"

"Oh, Mr. Haley, God has answered my prayers at last—He's answered Lutie's prayers. He sent this flood and now He's sent this blessed wind. The fence yonder—it's breaking up and it's drifting away. Half of it is gone and the rest of it is going. It's going, going, going fast, Mr. Haley! Please, suh, turn your head and look for yourself!"

Then, through her own overpowering joy, she realized that he was staring on past her and on past the foot of his bed toward the floor at his opened front door. A tiny penciling of water was lapping at the sill, flipping over it. "That's what I told the dern fools she'd do!"

The WRONG SIDE of the BED



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wheezed the roused Mr. Haley with a weak but profound jubilation. "Mebbe next time they'll listen. I sh'd say she's done beat '84 by jest about one-tenth of one foot. 'Tain't much, tubby sure, but it's enough."

"But look this way now," she begged him. "That hateful fence—it's gone!"

"I heered you when you said it the fust time." His tone, growing stronger, was slightly peevish. "Well, I ain't surprised. That's only another one of the things I been expectin' whilst I was layin' here sick."

"Oh, Mr. Haley, did you pray too?"

"Me?—humph! Not me, Mizz Fuqua. I ain't prayed. I done somethin' I've had more practise at. You remember that evenin' here about ten days back when you run over here and talked to me—the day before I was took down with this here bad cold on my chist? You do?"

"Well, 'twuz that same night after it got good and dark, that I waded out with a crowbar and a pick and I sort of loosened up the posts of that there fence fur you, so's to let the water git a good chance to scour 'em out by the roots. I says to myself, I says: 'Now let her come on to blow purty brisk and mebbe this here'll do the trick fur Mizz Fuqua and Mizz Fogg.' So I ain't surprised none."

"I think mebbe that was how I come to git this here bad cold. You see, 'twas deeper in spots out there than I thought 'twould be and I got in over the tops of my rubber boots and my feet and laigs got purty well soaked. But I'm feelin' a right smart better now."

"Have you got any ginerale idee when that brash young doctor is goin' to let me git up out of this bed? There's a sight of people in this town that I've got to go 'round amongst 'em laughin' in their faces, just cause I git."

Woman by Lord Birkenhead (Continued from page 39)

vast numbers of women were called in to take their places. After the Armistice the men returned. In the majority of cases they recovered the positions they had perforce ceded to women.

I do not wish to exaggerate the significance of this. Many of the women took to work only as a contribution to the national effort, and with no intention of continuing after the war. Moreover, they were largely unskilled, whereas the men had experience and knowledge behind them. There was also a very strong and proper feeling that their places should be restored to the men who had surrendered them at their country's call.

Yet, when all these facts are allowed, it is very remarkable how that great invasion of women into the workaday world has receded. Industry is not stationary; had women shown themselves to possess the necessary skill and the inclination to retain their place in it, they could not have been replaced so easily.

The feminists may urge that, however decisive the defeat of woman in the higher branches of industry, in some of the lower grades she has held her own. They may point, in one direction, to women employed in clerical duties, and again to those, usually of a different class, working on purely mechanical tasks in factories.

If this is a victory for the feminist, it is a Pyrrhic one. Even a feminist must be aware that the reason, and the sole reason, why women have retained any hold on such posts is economic. They are permitted to do a man's work because they do it more cheaply.

The reason they are able to sell their labor at a lower price is not because they are naturally more thrifty and provident—though perhaps they are—but because women in general receive a measure of protection and assistance from modern society which is not accorded in like measure to men.

The employment of women in industry is a sign of a decline, not a rise, in their social status. While in individual cases their work may rejoice them with a sense of power and independence, actually it is the severest possible blow to the power and standing of the sex as a whole.

Every woman in industry who by underselling her labor deprives a man of his post is making more difficult the setting up of a home by that man. This prevents some other woman from becoming mistress of his home and from exercising the rights and privileges inseparable from that position.

Any skilled dramatist could simplify the problem, after the custom of his craft, by presenting to us a study of a man and woman about to marry and applying, each without the other's knowledge, for the same post. If he secures it, the play ends happily. If she secures it, the social loss is clear. But this is what actually is taking place on a large scale—in which, of course, such coincidences can rarely, if ever, occur—all over the world.

It is by no means without significance that the cry "equal work for equal pay" is being taken up so eagerly in enlightened and moderate trade-union circles. If feminists think that this is a tribute to the force of their propaganda, they are gravely mistaken. Just the opposite is the case. It is because men deny the essential equality of men and women in society that they resent the low-priced competition of women in industry.

The reasonable inference, therefore, may be drawn that, as world economics settle down from the upheaval of the last decade, the entry of women into the lower grades of industry will be even more restricted. And this, in my view, will be a positive good, not least to women themselves.

One need not anticipate that women ever will fill any but a small proportion of the higher posts in industry, commerce and finance. In this sphere the failure of women is complete. I am aware that there is in every country a handful of women whose names might be mentioned against this judgment; they are always cited as very remarkable women, as no doubt they are. But they are certainly no more representative of their sex in industry than Joan of Arc was in battle.

Curiously, the failure is most complete when these women occupying high posts have been brought in contact with other women. I am assured by those who have had personal experience that in the main no woman chief, however competent in herself, can command for any length of time the respect and obedience of subordinates of her own sex.

Women managers of large concerns, women buyers in stores, women chiefs in civil services—hardly any of them can count on performing their duties without unusual friction. *Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would rather work for a man than for a woman.*

In the professions, as might be expected, women are competing more successfully with men. In medicine, for example, women doctors have achieved distinction to which they will certainly continue to add. I do not for one moment believe that women doctors will be called in to prescribe for male patients, but I am confident that they will be more and more in request by women. And yet here again the greatest obstacle with which women practitioners have had to contend is the doubt of their own sex as to their judgment and ability. It is neither man-made law nor man-made opinion which makes the average woman more suspicious of the average woman doctor than of the average man doctor.

There is one further consideration, not confined to her, to be taken into account in the case of a woman doctor. It must be difficult for a doctor who marries and has a family to discharge the dual duties of housewife and doctor. Up to the present the entry of women into medicine has been too recent to raise the problem acutely, but undoubtedly it is serious.

Just as employers hesitate to raise women to

high positions lest they should throw up their career suddenly at marriage, so also the medical authorities must sometimes hesitate to train, and patients to consult, women who may cease to practise when they marry or who may be incapacitated temporarily by the exigencies of child-bearing. We shall see that this matter arises in other connections also.

In scientific research work, for example, the more prudent professors hesitate to encourage women students, however brilliant, to assist them in their work. Nothing is more exasperating than to find a series of experiments broken off in the middle, and the continuity of research broken, because a valued assistant has deserted the laboratory for the nursery.

There is a sphere allied to medicine, that of nursing, which is peculiarly women's. But nursing does not, to my mind, represent in the least an invasion of the economic life of our time. It is an extension of the domestic sphere in which woman ever has been supreme and from which the restless feminist would "emancipate" her. The tending of the sick is a projection of the care which the normal woman bestows upon her kin and her children. Many childless women turn to nursing for the satisfaction of this otherwise unfulfilled instinct.

I turn parenthetically to another vast though less honored branch of woman's work—domestic service. Intelligent people never have failed to realize the true excellence of this work, however much it is decried by the thoughtless. And since the war the comparative scarcity of servants and the silly reluctance of young girls to enter domestic service have increased its emoluments greatly.

It is no exaggeration to say that a proficient domestic servant commands nowadays a higher return for her labor and a more comfortable life than the average employee in industry and business. Moreover, any prejudice that formerly held against entering "service" now has set against it the appearance of many women of gentle birth anxious to discharge domestic duties for others.

I do not pretend that domestic service in a private house necessarily provides a full outlet for woman's intellectual striving, but neither do many of the trades into which the feminist wishes to see her enter. And private houses are not the only places. The vast catering and hotel industries annually absorb large numbers of women, both in responsible and subordinate positions. This again is a sphere to which women are fitted naturally, and from which no one would seek to dislodge them with any chance of success.

Teaching is a profession in which women in all Western countries have rightly taken a large place in modern times. I regard this, like nursing, as a projection of the maternal instinct in every woman. But here too we must note the inevitable problem which arises with marriage.

In law I cannot see a bright immediate future for women. It is already no new thing for one to become a barrister, but I have yet to hear that any has rivaled Portia's success in the courts or—what would not be difficult—surpassed her skill in pleading. There is something in a lawyer's life which seems to render it peculiarly ungrateful to a woman.

I have been a lawyer for many years, not without success, but I should not wish to see any daughter of mine or of any of my friends confronted with the more arduous phases of legal life. Whatever may be thought of it by laymen, it requires a degree of concentration, endurance, sheer plodding and physical strength which makes too high a demand on the physique of the average woman.

Whether the entry of women into journalism and authorship can be called an improvement, I hardly care to say. Authorship is not a staple industry, complete with trusts, trade-unions and arbitration boards. No one would claim that a woman novelist who writes a "best-seller" is depriving a man of his privilege.

The writing of books, with the exception perhaps of mere hack work and compilation, is so

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essentially a gamble, so essentially a contest of wits, so essentially a sphere in which only a tiny proportion of aspirants achieves success, that it would be ridiculous to discuss with any appearance of seriousness whether or not women should attempt to enter it.

But daily journalism is quite another matter. Here imagination and the craft of words are harnessed to what is essentially an industrial machine. And here, I take it, whatever one thinks about women in industry must apply to a large extent.

There are certain differences, and most journalists would properly object to being classed with the hands in a factory. There is undoubtedly more scope for nimble wit in journalism than in most other trades. Certain portions of the average paper—especially those concerned with feminine adornment—are perhaps better discharged by a capable woman journalist than by the average male journalist. But such posts are few.

The vast majority of women journalists are employed, in England at any rate, as reporters. If it were the rule that men and women journalists must be paid equally for such work, I imagine that very few of these girls would retain their posts.

I have heard feminists point to the appearance of women on the stage—a phenomenon unknown a few generations ago—as proof of their theory that the whole world is now woman's oyster which she with sword will open. I cannot see the force of this argument.

In the days when there were no actresses and when boys played female parts—a state of things which still exists in the East—the stage was considered a disreputable profession; and it was to save women from humiliation that their presence was barred. But today the old prejudice against the theater has disappeared largely, the status of the acting profession has risen and no social stigma attaches to performers.

And since it is only reasonable that female rôles should be played by women, we in our day accept as normal and natural what our ancestors would have regarded with wide-eyed horror.

To suggest, however, that this change reflects the higher industrial status of women is an error; it represents only an improvement in the status of the theater.

The entry of women into politics has been a

sensational feature of recent years. There is hardly an important country today where women do not exercise the privilege of the vote, whether or not on equal terms with men, and few where they have not the right to enter the legislative assemblies. When I recall the claims made by feminists a few years ago of the vast access of strength and wisdom to the councils of nations which would follow the extension of the franchise to include women, I cannot but feel that there is reason for a certain disillusionment.

Political wisdom has not, I gather, been justified of its women. Nowhere is it possible to say that a nation has shown a great political advance by reason of the women's vote. On the contrary, I can call to mind legislation—liquor legislation in Norway, for example—which has owed its existence largely to its appeal to the woman voter, but which has proved a prodigious and recognized failure.

But in general women have not shown themselves especially influential at the polls. They tend to vote in accordance with the views of their husbands, with the result that the electorate has increased vastly in numbers but altered little in character. In short, the extension of votes to women has made small difference to the world; it certainly has not justified the arguments of the pre-war woman suffragist.

The active appearance of women in the political arena has equally failed to bear out the prophecies of the feminists. Women have not merely failed to demonstrate superior political aptitude to that of men, but at no time have they shown even the promise of ripe statesmanship. Nor do I imagine that later generations will on the whole produce women of larger political attainment.

In this connection I recall a passage from a speech which I delivered in the House of Commons some years before the war, in opposing one of the then frequent proposals to give votes to women. I do not know in what words I could make my position clearer today.

"I venture to say," I declared, "that the sum total of human happiness, knowledge and achievement would have been almost unaffected if Sappho had never sung, if Joan of Arc had never fought, if Siddons had never played, and if George Eliot had never written. At the same time, without the true functions of womanhood, faithfully discharged throughout the ages, the very existence of the race and

the tenderest and most sacred influences which animate mankind would have disappeared. Profoundly believing as I do that these influences are gravely menaced by the intrusion of women into the field of politics, I move the amendment which I have on the paper."

I stand on those views. To me the appearance of exceptional women in any sphere of life is not an argument for the whole sex. The existence of special cases necessitating special treatment—whether these be due to the unusual good-fortune or the unusual ill-fortune of the women concerned—ought not to decide our views.

It would be a thousand times better if the economic conditions of the world were so adjusted that women in the main did not have to compete with men, and try to earn their own living. So also, I am confident, would the physiological conditions of nature be better served.

It is Nature's law, not man's, that the duties of child-bearing and child-rearing shall be discharged by the female. Until this is changed—which will hardly be in the time of even the youngest feminist among us—I do not see how any thesis of "sex equality" can be advanced intelligently, or any argument based upon it be upheld. *The incursion of women into industry and politics has failed, is failing, and must of necessity fail.*

Nor is this to the true disadvantage of women. I do not speak merely of happiness, because happiness is so individual a quality that it is reckless to discuss it in general. I am thinking of women's influence in the world.

I can make my meaning more easily understood by repeating a remark made by the Duchess of Burgundy to Madame de Maintenon. "Do you know," she said, "why the queens of England have ruled so much better than the kings? It is because men govern under women's guidance, whereas women rule by the advice of men."

Though a woman may not take a revealed part in the conduct of affairs, we need not fall into the error of supposing that she has no influence in deciding them. Just as many a woman's arguments affect the casting of her husband's vote, so many a lesson learned in the heart of his family has changed a statesman's decision and set him on a new and more prudent line of inquiry. And this is true of every sphere of action.

Woman by Benito Mussolini (Continued from page 38)

designs, perhaps admiring at the same time the chicanery and loveliness of the woman in the case. It then settles back complacently to agree that she is "the eternal question."

The older peoples of the world persist to this day in solving her by keeping her in bondage, to be bought and sold as her owner and lord wishes. In their poetry and song they have degraded her position, and their literature is filled with epigrams on the perfidy of woman while at other times it bursts into rapturous song on her beauty, her loveliness and mystic intuition. The lower classes of the East treat her as a beast of burden and assign her the menial labor of the fields and household, for among them work is regarded as a curse and this curse they pass from themselves to place it upon her, enslaved and denied a soul.

But even in their profound contempt for her, the position of woman as mother always has been revered as an august and sacred one and the greatest adoration is paid to that finest of elemental affections as it is personified in the self-denial and self-sacrifice of maternal love. And while they extol and glorify woman's beauty, praise her wisdom and courage, they sometimes magnify her perfidy. "The Thousand and One Nights" conceives woman as a spring of happiness in its tales of love and lovers, but in a world that was made for man.

In our Christian era, a love novel sweeps the country while books on the arts and sciences become dusty on the shelves. Children listen

with rapt attention to the stories of the fairy prince and princess. Cinderella goes on and on. Young and old rejoice in lovers and the sweetheart is the perennial hero. "All the world loves him."

An aviator may span an ocean in a breath-taking flight and stagger a world. Another does it and still another and the interest wanes; it becomes commonplace. But the love tale goes on forever. Love is the prime pastime of mankind.

And it always has been the prime pastime of mankind. The idea of modern woman that she enjoys a different relationship to man than her earlier sisters, does not correspond to her nature. She cannot get away from love. The fact that she may be able to earn her own living is not the slightest reason for suppressing her feminine charms or becoming hardened to an unnatural concept of woman's position.

She is not the first of her kind to work. She may not have left the home as much as she does today, but she worked and worked to the limit of her endurance. Even now, in primitive countries and rather civilized ones, too, she does all the work. Her going into industry is no new thing. She not only has done her share in agriculture but she has spun and woven for many centuries.

She was in industry before the male, though perhaps not in modern form. She was a drudge and a beast of burden, and work has been her lot, much more oppressively than it has been

man's. Modern civilization has given her a respite due to invention and progress and a new social and industrial organization. She is in industry today but it really is only the modern form of her ancient activity.

She is no new woman. Though she may dress in mannish garb, cut her hair, drive an automobile or take up a career, she cannot evade the fact that she is still what she was and always will be what she was. Though she may smoke a cigaret, or even a cigar, her complex endowments have remained the same throughout the centuries.

The attributes with which she has fought her way through the rise in civilization have remained eternally hers. Though she has been surrounded by an ever-changing world and has changed and evolved with it in some respects—chiefly outwardly—basically, she is and will continue to be a woman.

Short hair never will make her a man, though I like her short hair. She may wear trousers, but that never will increase her masculinity. These modern vogues to ape the man and to pretend feminine independence are all futile and useless.

Where there is a real and utilitarian reason to copy a man's accustomed apparel, such as in riding a horse or working near machinery, then it becomes genuine and true, but simply to copy the male in order to flaunt independence and a masculine spirit and to masquerade virility is to defeat the very aim intended. Movements

and parades and votes and conventions and dress will avail little. Whatever woman projects, she cannot escape being a woman, possessing the attributes of woman.

The examples of strong women who have risen intermittently to a place of prominence in history in various branches of the world's activity are few. One woman out of the millions may be able to attract the notice of mankind and to impose on the world for a time her right to recognition in some profession or in the arts and sciences. That one woman, by the very fact that she is unique, becomes the rare exception. She is a prodigy.

A Madame Curie appears only at the rarest intervals.

I have studied a woman playing the violin. I have observed many who were regarded as exceptional artists, but not one ever attained the force and majesty which the spirit of the masculine man can put into it. The playing lays bare the feminine lack of dash. It needs power and vigor. If she attempts to put these into it she miserably fails, for she does not possess that which she hopes to give.

Strive as some women will to assert their independence, they never will achieve completely their aim and retain their feminine charms—the very things which make them captivating to the male. Why should a woman assume mannishness when she is not created to be a man or to be like a man? Her instincts and emotions are the complement for those of the man. There is give and take between them. Both have something to bestow on the other and both in return receive.

One of the most enchanting episodes of life is the beginning of the love play. The woman runs away from the man, hoping to be caught and overpowered. She is possessed of a resistance weakened by willingness to conform to the wishes of the male. She is the passive provoker. She incites and draws man in pursuit. Caprice and beauty are her weapons. She cannot command him to follow. If he is drawn in pursuit, the parrying begins. He sallies, she recoils; he sallies again, she recoils a second time but more feebly, and so it goes on until he becomes the master.

Loveliness in feminine flesh mingled with feminine artifice does battle with masculine strength. These are the arms, she with hers and he with his. Can she fight the battle in any other way than her own? The contest is a paradox. She wins when she is overpowered and crushed. She plays the battle that she may be conquered. She loses when she is left on the field alone, when her adversary refuses to carry the fight to her.

Crushed and yet conquering, she becomes the spiritual partner of her male master. She cannot forego her adoration and admiration for the male. Though she may think she is going to the assault in life, though she may feel that she is living her own life, leading her own movements and enlarging her sphere of action as a woman, inevitably she must return in her own consciousness to realize that if fate has been kind to her, she is bound body and soul to some dominant male. And happy is her thought if he is pleased with the devoted efforts of the voluntary slavery.

The tales of woman's conquest of man have been amusing and bewitching, but she never has conquered man. She is just what man wills her to be. Though she may at times rebel, she is forced finally to surrender. Man is in full possession of woman's liberties and measures them to her as a merchant does a piece of cloth. She acquires the right to do this and that, to vote, to own property, only when man says that she can, the world over.

Woman can win man's love but his driving spirit remains untouched and he goes in turn to conquer a world. He will turn aside to play with her, but he will not surrender ambition and the course he has marked for himself. The oft-repeated platitude that somewhere in every strong man there is the influence of a woman, is a woven fancy. That there is a feminine "power behind the throne" is a flimsy tissue of the imagination. No woman ever has



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A WARNING to WOMEN who wear Tight Hats

BOBBED hair has created a vogue of close fitting hats—and physicians say that tight hats are probably responsible for much of the baldness among men.



HERE are two simple rules for keeping your hair vigorously healthy in spite of the injurious effect of tight hats.

1. Keep the scalp clean! Shampoo regularly with Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. Made from pure crude and pine tar oils, it cleanses deep down to the hair roots yet does not leave the hair harsh or dry.
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been the dominant influence in a strong man's life.

Man in his very biological and psychological nature must be the aggressor and dominator. The world would be upside down if it were permitted that woman should try to dominate. Her very nature imposes upon her a willing submission to the power and strength of the male, physically and psychologically. Wherever you find a strong woman dominating a weak man, there you have an anachronism, derangement and disturbance.

There have been women who have been, for a brief moment, the sole aim and end of some powerful man, but they stand out in bold relief, not as influencing the course of the strong man's life, or of being the controlling influence in it, but as furnishing a tender respite as he indomitably fights his way on the stubborn path of destiny. The life of a great man could have no dominating power controlling it and ruling it, for if that power were displaced, the great man would be stripped of his strength and

would, in reality, be weak. Men of invincible will and command rise unassisted in the fullness of their strength.

However, contact with woman is a strong man's necessity, for through her he is brought to feel more keenly the human side of things. Through her he can see life exemplified in all its tender motives, its emotions of affection and sympathy. She serves as the soothing spirit to his hardened will as he grinds and plods against a stubborn world and often she recalls to him the gentler attributes with which the human soul is endowed.

His fight, however, must be stern and the direction of his course will not deviate on the major aim of his career. She remains his relaxation and recreation.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence.

But beyond it all there is marriage, which will be treated in a later article. No man should evade the responsibilities of rearing a family.

The Passing of Ambrose *(Continued from page 33)*

him, nor could he get the slightest thrill out of the Babylonian banquet scene which had cost five hundred thousand dollars.

From start to finish he sat in a dull apathy; then, at last, the ordeal over, he stumbled out into daylight and the open air. Like G. Cecil Terwilliger at a poignant crisis in the fourth reel, he was as one on whom Life has forced its bitter cup and who has drained it to the lees.

And it was this moment, when a strong man stood face to face with his soul, that Old Stinker with the rashness of youth selected for beginning again about the hat.

"I say," said Old Stinker, as they came out into the bustling Strand, "you've no idea what an ass you look in that napper."

"Priceless," agreed Wilfred cordially. "A perfect mess."

"All you want is a banjo and you could make a fortune singing comic songs outside the pubs."

On his first introduction to these little fellows it had seemed to Ambrose that they had touched the lowest possible level to which humanity can descend. It now became apparent that there were hitherto unimagined depths which it was in their power to plumb. There is a point beyond which even a Wiffin's self-control fails to function. The next moment, above the roar of London's traffic there sounded the crisp note of a well-smacked head.

It was Wilfred who, being nearest, had received the treatment; and it was at Wilfred that an elderly lady, pausing, pointed with indignant horror in every waggle of her fingertip.

"Why did you strike that little boy?" demanded the elderly lady.

Ambrose made no answer. He was in no mood for riddles. Besides, to reply fully to the question, he would have been obliged to trace the whole history of his love, to dilate on the agony it had caused him to discover that his goddess had feet of clay, to explain how little by little through the recent entertainment there had grown a fever in his blood, caused by this boy sucking peppermints, shuffling his feet, giggling and reading out the subtitles. Lastly, he would have had to discuss at length the matter of the hat.

Unequal to these things, he merely glowered; and such was the caliber of his scowl that the other supposed that here was the authentic Abysmal Brute.

"I've a good mind to call a policeman," she said.

It is a peculiar phenomenon of life in London that the magic word "policeman" has only to be whispered in any of its thoroughfares to attract a crowd of substantial dimensions. Ambrose, gazing about him, now discovered that their little group had been augmented by some thirty citizens, each of whom was regarding him in much the same way that he

would have regarded the accused in a big murder-trial at the Old Bailey.

A passionate desire to be elsewhere came upon the young man. Of all things in this life he disliked most a scene—and this was plainly working up into a scene of the worst kind. Seizing his sacred trusts by the elbow, he ran them across the street. The crowd continued to stand and stare at the spot where the incident had occurred.

For some little time, safe on the opposite pavement, Ambrose was too busily occupied in reassembling his disintegrated nervous system to give any attention to the world about him. He was recalled to mundane matters by a piercing squeal of ecstasy from his young companions.

"Oo! Oysters!"

"Golly! Oysters!"

And he became aware that they were standing outside a restaurant whose window was deeply paved with those shell-fish. On these the two lads were gloating with bulging eyes. "I could do with an oyster!" said Old Stinker.

"So could I jolly well do with an oyster," said Wilfred.

"I bet I could eat more oysters than you."

"I bet you couldn't."

"I bet I could."

"I bet you couldn't."

"I bet you a million pounds I could."

"I bet you a million trillion pounds you couldn't."

Ambrose had had no intention of presiding over the hideous sporting contest which they appeared to be planning. Apart from the nauseous idea of devouring oysters at half past four in the afternoon, he resented the notion of spending any more of his money on these gargoyles.

But at this juncture he observed, threading her way nimbly through the traffic, the elderly lady who had made the scene. A Number 33 omnibus could have got her quite easily, but by sheer carelessness failed to do so; and now she was on the pavement and heading in their direction. There was not an instant to be lost.

"Push in," he said hoarsely. "Push in."

A moment later they were seated at a table and a waiter who looked like one of the executive staff of the Black Hand was hovering beside them with pencil and pad.

Ambrose made one last appeal to his guests' better feelings.

"You can't really want oysters at this time of day," he said almost pleadingly.

"I bet you we can," said Old Stinker.

"I bet you a billion pounds we can," said Wilfred.

"Oh, all right," said Ambrose. "Oysters."

He sank back in his chair and endeavored to

avert his eyes from the grim proceedings. Eons passed, and he was aware that the gollumping noises at his side had ceased. All things end in time. Even the weariest river winds somewhere to the sea. Wilfred and Old Stinker had stopped eating oysters.

"Finished?" he asked in a cold voice. There was a moment's pause. The boys seemed hesitant.

"Yes, if there aren't any more."

"There aren't," said Ambrose. He beckoned to the waiter, who was leaning against the wall dreaming of old, happy murders of his distant youth. "L'addition," he said curtly.

"Sare?"

"The bill."

"The pill? Oh, yes, sare."

Shrill and jovial laughter greeted the word.

"He said 'pill'!" gurgled Old Stinker.

"'Pill'!" echoed Wilfred.

They punched each other distractedly to signify their appreciation of this excellent comedy. The waiter, flushing darkly, muttered something in his native tongue and seemed about to reach for his stiletto. Ambrose reddened to the eyebrows. Laughing at waiters was simply one of the things that aren't done, and he felt his position acutely. It was a relief when the Black Hander returned with his change.

There was only a solitary sixpence on the plate, and Ambrose hastened to dip in his pocket for further coins to supplement this. A handsome tip would, he reasoned, show the waiter that, though circumstances had forced these two giggling outcasts upon him spiritually he had no affiliation with them. It would be a gesture which would put him at once on an altogether different plane.

The man would understand that, dubious though the company might be in which he had met him, Ambrose Wiffin himself was all right and had a heart of gold. "Simpático," he believed these Italians called it.

And then he sat up, tingling as from an electric shock. From pocket to pocket his fingers flew and in each found only emptiness. The awful truth was clear. An afternoon spent in paying huge taxi fares, buying seats for motion-picture performances, pressing half-crowns into the palms of Czech-Slovakian rear-admirals and filling small boys with oysters had left him a financial ruin. That sixpence was all he had to get these two blighted boys back to Eaton Square.

Ambrose Wiffin paused at the cross-roads. In all his life he had never left a waiter untipped. He had not supposed it could be done. He had looked upon the tipping of waiters as a natural process, impossible to evade, like breathing or leaving the bottom button of your waistcoat unfastened.

Ghosts of bygone Wiffins—Wiffins who had scattered largess to the multitude in the Middle Ages, Wiffins who in Regency days had flung landlords purses of gold—seemed to crowd at his elbow, imploring the last of their line not to disgrace the family name.

On the other hand, sixpence would just pay for bus fares and remove from him the necessity of walking two miles through the streets of London in a squashed top hat and in the society of Wilfred and Old Stinker.

If it had been Wilfred alone—or even Old Stinker alone . . . Or if that hat did not look so extraordinarily like something off the stage of a low-class music-hall . . .

Ambrose Wiffin made the great decision. Pocketing the sixpence with one swift motion of the hand and breathing heavily through his nose, he sprang to his feet.

"Come on!" he growled.

He could have bet on his little friends. They acted just as he had expected they would. No tact. No reticence. Not an effort towards handling the situation. Just two bright young children of Nature who said the first thing that came into their heads and who, he hoped, would wake up tomorrow morning with ptomaine poisoning.

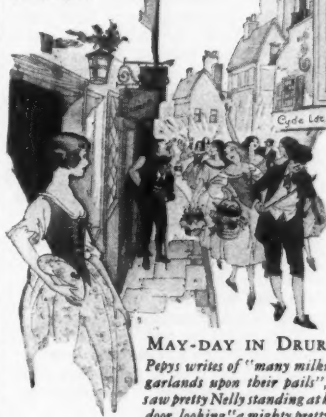
"I say!" It was Wilfred who gave tongue first of the pair, and his clear voice rang through

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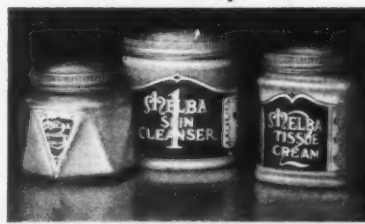
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the restaurant like a bugle. "You haven't tipped him!"

"I say!" Old Stinker chiming in, extraordinarily bell-like. "Dash it all, aren't you going to tip him?"

"You haven't tipped the waiter," said Wilfred, making his meaning clearer.

"The waiter," explained Old Stinker, clarifying the situation of its last trace of ambiguity. "You haven't tipped him!"

"Come on!" said Ambrose. "Push out! Push out!"

A hundred dead Wiffins shrieked a ghostly shriek and covered their faces with their winding-sheets. A stunned waiter clutched his napkin to his breast. And Ambrose, with bowed head, shot out of the door like a conscience-stricken rabbit. In that supreme moment he even forgot that he was wearing a top-hat like a concertina. So true is it that the greater emotion swallows up the less.

A heaven-sent omnibus stopped before him in a traffic block. He pushed his little charges in and, as they charged in their gay, boyish way to the farther end of the vehicle, seated himself next to the door, as far away from them as possible. Then, removing the hat, he sat back and closed his eyes.

Hitherto, when sitting back with closed eyes, it had always been the custom of Ambrose Wiffin to give himself up to holy thoughts about Bobbie. But now they refused to come. Plenty of thoughts, but not holy ones. It was as though the supply had petered out.

Too dashed bad of the girl, he meant, letting him in for a thing like this. Absolutely too dashed bad of her. And, mark you, she had intended from the very beginning, mind you, to let him in for it. Oh, yes, she had. All that about suddenly remembering an appointment, he meant to say. Perfect rot. Wouldn't hold water for a second.

She never had had the least intention of coming into that bally moving-picture place. Right from the start she had planned to lure him into the thing and then ooze off and land him with these septic kids, and what he meant was that it was too dashed bad of her.

Yes, the verdict might be severe, but he declined to mince his words. Too dashed bad. Not playing the game. A bit thick. In short—well, to put it in a nutshell, too dashed bad.

THE omnibus rolled on. Ambrose opened his eyes in order to note progress. He was delighted to observe that they were already nearing Hyde Park corner. At last he permitted himself to breathe freely. His martyrdom was practically over. Only a little longer now, only a few short minutes, and he would be able to deliver the two pestilences F. O. B. at their dens in Eaton Square, wash them out of his life forever, return to the comfort and safety of his cozy rooms in the Albany, and there begin life anew.

The thought was heartening. And Ambrose, greatly restored, turned to sketching out in his mind the details of the drink which his man, under his own personal supervision, should mix for him immediately upon his return. As to this he was quite clear.

Many blokes in his position—practically, you might say, saved at last from worse than death—would make it a stiff whisky and soda. But Ambrose, though he had no prejudice against whisky and soda, felt otherwise.

It must be a cocktail. The cocktail of a lifetime. A cocktail that would ring down the ages, in which gin blended smoothly with Italian vermuth and the spot of old brandy nestled like a trusting child against the dash of absinthe . . .

He sat up sharply. He stared. No, his eyes had not deceived him. At the far end of the omnibus Trouble was rearing its ugly head.

On occasions of great disaster it is seldom that the spectator perceives instantly every detail of what is toward. The thing creeps upon him gradually, impinging itself upon his consciousness in progressive stages.

All that the inhabitants of Pompeii, for

example, observed in the early stages of that city's doom was probably a mere puff of smoke. "Ah!" they said. "A puff of smoke!" and let it go at that. So with Ambrose Wiffin in the case of which we are treating.

The first thing that attracted Ambrose's attention was the face of a man who had come in at the last stop and seated himself immediately opposite Old Stinker. It was an extraordinarily solemn face, spotty in parts and bathed in a rather remarkable crimson flush. The eyes, which were prominent, wore a fixed, far-away look. Ambrose had noted them as they passed him. They were round, glassy eyes. They were, briefly, the eyes of a man who has lunched.

In the casual way in which one examines one's fellow passengers on an omnibus, Ambrose had allowed his gaze to flit from time to time to this person's face. For some minutes its expression had remained unaltered. The man might have been sitting for his photograph. But now into the eyes there was creeping a look almost of animation. The flush had begun to deepen. For some reason or other, it was plain, the machinery of the brain was starting to move once more.

Ambrose watched him idly. No premonition of doom came to him. He was simply mildly interested.

And then, little by little, there crept upon him a faint sensation of discomfort.

The man's behavior had now begun to be definitely peculiar. There was only one adjective to describe his manner, and that was the adjective odd. Slowly he had heaved himself up into a more rigid posture, and with his hands on his knees was bending slightly forward. His eyes had taken on a still glassier expression, and now with the glassiness was blended horror. Unmistakable horror. He was staring fixedly at some object directly in front of him.

It was a white mouse. Or, rather, at present merely the head of a white mouse. This head, protruding from the breast-pocket of Old Stinker's jacket, was moving slowly from side to side. Then, tiring of confinement, the entire mouse left the pocket, climbed down its proprietor's person until it reached his knee, and, having done a little washing and brushing-up, twitched its whiskers and looked across with benevolent pink eyes at the man opposite. The latter drew a sharp breath, swallowed, and moved his lips for a moment. It seemed to Ambrose that he was praying.

The glassy-eyed passenger was a man of resource. Possibly this sort of thing had happened to him before and he knew the procedure. He now closed his eyes, kept them closed for perhaps half a minute, then opened them again.

The mouse was still there.

It is at moments such as this that the best comes out in a man. You may impair it with a series of injudicious lunches, but you never wholly can destroy the spirit that has made Englishmen what they are. When the hour strikes, the old bulldog strain will show itself. Shakespeare noticed the same thing. His back against the wall, an Englishman, no matter how well he has lunched, always will sell his life dearly.

The glassy-eyed man, as he would have been the first to admit, had had just that couple over the eight which make all the difference, but he was a Briton. Whipping off his hat and uttering a hoarse cry—possibly, though the words could not be distinguished, that old, heart-stirring appeal to St. George which rang out over the fields of Agincourt and Crécy—he leaned forward and smacked at the mouse.

The mouse had seen it coming. It did the only possible thing. It sidestepped and, slipping to the floor, went into retreat there. And then from every side there arose the stricken cries of women in peril.

History, dealing with the affair, will raise its eyebrows at the conductor of the omnibus. He was patently inadequate. He pulled a cord, stopped the vehicle, and advancing into the interior, said, "Ere!" Napoleon might just as

well have said "Ere!" at the Battle of Waterloo. Forces far beyond the control of mere words had been unchained.

Old Stinker was kicking the glassy-eyed passenger's shin. The glassy-eyed man was protesting that he was a gentleman. Three women were endeavoring to get through an exit planned by the omnibus' architect to accommodate but one traveler alone.

And then a massive, uniformed figure was in their midst.

"Wot's this?"

Ambrose waited no longer. He had had sufficient. Edging round the newcomer, he dropped from the omnibus and with swift strides vanished into the darkness.

THE morning of February the fifteenth came murky to London in a mantle of fog. It found Ambrose Wiffin breakfasting in bed. On the tray before him was a letter. Twenty-four hours ago the sight of that handwriting would have set his heart aflutter beneath his orange pajamas, but now he regarded it coldly. Physically, he was in the pink, but he no longer loved.

His heart was dead, he regarded the opposite sex as a washout, and letters from Bobbie Wickham could stir no chord.

He already had perused this letter, but now he took it up once more and, his lips curved in a bitter smile, ran his eyes over it again, noting some of its high spots.

—very disappointed in you . . . cannot understand how you could have behaved in such an extraordinary way—

Ha!

—did think I could have trusted you to look after . . . And then you go and leave the poor little fellows alone in the middle of London—

Oh, he, ha!

—Wilfred arrived home in charge of a policeman, and Mother is furious. I don't think I have ever seen her so pre-war . . .

Ambrose Wiffin threw the letter down and picked up the telephone.

"Hullo."

"Hullo."

"Algy?"

"Yes. Who's that?"

"Ambrose Wiffin."

"Oh? What ho!"

"What ho!"

"I say," said Algy Crufts, "what became of you yesterday afternoon? I kept trying to get you on the phone and you were out."

"Sorry," said Ambrose Wiffin. "I was taking a couple of kids to the movies."

"What on earth for?"

"Oh, well, one likes to get the chance of giving a little pleasure to people, don't you know. One ought not always to be thinking of oneself. One ought to try to bring a little sunshine into the lives of others."

"I suppose," said Algy skeptically, "that, as a matter of fact, young Bobbie Wickham was with you, too, and you held her bally hand all the time."

"Nothing of the kind," replied Ambrose Wiffin with dignity. "Miss Wickham was not there. What were you trying to get me on the phone about yesterday?"

"To ask you not to be a chump and stay hanging about London in this beastly weather. Ambrose, old bird, you simply must come tomorrow."

"Algy, old cork, I was just going to ring you up to say I would."

"You were?"

"Absolutely."

"Great work! Sound egg! Right ho, then, I'll meet you under the clock at Charing Cross at half past nine."

"Right ho. I'll be there."

"Right ho. Under the clock."

"Right ho. The good old clock."

"Right ho," said Algy Crufts.

"Right ho," said Ambrose Wiffin.

Aforesaid Bates

(Continued from page 37)

guess. Then old man Bates gets on the peck like that, exposin' his most secret thoughts to a cold and callous world. It don't make sense. And that fight they pulled off! I've seen school kids do more damage."

"I didn't see the fight," said Maginnis.

"No, you didn't. You and all these here visitin' waddies just happened in opportunely—just in time to stop it." Pepper regarded his companion with cold suspicion. "Eddy Early, Lafe and Cole and you, and this man Evans—that's some several old-timers turnin' up in Tripoli—and not one of you been here before in ten years. I tell you, Mr. Spinal Maginnis, Esquire, horse thief and liar—I've been thinkin'!"

"You mustn't do that, feller," said Spinal anxiously. "You'll strain yourself. You plumb alarm me. You don't act nowise like any town man, anyhow—not to me."

"I was out of town once," admitted Pepper. "Some years ago, that was."

"Curious," said Spinal. "Once a man has put in some few years tryin' to outguess and outthink pinto ponies and long-horned steers, he ain't fooled much by the cunning' devices of his fellow humans. But as a favor to me—if them thoughts of yours begin to bother your head, why, when you feel real talkative, just save it up and say it to me, won't you?"

"I'll do that," said Pepper. "You rest easy."

Because the thrusting mesa was high and bare, with no overlooking hills or shelter of trees for attacking Apaches, men built a walled town there, shouldering above the green valley; a station and resting-place on the long road to Chihuahua. England fought France in Spain that year, and so these founders gave to their desert stronghold the name of Talavera.

When England and France fought Russia in the Crimea, Talavera dreaded the Apaches no more, and young trees grew on the high mesa, cherished by far-brought water of a brave new ditch. A generation later the mesa was a riot of far-seen greenery; not Talavera now, but Tripoli, for its threefold citizenship: the farmers, the miner folk from the hills, who built homes there as a protest against the glaring desert, and the prosperous gentry from sweltering San Lucas, the county-seat. These last built spacious; a summer suburb, highest, farthest from the river, latest and up-to-date. Detraction knew this suburb as Lawville.

Where the highest *acequia* curved and clung to enfold the last possible inch of winnings, the wide windows of Yellowhouse peered through the dark luxurious shade of Yellowhouse Yards. That winding *acequia* made here a frontier; one pace beyond, the golden desert held undisputed sway. Generous and gracious, Yellowhouse Yards; but Pickett Boone had not designed them. They had been made his by due process of law. Pickett Boone was the "slickest" lawyer of San Lucas.

"Wildest game ever pulled off in Tripoli," said Joe Gandy. It was the morning after the sacking-up of Blinker Murphy.

"Big money?"

"Oh, man! And the way they played it! Dog-everlastin'-gone it, Mr. Boone, I watched 'em raise and tilt one pot till I was dizzy—and when it comes to a show-down, Eddie Early had big and little casino, Cole Railston had fifteen-six, Yancey had pinocle, and old Aforesaid had high, low, jack and the game. Yessir; the three of 'em stood pat and bet their fool heads off; and that old mule of a Spinal Maginnis saw it through and raked the pot with just two spindlin' little pair. I never see the beat."

Pickett Boone considered leisurely. A film came over his pale eyes. "And they put the boots to Bates?"

"Stuck him from start to finish. They was all winners except him and Spinal. About the first peep o' day Bates calls for the tab and gives Jake a check for twenty-eight hundred."

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"You seem to be bearing up under the loss pretty well," said Boone. He eyed his informant reflectively. "You're chief deputy and willing to be sheriff. But somehow you've never made much of a hit with Bates and the Mundo Chico crowd."

Gandy scowled. "After what Bull Pepper's tender heart made him do to Murphy, I dassent say I'm glad old Bates shot his wad. All the same, I'm declarin' myself that I wish I might ha' grabbed a piece of that. I can't see where it helps Tripoli any to have all that good dough carried off to Magdalena and Salamanca and Deming. But them waddies was all set to skin Bates, I reckon, and they wasn't wishful for any help a-tall."

"It is the custom of all banks," said Lawyer Boone reflectively, "to give out no information concerning their clients. But—" His voice trailed to silence.

"I got you," said the deputy. "But a lame man can always get enough wood for a crutch? So you know just about how much Aforesaid has left—is that it?"

"How little." Boone made the correction with tranquillity.

"I'm thinkin' the whole Little World bunch is about due to bust up," said Joe jubilantly.

"He always wanted that Little World country, Pickett Boone did," said Pickett Boone. "Mason's only chance to pay Pickett was to get Bates to tide him over. Pickett was afraid of that. That's off, after him and Bates beating each other up. To make it sure and safe, Bates blows his roll at poker."

"Good enough. The banks have loaned money to the cowmen up to the limit, what with the drought and the bottom fallen out of prices. So Mason can't get any more money from any bank. And he can't sell any steers, the shape they're in now. Pickett's got him," said Pickett, with a fine relish. "He'll get Hall too. More than that, he'll get old Bates himself, if the dry weather holds out." His lips tightened, his pale eyes were hot with hate, his voice snarled in his throat. "Even if I lose by it—I'll break that insolent bunch."

"They've stuck together, hand in glove, till now," said Joe eagerly. "But they're all crossways and quarrelin' right now—and if the drought keeps up they'll be worse. Once they split," said Joe Gandy, "you and me can get some of our own back."

"Hark!" said Boone. "Who's coming?"

On the curving driveway Mr. Aforesaid Bates rode under an archway of pecan trees. An ear was swollen, an eye was green and yellow, but Mr. Bates rode jauntily.

"A fine morning, sir. Get off," said Lawyer Boone. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

"The mornin' is all you claim for it," said Aforesaid Bates, dismounting. "But the pleasure is all yours. For Andy Bates, it is business that brings him here. It's like this, Mr. Boone—I gave a little party last night and so I thought I might as well come over and sign on the dotted line."

"You thought—what?"

"I want to borrow some money of you. I gotta buy hay and corn and what not, hire a mess of hands and try to pull my cattle through."

"Why don't you go to the bank?"

"The bank wouldn't loan me one measly dollar," said Bates, "and well you know it."

"If it is too risky for the banks it is too risky for me."

"Whither," said Bates dreamily—"whither are we driftin'? Of course it's risky for you. You know it and I know it. What a lot of fool talk! Think I've been vaccinated with a phonograph needle? You've been yearnin' for my ranch since Heck was a pup. That's another thing we both know. I'm bettin' you don't get it. Half-way House and the brand, I'll bet, against four thousand with interest, three years at twelve percent. Call it a mortgage, of course, but it's a bet and you know it."

"The security is hardly sufficient," said Boone icily. "I might consider three thousand for, say, two years. Your cattle may all die."

"Right. But the ranch will be right there—

and you'll lend me four thousand on that ranch and your chance on any cattle toughin' through, and you'll loan it to me for three years, or not at all. No—and I don't make out any note for five thousand and take four thousand, either. You'll gamble on my terms, or not at all."

"You assume a most unusual attitude for a would-be borrower," observed the lawyer acidly. His eyes were smoldering.

"You've been wantin' my scalp, Mister Man. Here's your chance to take it—and you dassent let it pass. I see it in your hard old ugly eye. All you have to do is offer one more objection and I'm off to sell the ranch to Jastrow. I dare you to wait another minute," said this remarkable borrower, rising.

"Sit down," snapped the lawyer. "I'll make out the mortgage. You are an insolent, bullying, overbearing old man. You'll get your money and I'll get your ranch."

"Listen to the gipsy's warning," said Mr. Bates earnestly. "You'll never own one square foot of my ranch! Now don't say I didn't tell you. You do all your gloatin' now while the gloatin' is good!"

The three rode together to the nearest notary public; the papers were made out and signed; the Aforesaid Bates took his check and departed, whistling. Gandy and Boone paced soberly back to Yellowhouse Yards.

"Mr. Aforesaid Andrew Jackson Bates—the old smart Aleck!" sneered Pickett Boone. "Yah! He's crossed me for ten years, and now, by the Lord Harry, I've got him in the bag with Hall and Mason! Patience does it."

"We can ease the strain on your patience a little," said Gandy. "More ways than one. You know Bates has strung a drift fence across the canyon above Silver Spring? Yes? That's illegal. He's got a right smart of grass in the roughs up there, fenced off so nobody's cattle but his can get to it. If somebody would swear out a complaint, it would be my duty as deputy sheriff to see that fence come down. Then everybody's cattle could get at that fenced grass—"

The lawyer's malicious joy broke out in a startling sound of croaking, rusty laughter. "That would start more trouble. Sure! We'll have to make you the next sheriff, Joe. Count on me."

Joe's eyes narrowed. He tapped the lawyer's knee with a strong forefinger; he turned his hand upside down and beckoned with that same finger. "Count to me! Cash money, right in my horny hand. Sheriff sounds fine—but you don't have all the say. I've got more ideas and I need money. Do I get it?"

"If they're good ideas."

"They're good and they're cheap. Not too cheap. I name the price. How do I know you'll pay me? Easy. If you don't, I'll tip your game. We understand each other."

The lawyer peered under drooping lids. "We may safely assume as much," he said gently. "Now those other ideas of yours?"

"What do you think Bates is goin' to do with that money you lent him? Buy alfalfa with it—cottonseed-meal, maybe—that's what. So will the other guys, so far as their money goes. Well, you've got plenty money. You go buy up all the alfalfa stacks in the upper end of the valley. You can get it for ten or twelve dollars a ton, if you go about it quietly. Then you soak 'em good. They'll need teams and teamsters. You run up the price. The ideas good, hey? Worth good money?"

"They are. You'll get it." The lawyer raised his sullen eyes. "These high-minded gentlemen have been mighty scornful to a certain sly old fox we know of. They owe me for years of insult, spoken and unspoken. I'll bring their pride to the dust!"

Gandy threw back his hat and ran his hand through his sandy hair in troubled thought; he eyed his patron with frank distaste.

"You listen to me. Here's a few words that's worth money to hear, and I don't charge you one cent. Listen! Those birds don't care whether school keeps or not! Yessir, my red head is only fair to middlin', but I know that

much. That ain't all, either. I'm goin' to tell you something I didn't know myself till just now. That Little World outfit have done me dirt and rubbed it in; and I am only a sorry rascal at best. But never so sorry as when I help a poisonous old spider like you to rig a snare for them hard-shells. So the price of ideas has gone up. Doubled."

"Another idea? You'll get your price—if I use it."

"What do you expect to get for a yearlin' steer strong enough to stand shippin'?"

"Twelve dollars. Maybe more."

"Here's what you do. There won't be many buyers. You go off somewhere and subsidize you a buyer. Fix him; sell him your bunch for ten dollars. Sell 'em publicly. That will knock the bottom out and put the finishin' touches on the Little World people."

"Well, that's splendid," said Boone jubilantly. "That's fine! In reality, I will get my eleven or twelve a head, minus what it costs to fix the buyer."

"Well—not quite," said Gandy. "You really want to figure on payin' me enough to keep me contented and happy."

No smoke came from the chimney. Dryford yard was packed and hard, no fresh tracks showed there or in the road from the gate, no answer came to his call.

"Up on the flats, tryin' to save his cows," said Hob. "Thought so. Up against it plenty, cow-men are." Unsaddling, he saw a man on foot coming through the fenced fields to Dryford. Hobby met him at the bars.

The newcomer was an ancient Mexican, who doffed a shapeless sombrero with a flourish. "Buenos días, caballero!" he said.

"Buenos días, Señor. My name is Hobby Lull, and I'm a friend of Johnny's."

"Oh, sí, sí! I haf hear El Señor Juan spik of you—oh, manee time. Of Garfiel—no?"

"That's the place. And where's Johnny? Up on the flat?"

"Oh, sí! Three months ago. You are to come to my little house, plizz, and I weel tell you, while I mek supper. I am to tek care of here for El Señor Johnny, while the young man are gone to help this pippie of Mundo Chico. Ah, qué mala suerte! Ver' bad luck for thoss, and they are good pippie—muy simpático."

"Are their cattle dyin' much?" said Hobby.

"Pero no, hombre. Myself. I am old. I do not go—but Zenobio he say, no. Some—the old cows—is die, but not so manee. Veree theen, he say, but not to die—onlee some."

"I don't understand it," said Hobby. "Drought is a heap worse here than anywhere else. Fifty miles each way, last fall, we had quite some little rain—but not here. Tomorrow I'll go look see how come."

Tomorrow found Hobby breaking his fast by firelight and well on his way by the first flush of day. He toiled up the deep of the draw and came to the level plain with the sun. Early as he was, another was before him. Far to the south a horseman rode along the rim, heading towards him. Hobby dismounted to wait. As he drew near Hobby knew the burly chest and bull neck—Pepper of Tripoli, "Bull" Pepper. Hobby sat crosslegged in the sand and looked up; Pepper looked down.

"Picnic?"

"Hunting for Hopper, Bates—any of the bunch."

"So'm I. Let's ride. It's goin' to be a scorcher."

The sun rode high and hot as they came to Half-way House. The plain shimmered white and bare, the grass was gnawed to a stubble of bare roots, the bushes stripped bare; a glare of gray dust was thick about them.

"Ain't this simply hell?" croaked Pepper. "And where's the cattle? Must be a little grass further out, for I haven't seen one cow yet today. Come to think of it, I didn't see but mighty few dead ones considerin'."

"That's it, I guess. They've hazed 'em all away from here. Hey, by Jove! Not all of 'em! Look there!" Hobby reined in his horse.

Half-way House lay before them, a splotch of

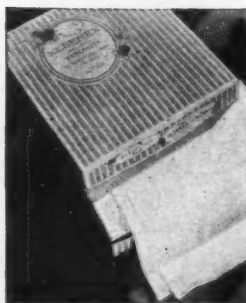
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greenery at the south horn of Selden Hill; far beyond and high above, up and up again, a blur of red and white moved on the granite ribs of the mountain. Far and high; but they saw a twinkling of sun on steel and a thin tapping came steadily to their ears.

"Axes!" said Pepper. "They're choppin' something. I know—sotol! Heard about it in Arizona. Choppin' sotol to feed the cattle. C'm'on, we're goin' to learn something."

There were no cattle in the water pens. They watered their horses, they rode up the Silver Spring trail, steep and hard. Where once the sotol bush had made an army here, their lances shining in the sun, the bouldered slope was matted and strewn with the thorn-edged, saber-shaped outer leaves of the sotol, covering and half covering those fallen lances.

"Think of that, now! They cleaned off every sotol on this hill, like a mowin'-machine in grass. Fed the fleshy heart to the cows—and chopped off sixteen hundred million outside leaves to get at the hearts." Pepper groaned in sympathy. "Gosh, what a lot of work! They're almost to the top of the mountain, too. If it don't rain pretty quick, they're goin' to run out of sotol. Here, let's tie our horses and climb up."

Turning, twisting, they clambered painfully up the rocky steep and came breathless to the scene of action. The cattle, that once would run on sight, were all too tame now, crowding close upon their sometime enemies in their eagerness for their iron rations, struggling greedily for the last fleshy and succulent leaves.

The axmen were two: Mr. Aforesaid Bates, Mr. Richard Mason. Both beamed a simple and unaffected welcome to the newcomers.

"Here you are!" said Dick gaily.

Pepper glowered, his face dark with suspicion. He shook a slow forefinger at them. "Bates, I never was plumb crazy about you. There's times when you act just like you was somebody—and I don't like it. All the same, there's something goin' on that ain't no ways fittin' and proper. Friend or no friend, I rode out here to wise you up. And now I've got half a mind to ride back without tellin' you. What was the idea of pullin' that fake fight, huh?"

"Why, Mr. Pepper!" said Mason in a small, shocked voice. "I do hope you didn't think Andy and me was fightin'? Why, that was just our daily dozen."

"Information is what I want," said Bull firmly. "Where's your cows and calves? There's none here. Where's your mares? We didn't see a track. How's Charlie See makin' it? Where's Johnny Hopper? Who, why, when, where? Tell it to me."

"We serve two meals a day," said Bates. "Early as we can and late as we can—dodgin' the sun as much as possible. Cows go down to drink in the middle of the day, and come back up for supper. Don't have to drive 'em. Far as they can hear an ax, they totter to it."

"And you're feedin' little bunches like this all around the mountain?" said Pepper.

"Correct. We brought up two-three wagon-loads of axes and Mexicans and grindstones," said Bates. "Yessir, all along Selden Hill and Checkerboard, for thirty-five miles, you can behold little pastoral scenes like this, anywhere there's a hillside of sotol. They burn the thorns off prickly-pears, too, and feed them. But you first, Mr. Pepper—you was sayin' you was uneasy in your mind, if any. Spill it."

"You and Hopper bought up a lot of alfalfa down in the valley, didn't you?"

"Yes. That was for all of us."

"Well, Pickett Boone he went snoopin' around and found out from Serafino how much you paid. Ten dollars. Cash? No. Written contract or word of mouth? Just a promise. Boone says he'll pay more and pay cash. Twelve dollars? No. Thirteen? Fourteen? No, says Serafino, mighty sorrowful—word of a caballero. A trade is a trade. Same way at Zenobio's. But old José Maria fell for it, and Boone bought his hay, over your head, at fourteen. Mateo's too. Isn't that a regular greaser trick?"

"I'd call it a regular Pickett Boone trick, myself. Pickett Boone ought to have his tonsils removed," said Mason, with a trace of acrimony.

"Well, Boone he's fixin' to bleed you proper. He sends out his strikers right and left and he's contracted for just about all the hay in this end of the valley—cut and uncut. I'll tell a man! All down in black and white. Pickett Boone, he don't trust no Mexican."

Bates sighed. "That's all right, then. Myself, I think them Mexicans are pretty good gente. They sure followed instructions."

"What!" said Bull Pepper.

"Yes," said Bates. "To feed what cows and calves we got under fence at Dryford, we really wanted some of that hay—what Boone didn't buy and a couple of loads we hauled up here to my place. But for all the other ranches except mine, it's a heap easier to haul baled hay from Deming on a level road, than to drag uphill through sand from the valley."

"So we told the Mexicans what not to say, and how. Made a pool. Mexicans furnished the hay and we furnished Boone. The difference between ten a ton and what Boone pays we split even, half to the Mexicans, half to us."

"Give me that ax," said Pepper.

"The way to take care of cattle durin' a drought," said Aforesaid Bates sagely, "is to begin while it is rainin' hard."

A curving cliff made shelter of deep shade over Silver Spring. Hobby and Mason washed dishes by the dying fire; Bull Pepper sat petulant on a boulder and lanced delicately under fresh blisters on his hands; Bates sprawled happily against a bed roll, and smoked a cob pipe, luxurious, tranquil and benign.

"We wasn't quite as forehanded as that," said Bates, "but we done pretty well. It never rains here from March to July, of course; and along about the middle of April we began to get dubious would it rain in July. So we made a pool. Likewise, we took steps, plenty copious. High time, too. Lots of the old ones was dyin' on us even then."

"First of all, we rounded up all the broom-tailed mares—about four hundred, all told. Most of 'em was Bud Faulkner's, but none of us was plumb innocent. We chartered Headlight, sobered him up, give him some certified checks and a couple of Mex boys and headed him for Old Mexico with the mares."

"By then the cow stuff was weak and pitiful. We couldn't have even a shadow of a round-up—but we did what was never seen before in open country. We set up a chuck-wagon, a water wagon, one hay wagon and two when needful, and a wagon to haul calves in—and by gravy, we worked the whole range with wagons. When we came to a bunch, they'd string out. The strongest would walk off, and then we'd ease what was left to the nearest hospital, taking the calves in the wagon, if needful. We made a pool, you understand. Not mine, yours or his. We took care of the stock that needed it most, strays and all."

"We tailed 'em up. I'm leavin' out the pitiful part—the starvin', staggerin' and bawlin' of 'em, and the question their eyes asked of us. Heart-breakin', them eyes of theirs."

"We shoved about two hundred of the strongest cows and calves in the roughs above here, in that pasture I fenced off. They've stripped this end bare as a bone now and moved up to Hospital Springs. We took the very weakest down to the river, scattered them out with Johnny's Mexican neighbors. And we had to haul baled hay to feed that bunch to keep 'em alive while we moved. But the heft of 'em we threw into Charlie See's pasture. Anybody's, so long as they needed it. Charlie didn't have a head of his own in there, except accordin' to their need."

"And who was the master mind?" asked Hobby. "Who got this up? You, Uncle Andy?"

"Why, no," said Bates. "I didn't. Charlie See took the lead, naturally, when he threw open his pasture to all hands. We made a pool, I tell you. Combined all our resources. Them that had brains, they put in brains, and

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them that didn't, they put in what they had. Mason had a mess of old wagons. Hopper, he thought of working his Mexican friends for pasture. Hall, he studied up our little speculation in hay; Red thought it would be a bright idea to have Bud Faulkner's mares hie them hence, and Bud, he showed us what an ax would do to *sotol* bush. I'm comin' to that."

"I had some extra harness, too," said Mason meekly. "Comin' down to facts, the auditor was my idea too. That's what I said—auditor. Remember Sam Girdlestone, that was searchin' for oil last year? Well, he come back visitin' and found us in a fix. We put him to work. He keeps track of all costs, and credits each one with whatever he puts in—cash, credit, work, wagons, or wisdom. We give him a percentage on our losses."

"Aside from that," said Mr. Mason, "Andy is a pernicious old liar, and well he knows it. See has got a little sense in his own name—I'll admit that. The rest of us have just enough brains to keep a stiff upper lip, and that lets us out. Andy Bates is the man. For instance, Henry Hall broke out into prophecy that Boone wouldn't miss nary chance to do us dirt on the alfalfa—but it was Aforesaid that rigged the deadfall accordin'."

"Bud Faulkner was feeding *sotol*, a head and a half to a cow and a half. So Bates gets him a pencil and a tally-book, ciphers two-three days and announces that if so many *sotol* hearts a day would keep so many cows alive so many days, then several more *sotol* hearts would keep several thousand head till it rained, if any."

"We saw this, after he explained it to us, and we hired all the Mexicans north of a given point. That's the way it went."

"We haven't lost many cattle, considerin'," said Bates. "We've kept our stock, we've kept our lips in the position indicated by friend Mason, of Deep Well; and we've kept our sorrows to ourselves."

"Except when desirable to air them?" hinted Pepper. "In Jake's Place, for example? With a purpose, perhaps?"

"Except when desirable. But we've lost most of our calf crop, most of next year's calf crop, our credit is all shot, and what cash we have can't be squandered payin' old bills—because we need it to buy what we can't get charged. We got men choppin' *sotol* on every hill."

"That's why I wrote to you, Hobby. You haven't been at Garfield long, your credit's good. We want to ease out all the steers that can put one foot in front of another, and get you to wheedle 'em along to Garfield, gradual, place 'em around amongst the Mexicans' pastures, where they'll get a little alfalfa, watch 'em that they don't bloat, buy hay for 'em as needed—on jaw-bone—and get 'em shaped up for late sales, if any. If there should happen to be any steer from a brand that isn't mortgaged, you'll have a claim on him to make you safe. Are you game?"

"You know it," said Hob. "A very fine scheme," said Bull Pepper approvingly. "But like all best-laid plans, it has a weak point."

"Yes?" said Aforesaid encouragingly. "I'm the weak point," said Pepper. "You have ill-wishers in Tripoli. But Tripoli doesn't know of any of these very interestin' steps you have taken. Tripoli doesn't dream that you are in a fair way to pull through if unmolested, or you'd sure be molested a plenty. Now that you gentlemen have opened up your souls and showed me the works, what's to hinder me from hikin' down and givin' the show away?"

"You don't understand," said Bates patiently. "If you had been that kind of a man, we wouldn't have said a word."

"I see," said Pepper. "And you haven't made any mistake, either. If my saddle could talk, I'd burn it. I'll be one to help Lull with your steers—and by the Lord Harry, I'll lend you what money I've got to pull you through."

"Why, that's fine, Bull, and we thank you. Glad to have you plod along with the drive, but we won't need any money. Because," said Bates, "I have already—uh—effected a



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UNTIL YOU MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST ON
YOUR HANDS. YOUR SKIN INSTANTLY FEELS
SOFT AND SMOOTH AS AN ORCHID PETAL

SIMPLY swish a few handfuls of Linit Starch in a basin of warm water then wash your hands using your favorite soap. Soon as your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a delightful smoothness—and after you dry your hands, INSTANTLY your skin feels soft and smooth as a rose petal.

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This satiny smoothness that you feel after the Linit Beauty



Bath comes from a thin layer of Linit that is left on the skin. This almost invisible "coating" of Linit absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

STARCH from Corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists that they generally recommend it for the tender, sensitive skin of young babies.



LINIT Starch is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

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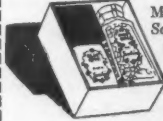
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loan. The best is, I've got three years to pay it in. Boone was very kind."

"You old fox! I sensed it, sort of—and yet I could hardly believe it. You gymnasticked around and made Pickett Boone think you and Mason were on the prod; you went through the motions of goin' broke at poker, so you could trick him into lendin' you money—virtually extendin' Boone's mortgage."

"Had to have it," said Aforesaid modestly.

Red-faced and sweating, Andy Bates became aware that someone hailed him from the trail below. He zigzagged down the hill.

"That's Joe Gandy," said Bates to Bates. "Gee whiz, I wonder if someone is suin' me already . . . Hello, Joe, what's your will?"

"Sorry, Mr. Bates—but it has been reported to the Land Office that you're fencin' in government land, and they wrote up for me to investigate. Made me deputy U. S. Marshal *pro tem*. Sorry—but I have to do my duty."

"Yes, I know," said Bates, without enthusiasm. "That fence, now? I did build a fence, seems like. Let me see, now—what did I do with that fence? Oh, yes—I know!" His face brightened, he radiated cheerfulness. "I took it down again. You ride up and see. You'll find a quarter of a mile still standing across the canyon at Silver Spring. That's on my patented land—so you be damn' sure you shut the gate when you go through. Beyond my land, you'll find the fence down—quite a ways, anyhow."

With a black look for the old man, Gandy spurred up the trail. It was an hour later when he came back.

"Well?" said Bates, from beneath a cedar.

"The fence is down, as you said—some of it."

"I knew that. What I want to know is, did you shut that gate?"

Gandy's face flamed to the hair edge. He shook a threatening finger at his tormentor. "You saved up that grass, turned your cattle in to eat it up, and then took the fence down."

"I figured some meddlesome skunk would come snoopin' and pryin' around," said Bates mildly, "and I judged it would be best if I beat him to it."

"You insolent old fool!" bawled Gandy. "If it wasn't for your old gray beard I'd stomp you right into the ground."

Bates smiled benevolently. "I got chores on hand, as you see." He waved his hand at the hillside where fifty cows waited his return to resume breakfast. "Feedin' my cows. It would hinder me terrible to be stomped into the ground right now. But I'll tell you what I'll do. If it ever rains, I'm goin' to sleep maybe a month. And then I'm goin' down to Tripoli and shave off my old gray beard. When you meet up with me, and I'm wearin' a slick face, you begin stompin' that face right off."

Strained, haggard and grim, August burned to a close in a dumb terror of silence. September followed, with days unchanging, flaming, intolerable, desperate.

The equinox was near at hand. With no warning, night came down on misery and morning rose in mist. The mist thickened, stirred, trembled at last to a warm thin rain.

That fine rain grew to a drenching shower, the shower swelled to a steady downpour; earth and beast and man rejoiced together. The night fell black and vast; and morning broke in bitter storm. All day it held in windy, shrieking uproar, failed through the night to a low driving rain, with gusty splashes and lulls between. Then followed two sunless days and starless nights, checkered with shower and slack.

The fifth day saw blue patches of the sky. But the drought was broken; the brave earth put forth blade and shoot and shaft again.

Dim in the central desert lies a rain-made "lake," so called. Its life is but brief weeks or months at best; five years in ten it is not filled at all. Because of that, because it is far from living water, because the deepest well has found no water here, the grama-grasses are

still unruined, untouched save in time of heavy rains. Shallow and small, muddy, insignificant, lonely, unbeautiful, in all the world there is no "lake" so poor—and none more loved.

You may guess the reason by the name. It was called *Providencia*—three hundred years ago. Smile if you will. But if the cattle have a name for it, surely their meaning is not different from ours.

The starved life of the Little World still held the old tradition of that lonely lake. Everywhere, in long, slow, plodding strings, converging, they toiled heavily through the famished ranges to their poor land of promise and the lake of their hope.

Pickett Boone's steers were in Tripoli pens. Other small herds were held near by on the mesa, where a swift riot of wild pea-vine had grown since the rains began. Riders from these herds were in to hear of prices. Steers were in sorry shape, buyers were scarce and shy.

John Copeland, steer buyer, rode out slowly from the pens with Pickett Boone. They halted at a group of conversational cow-men.

"Well, boys, I've sold," said Pickett Boone. He held out his hands palm up, in deprecation. "Ten dollars. Not enough. But what can I do? I can't hold them over—nearly a thousand head."

A murmur of protest ran around the circle of riders. Some were eloquently resentful.

"Sorry, boys," said the buyer. "But we would make more if your stuff shaped so we could pay you fifteen. Your steers are a poor buy at any price. Wait a minute while I settle with Boone." He produced a large flat bill-book. "Here's your check, Mr. Boone. Nine thousand, eight hundred dollars. Nine hundred and eighty steers. Correct?"

Boone fingered the check doubtfully. "Why, this is your personal check," he said.

Copeland flipped it over and indicated an indorsement with his thumb. "John Jastrow's signature. You know that—and there's Jastrow, sitting on the fence. 'S all right'"

"Oh, I guess so," said Boone.

"And here's the bill of sale, all made out," said the buyer briskly. "Here's my fountain pen. Sign up and I'll be trading with the others."

A troubled look came to Boone's eyes, but he signed after a moment's hesitation.

"Witnesses!" said Copeland. "The line forms on the right. Two of you. Then we'll go over to the other fellows and talk it up together. Thanks. Let's ride."

Boone motioned Copeland to the rear. "Come down as soon as you can," he said, in an undertone, "and we'll finish up."

"Huh?" said Copeland blankly.

"Pay me the balance—two dollars a head—and I'll give you my check for five hundred, as we agreed."

"My memory is shockingly poor," said Copeland, and sighed.

Boone turned pale. "Are you going to be a dirty thief and a double-crosser?"

"I wouldn't put it past me," confessed Copeland. "Mine is a low and despicable character. You'd be surprised. But I'm never crooked in the line of my profession. Among gentlemen, I believe, that is called 'the point of honor.' You may have heard of it? If I made any such agreement with you—depend upon it, I took the proposition straight to John Jastrow. I never hold out on a client."

"This is a conspiracy!" said Boone. He trembled with rage and fear.

"Prove it," advised the buyer. "Lope up and tell the boys what you framed up. I've got your bill of sale, witnessed. Go tell 'em!"

"They'd shoot me," said Boone.

"That's what I think," said Copeland unfeelingly, and rode on.

A shout went up as the buyer overtook the cavalcade. "Here come the West Side boys." The newcomers were Mason and Murray, of the Little World, with young Sam Girdlestone, attached. "Hullo, Dick. Where's your herd? And where's the rest of you?"

"Howdy, boys!" said Mason. "Bates and See, they've gone on downtown. The others didn't come. We didn't bring any steers. Prices too low—so we hear."

"Boone sold at ten dollars," said Bill McCall. "I'll starve before I'll take that."

Mason smiled. "We won't sell, either. Not now. We aim to get more than twelve, by holdin' on a spell."

Boone turned savagely and reined his horse against Mason's. Here was a victim in his power, on whom he could safely vent his fury.

"Your gang may not sell, but you'll sell, right now! Your time's up in a few days, and I'm going to have my money!"

"Well, you needn't shriek about it," Mason's brow puckered in thought. "That's so, I do owe you something, don't I? A mortgage? Yes, yes. To be sure. Due about October twentieth . . . Maybe I can pay you now. Can't afford to sell at such prices."

"I get twelve dollars," declared McCall stoutly, "or my dogies trudge back home."

"Oh, I'll give you twelve," said the buyer. "Prices have gone up. I just sold that bunch again—them in the pen—for twelve dollars. To Jastrow."

"O-o-o-hh!" A wolf's wail came from Boone's throat.

"How's that?" demanded McCall. "Thought Jastrow bought 'em in the first place."

"Oh, no. I bought 'em in behalf of a pool."

Mason unrolled a fat wallet. "Here, Mr. Boone, let's see if I've got enough to pay you." He thumbed over checks, counting them. "Here's a lot of assorted checks—Eddy Early, Yancey, Evans—all that poker-playin' bunch. They tot up to twenty-eight hundred, all told." He glanced casually at Pickett Boone. That gentleman clung shaking to the saddle horn, narrowly observed by mystified East Siders. Mason prattled on, unheeding. "And old Aforesaid, he gave me a biggish check this morning. Glad you reminded me of it, Mr. Boone."

"You know, Mr. Mason," said Copeland, "you're forgetting your steer money. Here it is. Two dollars a head. Nineteen hundred and sixty dollars. Nice profit. You might better have held out for twelve, Mr. Boone. These Little World people made a pool and bought your steers—and then sold them to Jastrow in ten minutes."

"You come on downtown after a while, Mr. Boone," said Mason. "Bring your little old mortgage and I'll fix you up. Take your time. You're lookin' poorly."

Sam Girdlestone and Henry Hall were riding down the pleasant street toward supper when Sam took note of an approaching pedestrian. He had a familiar look, but Sam could not quite place him.

"Who's that, Henry?" said Sam.

Hall reined in and shouted. "Great Scott! It's Squire Bates, and him shaved slick and clean! Hi, Aforesaid, what's the idea? You gettin' married, or something?" He leaned on the saddle horn as Bates drew near. "Heavens above, Andy—what in the world has happened to your nose?"

"My nose?" said Bates, puzzled. He glanced down the nose in question, finding it undeniably swollen. He fingered it gingerly. "It does look funny, doesn't it?"

"Look there! What's happened?" cried Sam, in a startled voice. "That man's hurt!"

Bates turned to look. Two men came from the door of Jake's Place, supporting the staggering steps of a third man between them.

Bates peered again. "Why, I do believe it's Joe Gandy!" he declared.

"But what's happened to him, Uncle Andy?" demanded Sam eagerly.

Bates raised clear untroubled eyes to Sam's. "I remember now," he said. "It was Joe Gandy that hit me on this nose . . . How it all comes back to me! The Bible says when a man smites you on one cheek to turn the other. I done that. Then I didn't have any further instructions, so I used my own judgment!"

"What have I done?"

NO LONGER have they anything in common. He takes little interest in his home, or in her.

Her listlessness, her lack of vivacity have gradually taken the joy out of their marriage. She doesn't know what has caused it. Neither does he.

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\$100⁰⁰ by Richard Connell (Continued from page 101)

as the men from the front room dashed in.

Nature had favored Barney Zimmerman with a long, dirty-white patriarchal beard and two watery blue eyes, which looked out from gaunt cheeks in a beseeching, helpless way. That beard and those eyes were Mr. Zimmerman's stock in trade. He took them every evening to a corner on upper Fifth Avenue where he sat on a box, huddled a threadbare ulster about him, and displayed on his knees a box of pencils and a large tin cup. That snowy night business was bad, very bad.

Steve, entirely sober now, walked hurriedly up Fifth Avenue. He was trying to get away from Jake Harmon's face, staring up at the ceiling with vacant eyes. He felt sick inside. He'd go West, change his name and start a

new sort of life. The money burned in his pocket. Blood money. A curse was on it.

He heard a thin voice droning, "Help an old man, sir. Help an old man."

Steve plunged a hand into his pocket. "Here y'are, pop." He tossed a bill into the tin cup.

"God bless you, sir. God bless you."

Steve strode on. A sudden great sense of relief rushed over him.

The venerable Barney Zimmerman hobbled into an office-building in Thirty-ninth Street. To a man behind a grille he said:

"I want to make a little investment. I been reading in the papers that this radio stock you're selling is good."

"A splendid investment, sir," said the bespectacled man. "Eight percent on the

preferred stock. Ninety-eight a share. How much will you want?"

"One," said Barney Zimmerman. He passed through the window XC999,877.

Mr. Theodore Kramer, being hungry, decided to go out to luncheon. He emerged from his private office, nodded benignly to a battery of vice-presidents behind their desks, and strolled to the cashier's cage.

"Anderson," he said to a bespectacled man, "let me have some cash."

"Yes, Mr. Kramer. How much, sir?"

"Oh, a hundred will do."

"Here you are, sir."

"Charge it to overhead," said Mr. Kramer. He picked up XC999,877, tucked it in his wallet, and went out to luncheon.

A Slave of the Gods by Katherine Mayo (Continued from page 65)

trancelike remainder of that day the child had whispered to herself.

So at nightfall, shrouding her bright raiment with a servant's scarf, she contrived with mouse-like cunning to slip out of the house and lose herself in the mass of pilgrims pressing to and fro through the temple streets.

In and out through the crowd she wove, knowing nothing of way or place, conscious only of the terror at her back. To run she dared not, lest someone ask her why. Yet, presently, seeing a wider, less peopled street, she darted toward it, in the instinct for space.

But just as she cleared the fringe of traffic, some idler's hand, snatching at her scarf, tore it away, exposing her telltale temple dress.

"A *deva-dasi*! A Slave of the Gods! A runaway!" shouted the idler, giving chase. And the pilgrim pack turned after him in full cry.

Lakshmi ran—ran—as fast as fear could speed her. Her heart hammered cold in her throat. The world whirled around her.

"Lighten-our-darkness—defend-us—perils-and-dangers—" she panted. But they gained—they were closing in upon her—her strength was spent . . .

And then it happened.

Out of a doorway stepped a lady—her face was white. Lakshmi saw the face—and with one last sobbing cry sprang into the lady's outstretched arms. "For-the-sake-of-Jesus-Christ—Lord," she gasped aloud, and fainted dead away.

The lady faced the crowd. "What means all this?" she demanded.

"It is a *deva-dasi*—a temple prostitute. She belongs to our gods. She has run away. Give her to us! Give her here! We will take her back to the Brahmins," shouted many voices, half frenzied, wholly threatening.

But the lady seemed to grow suddenly tall.

"This child has claimed my help in the name of Jesus Christ, my Lord," the words rang like a bell, clear and slow. "Fall back!"

For a moment she so confronted them. Then, for all their numbers and their fury, they faltered, broke and melted from before her till she stood alone, with the child in her arms.

"It was my own *mantra*—my charm—that worked," said Lakshmi, afterward. "Now what can I do for your Lord? Can I dance for Him, and sing?"

Yet for a full year thereafter one who knew and understood had to sleep, to eat, to live with the child, to clear her mind of the rank weeds sown in thought and speech and deed.

Lakshmi, now, is what you would have her—a happy, hearty, wholesome child, living in love-nurtured peace.

As for the lady who rose in her path that night, she spends her life in the rescue of little Slaves of the Gods. But even today her work, because of the hatreds and dangers that surround it, must be done in the silence of namelessness, lest it be killed.

A Dragoman of Cairo by Sir Philip Gibbs (Continued from page 53)

Evelyn is frightfully keen on Egyptology and she has a very charming guide with her! . . . Here they are, called back by nature's clock, which is a hungry tummy."

Evelyn waved her hand from the top of the sand-hill and called "Coo-ee!"

Young March was close beside her. They came running down the slope together, hand in hand, like schoolfellows, as they had once been in an English village, and Evelyn was excited when she joined our group.

"Look!" she cried. "See what we found in the sand. One just walks on history. All the past lies beneath our feet!"

She had found half a dozen mummy beads and a Roman coin and a little scarab.

"Look, Dick!" she said, holding them out to her husband. "Isn't that extraordinary luck? We were sitting down in the sand and I wasn't even looking for anything when I saw this scarab gleaming white, close to my foot."

"It's probably a fake," said Major Eland. "They all are. And anyhow isn't it time we had something to eat?"

Leonard March laughed good-naturedly. "Not a bad idea, and I expect Mustapha has prepared a pretty good meal . . . But it's not a fake. That scarab, I mean. It was really very lucky that Evelyn should have spotted it. It's probably been lying there for three thousand years or so."

"I would like to stay here for six months," said Evelyn. "Egypt has captured my little white soul. Modern civilization slips away from one out here in the desert."

"That's why I dislike it," answered her husband gruffly.

"One feels—liberated, spiritualized," said

Evelyn, looking across the desert. "It seems absurd to go back to London with all its vulgarities and the smell of gasoline, and the noise of motor-busses roaring round Piccadilly!"

"Well, speaking for myself," said Mr. Lympos, "I prefer Connecticut to Cairo. I miss my shower-bath and the comforts of modern civilization . . . Still, one can do a lot with a cocktail shaker. Major, try this little pick-me-up. It's good."

Mustapha had arranged a table and chairs outside our row of white tents, five of them, with camp-beds inside and neat little wash-stands and cheap rugs. A hundred yards away was the kitchen tent and beyond lay our camels, with their drivers sleeping beside them.

No other living thing was in sight. We were alone in the desert with the interminable sand stretching around us in long restful waves under the deep blue dome, and with a shimmer of heat which dazzled our eyes. Ten miles away faintly penciled above the horizon was a line of pyramids at Sakkara, immense and ghostly.

Mustapha's Nubian cook had come out of his tent with two assistants of his own race and color, to wait upon us with the banquet they had prepared. They were in white with red sashes and red slippers, and were exactly like their ancestors who had been the slaves of Rameses and all the pharaohs. Mustapha himself looked like one of those young pharaohs, I thought, as he stood proudly aloof from these serving-men after a few directions to them, standing motionless with his arms folded in a brown sleeveless tunic above his white robe.

Mrs. Lympos took a moving picture of us on her "baby" cinematograph. Lady Ladbrook

powdered her nose between the courses and fixed a sunshade to shield her complexion.

No hint of tragedy, one would say. Yet I was uneasy and watchful. There was some dark passion at work in the mind of Major Eland.

I glanced at him now and then and saw how grim and silent he sat at this table in the desert, and how once or twice he raised his eyes to that young wife of his with a searching, brooding look as though he had some frightful doubt about her. She was sitting next to young March, and they were talking about the early civilization of Egypt, and the belief in the immortality of the soul which was revealed in the Book of the Dead.

"The *Ka* is the soul as we think of it," said Leonard March. "But they believed in a kind of bodily survival, a physical immortality subject to all human needs. That's why they placed food in the tombs and the models of those *ushabti* representing the servants who had waited upon them in life. It seems certain now that in very early times—10,000 B.C., perhaps—they actually sacrificed their slaves and servants so that they should not be unattended on the other side."

"How awful!" said Evelyn. She gave a little shudder and then laughed. "Perhaps the slaves liked it, poor dears, and felt rather proud of being sacrificed for their lord and master . . . But Leonard, tell me about that tomb you opened. It must have been terribly thrilling to be the first to go into the chamber after six thousand years."

"It was the tomb of a princess," said young March. "Her hair was like yours—almost as fair—and perfectly preserved until at the first breath of air it dissolved into dust."

He smiled and looked shyly at Evelyn's hair under her white scarf, with a kind of pity that one day it would dissolve also into dust. Then I think he was conscious that Major Eland was looking at him across the table. Very charmingly and courteously this bronzed young man raised his glass of white wine and said, "Allah! Akhbar! Good health, major."

It was done in the friendliest way, and I am certain now, as I was then, that Leonard March was perfectly loyal to Evelyn's husband and had no guilty love—though certainly love and admiration—for this young married woman who had come into his life again after their boy-and-girl friendship.

"Tell me, Mr. March—" began Mrs. Lympos of Greenwich, Connecticut.

I forget what question that lady asked. I was watching Eland. When March had raised his glass and drunk his health the major flushed deeply and took his own glass with a fumbling hand. Now when young March's attention was turned to Mrs. Lympos he flung his wine into the sand with a gesture of uncontrollable rage. For a moment or two he breathed jerkily, and glanced round to see if anyone had noticed his action.

There were two of us who had noticed it—Lady Ladbroke, who gave me a malicious smile, and myself. But we avoided the major's eyes

The man was mad with jealousy, and I cannot acquit Lady Ladbroke of guilt in having stirred it up and played the female Iago with this Othello in plus fours. Sometimes I suspected her of having the instincts of a "vamp," for on the voyage out from Monaco she had fastened herself upon Major Eland and had tried to captivate him by her pretty feline ways, annoying him considerably, as I knew—once in my cabin he had called her "that detestable woman"—and utterly failing to allure him.

Then she had amused herself, and perhaps avenged herself, by exciting his jealousy against young March. I remember some of her malicious little phrases which I had overheard from time to time as I passed them on deck, during those wonderful evenings when we crept down the Mediterranean through the Greek islands with a blue unruffled sea below our keel, and magic effects of light and color, and old memories of Greek beauty and history which, surely, should have raised one's soul above the petty malice of life. But Lady Ladbroke babbled on.

"Young Mr. March is about the same age as your wife, isn't he? How pleasant for her to meet such a charming boy again! She's such a romantic darling and so desperately interested in Egyptology. You will have to be careful, major! Allah is great, but juxtaposition is greater." I forget who said that, but it's very true, don't you think?

"Perhaps your golf stories are not quite so thrilling as tales of Egyptian tombs. . . . Do you think it's quite discreet of you to let Evelyn go into Mr. March's cabin to look at his scarabs and things? Of course I know it's perfectly all right, but people do talk, don't they? All these Americans. . . ."

Those were not her exact words, but that was the kind of thing she said in her high laughing voice. And at first Major Eland pooh-poohed her hints and veiled suggestions.

"Evelyn makes her own friends," he said. "Young March is a nice boy. They come from the same place in Sussex. His father was a parson. . . . Do you mind if I smoke a cigar?"

That at least was how he answered her once when I was leaning over the side of the boat, quite close to them.

And yet her words must have put hideous ideas into the man's mind and called up sinister suspicions from that dark underworld of the subconscious mind. He was twenty years older than Evelyn, though not more than forty-five, and perhaps that difference of age had begun to haunt him as a danger that might make a fool of him one day.

Something must have shaken his own self-confidence, his faith in Evelyn's loyalty—some

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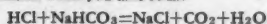
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touch of insanity which occasionally leaps into a man's brain and makes him utterly unreasonable on some particular point, though perfectly sane and balanced otherwise. A "complex," to use the modern jargon.

The first time I had become aware of it was one night when we were nearing Alexandria. We had been dancing under an awning on B deck and certainly Evelyn had danced rather frequently with Leonard March, thereby causing Lady Ladbroke to make one of her "catty" little comments.

"Inseparable, those two dears! Egyptology is such a link between them. Our beautiful Evelyn looks quite mystical tonight."

I don't know about looking mystical, but she was looking beautiful in a white frock with a rope of pearls about her throat, and a chain of smaller pearls twined about her hair. She danced charmingly with young March.

Presently as they passed, and the music ceased, I heard her speak to her partner.

"Isn't it rather hot here, Lenny? Let's go on to the boat-deck and get a little air."

"A good idea," he said. "The stars are out."

They made their way through the dancers and went into the darkness beyond the awning. And then suddenly I saw Eland's face. He was sitting in a deck chair near the orchestra and there was a look in his eyes that startled me. It was the look of a man stricken with some frightful doubt, even with some horrible fear.

He rose slowly from his low chair and came along the edge of the deck on the cabin side shouldering past some of the dancers, careless of good manners. I am almost sure he had been drinking, but I was startled by his loud breathing.

"Major!" said Lady Ladbroke.

He did not hear her, but strode out beyond the awning to that darkness into which his wife and Leonard March had disappeared.

"It is rather hot in here," said Lady Ladbroke lightly. "Let's go up to the boat-deck."

She put her hand on my sleeve and I confess that I yielded to the temptation of following Eland, not from mere idle curiosity but with a kind of feeling that I might be wanted—at Leonard March's side.

It was of course quite dark on the boat-deck except for the luminous night over the Mediterranean and the faint light of stars.

"A lovely night!" I said, but Lady Ladbroke put her hand on my arm again and whispered: "Hush! Don't talk. It's too beautiful!"

I could not see Eland, but there standing against one of the boats were Evelyn and Leonard March. Evelyn's face was raised a little towards the stars, and I heard her speak.

"I shall never forget this beauty, Lenny. When I'm back in South Kensington it will seem like a dream of some other life, with you by my side."

Innocent words that might be spoken by any girl to any man on a night like this under the stars. But Lady Ladbroke gave my arm a tighter grip.

Young March answered cheerily and without undue sentiment, though with sufficient gallantry and tenderness.

"It's a pity the voyage is so short. I can't imagine anything more enchanting than to go traveling with you forever like this. But I hope I don't bore you too much with my enthusiasm for mummies and things!"

He laughed in his shy way and we did not hear Evelyn's answer, though I saw her take hold of his hand as though protesting against the idea of being bored. Deliberately I made some commonplace remark to Lady Ladbroke so that we should not be eavesdroppers.

At the same time I saw Eland come out from behind one of the boats. He approached stealthily, in a pantherine way. But at the sound of my voice he stood still.

"Is that you, major?" asked Lady Ladbroke. "Too hot below, don't you think? These young people were wise to come up!"

"Think so?" he answered huskily. A moment later he lighted a cigar with an unsteady hand and the flame of his match showed the pallor of his face.

"Hullo, all you people!" cried Evelyn. "So you have found our little sanctuary, have you? This deck is becoming too popular."

There was not a tremor in her voice to suggest that she had been love-making or was afraid of being found here. It was the frank and laughing voice of a girl who had nothing to conceal. But Eland spoke to his wife roughly.

"Come down and join the crowd," he said. "I don't like you slinking up here in the darkness. Besides"—his voice softened a little as though he were ashamed already of his ill temper—"you'll catch cold."

"Oh, no!" said Evelyn. "It's perfectly warm—and I don't like that word 'slinking,' Dick! It's not quite nice, is it?"

He mumbled some kind of apology and presently we all went down and danced again. Or rather I danced with Evelyn, and Lady Ladbroke with Mr. Lympos, the American, who was much taken with her. Eland sat apart again, smoking moodily and drinking.

That was why now, in the desert, I was uneasy. The very innocence of Evelyn Eland and the simplicity and good-nature of Leonard March made them behave in a way that might be twisted to sinister meanings by a mind in which the poison of jealousy was working hideously.

We lingered over that desert meal which was quite a banquet, ending miraculously with Christmas plum pudding—that Nubian cook was a genius—lighted with brandy. It was absurd, really, in the hot sunshine, but amusing in its contrast of modern ways with the sense of immemorial age around us in view of those distant pyramids which had looked down upon the beginning of civilization.

We had arranged to take a siesta in the afternoon and then in the evening to mount our camels again and ride in the moonlight to see, close at hand, the pyramids of Sakkara, and possibly go down into a tomb which had been excavated recently by a group of English archeologists. At least that was the program proposed by Leonard March after consultation with Mustapha and agreed to with enthusiasm by Evelyn and Lady Ladbroke, and indeed all of us except Major Eland.

He said something about "those stinking camels" and the danger of catching a chill in the night air. Besides, he said, he was utterly "fed up" with pyramids and tombs and mummies. This worship of the ancient Egyptians gave him the creeps.

Evelyn laughed at him good-naturedly, but there was a sudden challenge in her eyes when he said, "I don't wish you to go, Evelyn."

"Oh, but I'm going!" she said. "I wouldn't miss that moonlight ride for anything. It's going to be wonderful, especially as Lenny is to show us that tomb."

"I ask you not to go," said the major, breathing heavily again.

"My dear old Dick," cried Evelyn, "I don't know what's happened to you lately. Have you lost your sense of humor or something?"

"Yes," he answered rather slowly. "I've lost my sense of humor. There are some things beyond humor."

"I'm afraid I don't understand you," said Evelyn, looking bewildered and for a moment, I thought, just a little alarmed because of her husband's strange mood.

Mrs. Lympos came to the rescue and eased a painful situation by some comical remark which made us all laugh—except the major. But half an hour later something else happened which was even more painful.

It was caused or at least connected with the statuette of that Egyptian god—Horus, the son of Osiris—which Eland had bought for his wife in an antique shop not far from Shephard's Hotel. Evelyn had brought it with her as a mascot, and had propped it up on the table as a kind of presiding deity of our feast. It was Mrs. Lympos who drew our attention to the likeness of Mustapha to this falcon-headed figure, and then we thought no more about it until Eland made a fool of himself by his bad temper again.

Perhaps he had some justification. I want to be fair to him.

Looking back on the whole episode, I think Evelyn and Leonard March were a little careless of his feelings and too absorbed in each other because of their interest in Egyptology and this romance of the desert. I am even prepared to admit that this young married woman with a middle-aged husband was touched unconsciously by a romantic hero-worship for this good-looking young man and that unknown to herself she was drawn towards him by the ordinary pull of nature—youth to youth—or by some spiritual affinity.

There was something in her eyes when she looked at him that went beyond an interest in Egyptology, a softness, a shining, glamorous look which would have made me jealous if I had been her husband. She sat there with a smile playing about her lips, as Leonard March drew little pictures, teaching her the Egyptian alphabet and the figures of the gods.

Mustapha drew near respectfully and stood there like a statue, with only his eyes moving as he followed the working of March's quick pencil drawing those gods who had been feared and worshiped by this man's race, and still had power perhaps over their minds in spite of their Mohammedan faith.

There were only four of us at table now. Mr. Lympos had gone to sleep in his tent. Lady Ladbrook had retired. Mrs. Lympos—inde fatigable—was taking a moving picture of the camel drivers and Nubian cooks.

Major Eland was smoking a cigar, staring moodily at those shadowy pyramids on the far horizon, and now and then glancing furtively at his wife. As she leaned forward to look at March's sketches her hair nearly touched the young man's forehead. Once she said, "How do you remember so much?"

He explained the origin of the Egyptian alphabet. He told her of the Egyptian "words of power."

"They knew more than we understand," he said rather solemnly. "I honestly believe they had occult powers which we have lost. Modern spiritualism is simply a debased form of their old magic. I'm convinced that we are surrounded by the spirits of the dead and that there are great powers around us."

It was then that Major Eland lost his temper. Perhaps it was because of that look on his wife's face, that glamorous shining look as she smiled at Leonard March.

"Look here, March," he said, "I'm tired of all this blasphemous nonsense. You both seem to have gone silly about this Egyptology. We're Christians, aren't we? Why should we rake up all this stuff about gods and devils? Curse the Egyptian gods!"

He flung out his hand with an angry gesture and by accident, I think, struck the figure of Horus standing on the trestle-table. His signet-ring must have hit it sharply, for it cracked and split in two before falling off the table.

The extreme violence with which he had spoken caused Evelyn to lose all her color, and I noticed a sudden alarm leap into the eyes of Leonard March. I think for the first time he was aware of Eland's hatred of him and guessed the cause of it with a sudden blinding revelation. He sprang from his chair and his bronzed face reddened with anger and embarrassment.

But it was Mustapha, the dragoman of Cairo, who made an excited demonstration. At the breaking of the Egyptian god he gave a loud cry of horror. For a moment he hid his face. Then he flung up his hands to the blue sky above him with a kind of wailing cry. A moment later he turned with an absolute fury in his eyes to Major Eland speaking at first in Arabic and then in broken English.

"Inshallah! It is wicked what you do. Allah have mercy upon you. Ever since you come to Egypt you insult my race and pride. You treat me like dog and slave. You call me 'damn nigger,' though I come down from the great pharaohs who ruled all the world when your people were beastlike and unknown."

"You mock at the mummies of our kings. You laugh in the silence of the tombs."

We overeat— take no exercise— crouch all day over a desk —and then complain of constipation



WE ARE far too inclined to neglect the warning signs Nature is constantly giving us. Take one of the most common, for instance—bad breath. When

we experience it, we are annoyed. We wonder vaguely what could have caused it. Then we realize that we must hurry to catch the train to the office or to make that appointment with the hairdresser. So we "kill" the bad breath with some disinfectant and quickly dismiss the matter.

We are evading the issue—covering up an effect and overlooking the cause. For, so often, bad breath is caused by poisons in the system which have been taken up by the blood and are being eliminated through the lungs—one of Nature's efforts to overcome intestinal toxicity—one of her danger signals.

The cause? We all know it. An overworked digestive system, a "tired digestion," constipation. . . .

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SUMMER!

yet your POWDER clings,
rouge stays on and you look
ALWAYS LOVELY



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Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim... no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors... no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions, to fully enjoy summer... and with Princess Pat beauty aids you may.

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For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the softest, most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre.

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This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder, lip stick and lip rouge. The set contains generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Almond Base Powder, Rouge, Lip Rouge and Perfume. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

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Mashallah! You are without dignity or noble manners. Now you curse the old gods and break the figure of the great Horus.

"I am afraid. Before we get back to Cairo something may happen that will tell us of the power of the gods. Allah is great. There is only one God and Mohammed is his prophet. But the old gods inhabit the spirit world. It is not good to insult them. I am afraid. I am disgraced. I will no longer be dragoman in Cairo."

Major Eland sprang to his feet, furious. "Stop this ridiculous noise," he shouted sternly. "Go to your tent with those filthy cooks of yours. I am an officer in the British Army. You had better hold your tongue."

Mustapha shot a look of hatred at him. His dark skin had paled at that command to go to his "filthy cooks."

"I am here in my own country," he said harshly. "I have command over men and camels. My father is a sheik of Fayoum. *Mashallah!* I fling back your words. I call down the curse of the old gods."

He came close to Major Eland and then staggered as the major struck him heavily in the chest and said, "Stand back."

"Dick!" said Evelyn in a low frightened voice. "For heaven's sake! Have you been drinking or something?" She turned quickly and spoke to the dragoman. "My husband is not well. It is the heat of the sun. Please excuse him, Mustapha. We are so much obliged to you, so grateful for all your care of us, and everything. It has been such a beautiful memory for all of us, and we owe you many thanks."

I saw the man's eyes soften as he looked at Evelyn. Her beauty and her graciousness appealed to his sense of chivalry.

He touched his forehead and his chest with the Mohammedan salute and bowed to her.

"For some people and you, my lady, it is a joy to do any service. May Allah make you happy and smile upon your days."

Then he turned and with great dignity walked away from us to his own tent.

"Dick!" said Evelyn, and I saw there were tears in her eyes. "Why did you lose your temper like that? Why have you been so strange ever since we came to Egypt? Are you ill or anything?"

"Perhaps I am ill," he said. And indeed he looked ill. "Come into our tent, Evelyn, I have something to say to you."

She put her hand on his arm and followed him into the tent while March and I stood looking at each other soberly.

"What do you make of it?" asked March in a low voice. "Has he gone mad or something?"

"Beware of the green-eyed monster, my dear lad," I said, and left it at that.

March stood there with a look of confusion and alarm. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "What absolute rot!"

He strode off into the desert to worry this thing out in solitude.

The Elands' tent had its flap lowered. I could hear the murmur of their voices and once the major's voice raised angrily and harshly, though I could not hear the words he spoke. Mrs. Lympos came back from a reconnaissance with her cinematograph and laughed good-humoredly to find her husband awakened from his siesta and sitting in Lady Ladbrook's tent, having a flirtation with that houri.

"Come in, Mother!" cried Mr. Lympos. "Lady Ladbrook and I are discussing life with a big L. I'm learning something!"

"A good deal too much, I dare say," replied Mrs. Lympos, but she accepted the invitation.

It was half an hour later when to my great relief Evelyn Eland came to join us. I am certain she had been weeping, but she hid her distress and spoke quite calmly.

"Dick doesn't feel very well. I expect it's the sun. He won't come with us for that camel ride by moonlight."

"Poor dear man!" said Mrs. Lympos. "I wonder if he would take a little remedy I know for headaches. It's certainly harmless and

most helpful, I find." She routed about in the hand-bag she always carried until she found a little bottle of white tablets. "Who will take him that, with my love?" she asked.

It was I who volunteered, and Evelyn said, "Thanks so much."

It was only a few yards to Eland's tent and I held the flap and said, "May I come in?"

"Who is it?" he asked sharply, and then said, "Come in," when I said my name.

He was standing there stiffly with one hand behind his back and did not seem too pleased to see me. But he smiled slightly when I told him my errand and said, "It's very kind of her, I'm sure," and took the little bottle, still with his other hand behind his back.

"May I sit down and smoke a cigaret?" I asked. "If it doesn't bore you—"

"Do," he said. "By all means."

As he turned to make way for me I saw what he held in that hand behind his back. It was an army revolver, and I'm bound to say I didn't like the look of it. I think he guessed that I had seen it because he laughed and showed it to me.

"I brought this in case of jackals or Bedouins. You never know whether it might not be useful in the desert. Don't you agree?"

I didn't agree. "Personally I never carry things like that," I said. "They're rather dangerous—if they happen to go off."

He laughed again. "Not if you know how to use them. I thought I'd do some target practise when you go off on that ridiculous ride. Nothing on earth is going to make me get on one of those camels again."

I felt a cold shiver run up my spine. The frightful conviction came to me that he intended to shoot young March sometime that night—or Evelyn—or both of them. The man was daft with jealousy. If March didn't keep out of his way... What on earth could I do about it?

Strangely enough he began to speak frankly about his wife and his own ill temper.

"I made rather a fool of myself this afternoon. Too much whisky, I suppose. Evelyn and I had a bit of a tiff—about that dragoman. I'm a brute, really. It's the effect of the war. It shook my nerves to pieces. In any case, I'm getting old—too old for a young wife. A nuisance, the creeping on of age and the nerve-storms of approaching senility!"

"Good Lord!" I said. "You're in the prime of life, my dear man."

He shook his head and laughed dejectedly. "That rotten war aged me. Took the stuffing out of me. I'm still shell-shocked, really... Still, I don't want to bore you with that sort of wail. Have a drink, won't you?"

I accepted a drink and noticed that he poured himself out a stiff dose.

"Well, here's luck," he said.

When I left him he seemed to have recovered his good-humor after being a little conscience-stricken because of that "nerve-storm." And yet I was not sure of him, in this new mood. I could not help fearing that he was putting on a mask to hide a murderous purpose.

There was something sinister about his attempted concealment of that revolver. His explanation about jackals and Bedouins was not quite convincing. It was clearly my duty to warn young March, and yet I could not blurt out my secret fears crudely and brutally.

Perhaps I was thinking in terms of melodrama because of some psychological effect on the imagination caused by this solitude in the desert and all our talk of Egyptian mysteries and unseen powers. All the same, I determined to keep close to young March and sleep in his tent that night.

He came back across the sand-hills not long before we set out for our ride, and he had rather a haggard look as though he had been wrestling with temptation and spiritual agony out there in the desert. We stood together beyond the tents exchanging only a word or two and watching the effects of the twilight.

It was all magical and beyond words in beauty. For a little while the sky was flushed with crimson light and the desert was swept

with opalescent colors passing in waves across the interminable sand. Then, too quickly, this color faded and we stood in a pearly luminance, ethereal and unearthly, so that everything around us became spiritualized and immaterial.

Then darkness crept about our feet and lay like a veil upon the desert while, above, the sky was still pale blue, and stars came through it like sword-points with a cold glitter, and the moon brightened until it turned the sand to quicksilver.

"Magical!" I said in a low voice.

"It's why the desert gets hold of one," answered March. "Vulgarity drops off one like a dirty cloak. The past becomes the present. One gets outside Time, in a way."

Presently there was a movement in the camp. The drivers prodded up their camels which rose with their grotesque seesaw motion and stood silhouetted against the sky. Mustapha strode towards them and then mounted a little gray donkey. The camels and their drivers moved towards the tents and our fellow travelers gathered together.

"Time to start," said young March, and we joined the group.

It is well to remember exactly what happened during the next few minutes and I am certain of my accurate remembrance. The camels had lain down again at the bidding of their drivers so that we could mount. Lady Ladbroke gave a little shriek of mirth as her beast reared up backwards and forwards until it had established itself on four legs. Young March helped Evelyn into her saddle and saw her safely up before mounting himself.

Major Eland stood in the opening of his tent, and I remember that Evelyn twisted round in her saddle and spoke to him.

"Sure you won't come, Dick?" she asked. "You'll be all alone, you know!"

"That's all right," he answered rather gruffly. And then, less gruffly, "Good-by, my dear. Have a good time. I'll write a letter."

He stood watching us get away and then as I turned in my saddle to look back at him I saw that he went into the tent and let down the flap, and, for some reason, put out the light.

I suppose we had been riding less than five minutes when young March, whose camel was next to Evelyn's, called out to her.

"You haven't brought enough wraps, Evelyn. You'll be perished with cold before we get back. It's most dangerous, really! Let me go and fetch you something."

"I shall be all right," said Evelyn carelessly. Mustapha was riding a yard or so ahead of her on his little gray donkey, but he had overheard this conversation and wheeled round.

"My lady is wrong," he said. "It is cold at night in the desert. I will go and fetch your cloak before we ride farther. It is better so."

Evelyn laughed and yielded to the entreaties which we all made to her.

"There is an embroidered shawl inside my tent," she told Mustapha. "My husband will give it to you. It's on the bed. I hate to give you so much trouble."

"I am your dragoman," he answered, and we watched him as he rode back to the tent.

I remember taking advantage of this halt to light a cigaret. I was still smoking it when Mustapha came back with the shawl so that he could not have been gone more than ten minutes at the most. All of us saw him stand for a moment outside the tent and then stoop as he went under the flap which fell behind him. He was not in the tent more than a minute before he came out again and mounted his donkey.

"Sorry for holding up the caravan!" said Evelyn, and she thanked Mustapha for his services when he handed her the shawl, which she dropped over the front of her saddle.

"I'll put it on when I feel cold," she said.

Certainly the air was warm then, for a glow of heat came up from the sand as we rode after the heat of the day. I remember every incident of that moonlight ride as though it happened yesterday. The white magic of the scene silenced us all for some time. Even Lady Ladbroke ceased chattering.

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Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

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That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.



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Just wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

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TWO or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

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For years I have studied the care of the nails and hands, always striving to achieve exquisite perfection . . . to give nails an alluring, lustrous tint of the correct shade, and frame each one in a soft, pink cuticle curve of beauty.

Then from Paris came the whisper that liquid polishes had been created. I tried all of them. But some of them peeled or dulled in spots. Others gave the nails an unnatural tint that was too obvious.

Then just when I despaired of ever realizing my ambitions I discovered the Glazo Manicure. What a happy meeting!

The marvelous Glazo Polish brings to nails such enchanting loveliness. Its radiant beauty makes the hands seem fairer.

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We all had our camels led, except Leonard March who guided his own. There was no sound in the world about us except the soft pad of the camels in the sand and their quiet snufflings and heavy breathing.

Ahead of us the pyramids of Sakkara were black against the pale blue sky and as we rode towards them their aspect became more monstrous and grim, like a row of giants sitting motionless. Invisible presences seemed to be about us, innumerable ghosts of ancient history, the oldest civilization in the world. We moderns were like the shadows of a spirit world in a moment of time which counts nothing in eternity.

Once or twice I found Mustapha riding by my side on his donkey and saw his hawk-like profile, touched by the moonlight. Horus, son of Osiris. Beyond doubt he had the old Egyptian blood in his veins.

Then my camel caught up with Evelyn Eland and Leonard March who were riding side by side. Once or twice they turned to look at each other with smiling eyes. Once I heard Evelyn speak.

"This is dreamlike. It seems unreal."

"Perhaps our dreams are real," he answered.

It became chilly, quite suddenly, when we dismounted near the Step pyramid and Evelyn shivered a little.

"Better put on your shawl, my dear," said Mrs. Lymposs.

It was Leonard March who took the shawl from her saddle and put it round her neck, and it was perhaps a minute later when she said something with a kind of surprise in her voice.

"This shawl is wet! It's sticky—at the ends." She looked at her hands and gave a cry. "It's blood! My fingers are all red."

"Well, that's queer," said Mrs. Lymposs.

"Perhaps your camel has been chewing it," suggested Mr. Lymposs, who had a grudge against camels and was nervous of their teeth. "Let me have a look," I said.

I took hold of Evelyn's hands and bent over them. They were dabbled in some wetness, and it was blood. I took the shawl from her neck and as I touched its fringe my own fingers became wet and sticky and I saw that it was soaked in blood.

A chill struck me and I shuddered, and as I looked up at Evelyn Eland I saw that her face was very white.

"What can it be?" she asked.

"We had better go back," I said. "I'm afraid something has happened. Something rather dreadful."

Young March was distressed. I could see that he also did not like the look of this blood, and that some fear was in his mind. He went to the camel which Evelyn had been riding and examined it. Then he strode up to Mustapha and spoke to him rapidly in Arabic, and the dragoman answered quietly and raised his hands as though calling Allah for witness.

"What does he say?" I asked.

"He knows nothing," said March. "Major Eland was lying down when he went into the tent. He fetched the shawl and did not notice any blood. There is no cause for alarm, he thinks."

"Let's go back," I said. "I feel—uneasy."

Evelyn had wiped her hands on a handkerchief. "Perhaps it is nothing," she said. "Some silly little accident."

But though she spoke bravely there was a tremor in her voice and her face was still white.

So we rode back from Sakkara more quickly than we had gone and as we neared the camp Leonard March rode ahead of us. I saw him dismount and go into Major Eland's tent and presently a light glimmered within. It was perhaps a minute later when he came out again and there was something in his attitude there in the moonlight which told me of tragedy.

I was the next to go into the tent, having run across the sand after my camel had knelt down and let me dismount.

"Keep Evelyn away," said March in a harsh voice. "It's horrible."

He stumbled towards her like a drunken man while I went into the tent.

A candle was burning on the wash-stand, which March must have lighted. Across the camp-bed, face upwards, lay the body of Major Eland, and there was a dagger in his heart and his white shirt was drenched with blood. I glanced at the dagger with quick remembrance. Eland had bought it at the same time he had bought the alabaster statuette.

Its handle was of some kind of metal—bronze, I suppose—molded into the head of Horus, the son of Osiris, with his falcon face. Then I turned away from the body of that man, who had been my fellow traveler on this "pleasure" cruise, as we had called it, with unconscious irony.

In the opening of the tent stood Mustapha. "Mashallah!" he said. "Did he not curse the old gods? Surely they have heard. Is it not?" I went past him into the moonlight and was in time to hold Evelyn who fell half fainting into my arms.

"Dick!" she cried. "Dick!"

We did not sleep that night while Leonard March rode alone to Mena village and brought back a doctor on his camel, though I had seen enough of death to know that no doctoring could help the man who lay with that dagger in his heart.

Shortly after dawn three other men came riding towards us on camels. They were Egyptian police from Cairo, one of them an English officer who was polite, but stern and suspicious. He questioned all of us separately, including Mustapha and the camel drivers and the Nubian cooks. He also took charge of a half-written letter which he had found in Eland's tent.

There was one question which racked my brain all night and for many nights afterwards. Had Eland killed himself with that hawk-headed dagger, or had Mustapha stabbed him when he went to fetch that shawl which was wet with blood when he brought it back?

There is a chance—a million-to-one chance—that the dragoman had seized the shawl believing that Eland was asleep across his bed, and had crept out again stealthily, not wishing to disturb a man whose temper he feared. That was the story he told in the court-house in Cairo, and there was something that told in his favor and saved him from the gallows.

It was the letter—unfinished—which had been found in Eland's tent. He must have begun it before we set out on that moonlight ride. It was a letter to his wife and I remember some tragic words in it.

I won't stand in your way, my dear. You ought never to have married so old a man, broken by war, and still shell-shocked. I've been a bit of a brute to you and I ask your forgiveness. Nerves, really, not lack of love!

Young March will make you happy, though I believe you when you say there has been no guilty love between you. I am ashamed of my jealousy and dark suspicions. That Ladbroke woman has a serpent's tongue. A female Iago.

Well, you are riding into the moonlight, and before you come back I shall be on the lonely journey which all of us must make. What is at the journey's end? What life beyond death? In a few minutes, I shall know . . .

It ended there, and was blotted with blood. Certainly he intended to kill himself. But even now I am not sure he killed himself. On the camp wash-stand by his bed lay that revolver which he had wanted for target practise with jackals or Bedouins. It had not been fired.

I remember that crowded court-house in Cairo, and Evelyn's white beauty against the whitewashed wall and the agony in the eyes of Leonard March as she was questioned about her love for him, and as Lady Ladbroke gave evidence for which it is hard to forgive her. There was no need to tell about that night on the voyage out when Eland had followed his wife to the boat-deck.

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Our fellow travelers who had stayed in Cairo crowded the court. Their dragomans, in brightly colored robes, stood behind them. Naturally, the tourist crowd thought the worst of Evelyn and Leonard March. It is human nature to say "I told you so." They whispered and moistened their lips with their tongues as the heat stifled us, and Evelyn fainted in her chair for a moment, before the verdict of "Suicide while temporarily insane."

Mustapha, who had been under arrest, was liberated and stood with folded arms watching us come out of the court after the crowd had been pushed back by the police.

He was pale under his dark skin, but he smiled faintly as I nodded to him, and spoke to me in a low voice. "Mashallah! It is dangerous to curse the old gods."

When Evelyn came out with Mrs. Lympos he strode forward, and bending low, kissed her white frock.

"May Allah make your days as white as milk," he said, and his eyes were luminous with emotion.

She was dazed after her ordeal and did not seem to notice him there with all the crowd staring at her curiously.

We left Cairo three days after that night in the desert, which was four years ago. Since then I have seen Evelyn and Leonard March. People who have heard about their story—told in a hundred different ways and each one false—have their worst suspicions confirmed because Evelyn is now the wife of young March.

"Didn't she murder her husband?" they ask. "Didn't she bribe a dragoman of Cairo?" They feel aggrieved when I get angry with them and hate them for this slander . . .

But I still have my doubts about that hawk-faced dragoman who went into Eland's tent to fetch the shawl. He believed in the vengeance of the gods.

Dr. Artz

(Continued from page 97)

must prevail. But she was liked and admired as "*une très grande dame*," not at all the usual sort of woman one generally meets in a *pension*, however superior.

This beautifully made little lady, in Paris dresses fashioned to suit her own taste, and who was understood to be spending the summer in Zurich on account of Doctor Artz, was the only person in Madame Müller's *pension* who was ever unkind to Pauline.

The very first time Pauline had seen the Contessa she had felt, though rather vaguely, that the light restless eyes had examined her critically, not with any softness of an old or middle-aged person looking benignly at a young and well-meaning girl.

The Contessa didn't like her, perhaps even disliked her. And yet there were moments when she seemed interested, even profoundly interested in Pauline; not in her singing, never in that, not in her progress, but in *her*, herself.

It happened that Pauline was the only young girl there. Among the rest there was no woman under thirty, though there were three young men, a German Swiss, a Swede and an American, who were studying, the first of the three at the Polytechnic, the other two at the University of Zurich.

One evening after the *pension* dinner, when Pauline had just gone to her bedroom to study, she heard a tap on her door. She called out, "*Herein!*" The door was opened and the Italian maid of the Contessa, an elderly Roman woman, appeared and said:

"*Madame la Contessa invite Mademoiselle de venir prendre le café avec elle dans son salon.*"

Pauline was astonished. She didn't at all want to go, but she got up and followed the maid to the Contessa's room.

She found the Contessa, dressed in a long white silk robe, very loose and expensive,



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best of it's gone!

though apparently very simple, lying on a large sofa. Her yellow-white hair was crisply fluffed out all over her little head. Her cheeks and lips were delicately and cleverly tinted with rose color. From beneath her straw-colored eyebrows her curiously restless eyes examined Pauline maliciously. But she smiled and held out a hand gleaming with diamond and emerald rings.

"Benvenuto! I felt lonely. I thought we might have coffee together. Do sit down—by me. Will you have a cigaret?"

Pauline said she never smoked. She hadn't acquired the habit and didn't wish to because of her voice.

"Oh, to be sure, the voice—the precious voice! *Portate il caffè, Maria! Subito!*" She called rather harshly to the maid, who had gone into the adjoining room.

The Contessa put her book down and cast a furtive glance at Pauline, furtive yet very observant and searching.

"How old are you, Miss Iselle?"

"I shall be twenty-one on my next birthday."

"You manage to seem very young, younger than that." The stress on the "seem" was marked. Another question followed the first.

"How old would you take me to be? *Maria! Portate il caffè!*"

"Vengo!" And the maid, looking worried, came in with two cups of black coffee.

"Here is your cup, Miss Iselle, and I shall smoke. Well? You haven't told me."

"But—Madame, I don't know. How could I? I have no idea."

"How old would you take me to be?"

"Not at all old."

"Of course I'm not old."

"I think, Madame, you look younger to-night than I have ever seen you look before," said Pauline.

And that was true. The girl had suddenly been struck by a new appearance of almost, not quite, youthfulness in this extraordinary person.

"Ah! You really think that? That has struck you?"

"Yes."

"I'm not old at all."

The voice had become very decisive. There was a moment of silence. Apparently the Contessa had forgotten her curious question, reiterated. When she spoke again, she said: "Is it true that Doctor Artz brought you here?"

"Doctor Artz! Do you mean to Zurich?"

"Yes, of course I do!" said the Contessa.

"No. I came with Miss Vyvyan."

"She's very clever, and very—she's very passionate. One knows that from her playing. But wasn't it Doctor Artz who arranged that you should come here to be educated?"

Pauline felt that all this questioning was very rude.

"Wasn't it?" said the Contessa.

And again her oddly furtive and excited-looking eyes glanced at the girl and away.

Pauline, not knowing what she ought to do, and very uncomfortable, explained about Doctor Artz at the Rothbergs' and the suggestion of Zurich. She spoke very politely, but the silver of her young eyes began to look sulky.

"Then it was Doctor Artz who got you to come here!" said the Contessa.

She looked very grim for a moment and stared down at her spread-out white gown on the sofa, and at her pretty little ankles covered with the finest possible silk stockings.

"Is your chaperon, or whatever she is, going to stay on all the summer?" she asked presently.

"Miss Vyvyan? I don't know."

"She and Doctor Artz are great friends."

"Doctor Artz has kindly taken trouble for us," said Pauline, more and more astonished.

"My master, Mr. Marakoff, is a friend of his."

"And Doctor Artz is a wonderful doctor—they say. And so you think I look very young tonight?"

"When I first came in I thought so."

The Contessa stared, then again she cried out

irritably, "*Marial Portate via il caffè! Subito!*" "*Ven-gol!*"

And then the Contessa seemed to lose interest in her visitor. Her light eyes wandered about the room, and Pauline sat apparently forgotten.

The Roman woman came in and took the empty cups. The Contessa talked to her rapidly and at length in Italian. Pauline couldn't bear it any longer and got up uncomfortably to go.

"Good night, Madame."

"Oh! Good night! You—sometime you must come again. Yes."

The light, excited eyes searched Pauline. As she went out of the room she heard a fresh torrent of Italian.

It was almost immediately after this curious conversation that the Contessa seemed to want to make friends with Miss Vyvyan. She called on Miss Vyvyan at the Eden Hotel and invited her to tea in her room at the pension. She asked her to play during the latter visit.

"Don't play Chopin or Beethoven," the Contessa said. "Improvise, as you did the first day you came here."

Miss Vyvyan improvised, lost count of time and the world in her improvisation. The Contessa sat in an armchair near the piano staring at her, sometimes sympathetically, sometimes maliciously, now with a sort of deep inquiring earnestness, now with sharp inquiring satire. When at last Miss Vyvyan stopped, not at all exhausted by her powerful efforts, and turned round to the Contessa, she was met with the odd remark:

"No wonder Doctor Artz is interested in you!"

The accent was like a blow. Miss Vyvyan was startled.

"I don't understand," she said.

"Come to my room. I feel like talking to-day. Some days I want silence, but not today. You have stirred me up. But who is it stirs you up?"

"Who? Nobody. It's simply that I have a certain gift for—"

"Oh, no! It can't be only that. Music like that must come from a particular, not from a general source. No, you'll never make me believe that."

When they were in her sitting-room with the door shut the Contessa, who seemed to have been really excited by the music, again referred to Doctor Artz' inevitable interest in Miss Vyvyan.

"Of course it must have been so. He heard you play in England?"

"Yes, several times."

"Exactly! And then he knew. But he would know, of course. It could not be otherwise."

"I really don't understand," said Miss Vyvyan, with rather unusual reserve. Her wrinkled little face screwed itself up and she sat stiffly in her chair, looking defensive.

"Then you don't understand Doctor Artz?"

A pause. "Do you understand him?"

"I really don't know."

"Well, I do understand him. But I'll test you."

"That's all very well!" said Miss Vyvyan. "But you haven't asked me whether I wish to be tested or not. It's very kind of you to invite me here, and I'm very glad if you like my playing, but—"

"Oh, it won't hurt you," the Contessa interrupted, smiling. "You needn't be afraid of me. To women I am perfectly harmless, because they don't interest me as a rule. I don't care for them. But you are not ordinary. You have managed to remain volcanic at an age when—but that doesn't matter. You are remarkable, at any rate in music. Perhaps also in life?"

"There's nothing at all remarkable in my life."

"But you wish there was!"

"You choose to say so. I didn't say so."

"I know it. Your playing has told it to me, has shouted it at me, almost."

"You are confounding a personality with a gift, I think."

"Oh, no, I'm not. But we've got away from that test. Tell me one thing, if you don't mind. And I'm sure you won't. Why did Doctor Artz want Miss Pauline Iselle to make her musical studies here, in Zurich?"

Miss Vyvyan's small face was a study in startled surprise. For an instant she didn't say anything. Then she said, "I don't know."

"In that case," said the Contessa, with a sort of malignant relish, "you must forgive me for saying that you don't know Doctor Artz."

"But who says that Doctor Artz did wish Pauline to study here?"

"Miss Iselle told me that. She explained the situation to me."

Miss Vyvyan got up. She was beginning to feel very angry.

"I don't quite know what you mean by 'the situation,' Countess," she said, very quietly but with a certain dignity which was perfectly simple and natural and therefore thoroughly effective. "Or what Pauline has told you. I don't quite see why she should tell you anything, or indeed what there is to tell. Doctor Artz knew I was looking for someone to train Pauline, and spoke of his friend Marakoff to me, and it was eventually decided that Pauline should study here. I've convinced myself that he's an excellent teacher."

"So you think Doctor Artz arranged it for Marakoff's benefit! That's really quite funny!" And the Contessa uttered a sort of shadowy laugh.

"Please don't let us talk about it any more. It isn't interesting. It's a matter really that only concerns us, Pauline and myself."

"And Mr. de Rothberg, doesn't it?"

"Mr. de Rothberg!" Again Miss Vyvyan screwed up her face and looked startled. "Why do you—"

"Miss Iselle told me it was at Mr. de Rothberg's house that Doctor Artz mentioned Marakoff as a possible teacher."

"D'you know Mr. de Rothberg?"

The Contessa laughed again, this time very unpleasantly. "I've known 'Mr. Alphonse' ever since I can remember. When will he be coming here?"

"He's never said anything about coming. I've no reason to suppose—"

"Well, then, why should he engage a suite of rooms at the Baur-au-Lac?"

"Has he?"

"Yes, for the whole of September. Didn't you know it?"

"It never occurred to me to go and ask questions in a hotel about Mr. de Rothberg. Now I must really go. Thank you for inviting me. Good-by."

"I love your playing." The Contessa held Miss Vyvyan's hand rather closely. "You are remarkable. You mustn't be angry because I am interested in you."

"Of course I'm not angry."

"One has to be interested in interesting people. Good-by. One Saturday, perhaps, I'll come up and see you play golf."

This time Miss Vyvyan not only looked surprised. A slow red pushed its way through her maze of wrinkles, a slow and painful red. But she only said good-by again and at once left the room.

It chanced that as she came out into the passage she caught sight of Pauline going to her room. Miss Vyvyan hurried after her.

"Pauline! Pauline dear!"

Pauline turned round gently, with a sort of tranquillity that astonished Miss Vyvyan. How fresh she looked in the shadowy passage! How young! And full of a sort of quiet and simple carelessness! After the Contessa!

"Pauline dear!" Miss Vyvyan kissed her affectionately. "How nice to have caught you! Let me come into your room for a moment."

"Yes, do." The girl opened the door, and the little white room welcomed them.

"Have you been to a lesson?"

"Yes. What d'you think? Today I've been singing in a duet."

"A duet! But Marakoff hasn't his voice any more."

"No, not with him. He made me sing the

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duet in the third act of 'Traviata' with young Mr. Fügler."

"With Carl Fügler!"

"Yes. He took the part of the father. Mr. Marakoff was really pleased. He says he is going to make us sing together a good deal."

"I should have thought it would be much better for you to sing with a tenor."

"But Mr. Marakoff hasn't a good tenor pupil at present."

"That's a pity—a great pity. Your voice would blend much better with a tenor than with a baritone. I wonder—I hope Marakoff knows what he's doing."

"Oh, he's a magnificent master!" exclaimed Pauline, almost with fire. "He inspires me!"

The gray eyes shone with a light Miss Vyvyan had never seen in them before.

After a moment Miss Vyvyan said, "Why did you tell Countess San Miniato about that day at the Rothbergs?"

"She made me tell her. She asked questions till I had to."

"What questions did she ask?"

"All sorts of questions."

"If I were you, Pauline, I shouldn't have very much to do with the Countess."

"I don't want to. I don't like her, and I know she doesn't like me."

Miss Vyvyan sat for a moment in silence, looking troubled, unhappy, unusually ugly and old. At last she said: "The Countess usually asks questions. But she told me something today. Mr. de Rothberg is coming here."

"Is he?"

"You didn't know it, did you?"

"Of course not! When is he coming?"

"In September."

"Oh."

Miss Vyvyan was watching Pauline with a sort of nervous closeness which seemed very much out of character in her.

"Will you be glad to see him?"

"Mr. de Rothberg is very kind. He has been wonderfully kind to me. When I think of all this—" She looked round the room and out of the window. "And I owe it all to him. If it weren't for him—"

"I know! I know!" Miss Vyvyan suddenly returned to her natural impulsiveness. "Oh, Pauline!" she exclaimed. "If only I had money! I wouldn't have brought you here. I'd have taken you to Milan!"

"Dear Miss Vyvyan! But I should hate not to be here."

"Why?" said Miss Vyvyan, with sudden sharpness.

"Why?" Pauline began to blush. "Because I like being here. I like my room, and Zurich."

"Yes?"

"And I—I love being taught by Mr. Marakoff."

Miss Vyvyan got up. She looked agitated. Her wrinkles were working.

"There are others who could teach you quite as well as Marakoff, perhaps better. Though I don't wish to say one word against him. But—but there are tenors at Milan with whom you could have sung. Milan is a great place for tenors. Well, dear, I must be going." She kissed Pauline's young forehead. "Anyhow, I'm glad you are happy. I want you to be happy."

But alone on the staircase, as she went down, she was saying to herself, "Was that true? Do I? Do I?"

More and more Miss Vyvyan began to wonder about Doctor Artz. She had already passed through contradictory phases of feeling about him.

It seemed to her that Doctor Artz meant too much, meant more than he ought to mean to those with whom he came into contact. He affected those about him in a manner, and to an extent, that was unreasonable, a manner that they very well might resent.

It seemed that Pauline was not much affected by Doctor Artz, was perhaps not at all affected by him. Apparently, also, Pauline didn't mean very much to Doctor Artz. And yet surely the Countess thought otherwise.

Artz had married three women, all young, all good-looking. He was certainly attracted by the beauty of youth. He might be playing a part with Pauline.

Suddenly Miss Vyvyan realized that Artz had pushed her towards young Carl Fügler. The fact came upon her, she felt, with the swiftness of light. Yes! What she had looked upon as good nature had been a plan. The first suggestion of golf on a Saturday had been part of a plan. Artz must have known that Carl Fügler had the habit of playing golf on Saturday afternoons.

For a moment Miss Vyvyan had a queer thrill of something like feminine vanity, very personal, wholly unusual in her. Did Artz, then, think, could he think, that she had the power to attract such a splendid young man as Carl Fügler? Was it possible that he had thought seriously of her as a means of attracting Carl Fügler away from Pauline, because he, Artz, was interested in Pauline?

And then she thought of her body, her withered thinness, her dried-up saplessness, her age, her leathery skin, her maze of wrinkles, her little monkey face.

And it was in that moment, horrible, almost despairing, that she remembered Doctor Artz' assertion, or implication, that he knew how to renew the powers of the body, meaning by that mainly the ability to love, or to attract, perhaps compel, love.

Something in her ached with longing for a merely physical renewal. Fügler, Pauline—they held life in their hands, like a perfect globe of crystal gleaming with wonderful lights. They had the whole. And what had she, Naomi Vyvyan, with her talent, yes, her energy, her cleverness, her strong personality—but with her withered frame and her wrinkled monkey face?

If only Artz could do something for her!

Carl Fügler was not at all an ordinary young man. He was, sometimes almost savagely, original; in all moments, under all circumstances himself. He had a passion for being interested. He had also a positive hatred of uninteresting, dull, ordinary people. Unlike many young men, he could be interested, even fascinated, by anyone who really was interesting.

Directly he heard Miss Vyvyan play, directly he heard her talk and had a conversation with her, he knew her for an interesting and talented being. She had something to give. He enjoyed being with her. And Carl Fügler's interest in her was dangerous to Miss Vyvyan.

It was after Miss Vyvyan felt that she didn't know what to think of Doctor Artz that she had a conversation with him one evening in the Eden Hotel, and outside on the tree-shaded avenue that skirts the lake. He came unexpectedly when she had just finished her dinner and was about to go up to her bedroom. He told her that he had been dining at the pension with the Contessa di San Miniato.

"She spoke very warmly of you," he said.

"Did she?" said Miss Vyvyan, wondering why Doctor Artz had left his hostess immediately after the dinner.

"The Contessa was going with her maid to the Bellevue cinema," he said, quite evidently reading her thought.

"Why did you tell me that?" she asked.

"To explain my being able to be here so early. I am not very fond of the cinema."

They sat down in a room near the entrance and, after asking her permission, Artz lighted a very black cigar.

"Did you see Pauline?" Miss Vyvyan asked.

"Yes, at her table. I spoke to her for a minute. How is she getting on with her singing?"

His voice did not sound very interested. It seemed to Miss Vyvyan that if he had wanted to he could have stayed on in the pension and had a talk with Pauline instead of coming to the Eden to her.

"She's getting on very well. Marakoff seems to inspire her. At least that's the word she

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uses, dear child, to describe his influence on her. I believe in Pauline. I always have. She may not seem exactly interesting, and she is very childish sometimes for her age, but she has music in her. The gift is there."

"You are a generous woman."

"Generous! Why d'you say that? It was I who discovered Pauline and gave her her first training. Naturally I'm very much interested in her."

"Nevertheless you are a generous woman." He smoked for a moment in silence. "It is sometimes extremely difficult to be generous and fair to the young," he went on. "Often it needs an effort. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose we are nearly always making efforts of some kind," she said.

He smiled. "And sometimes they do not come off. The important thing is always to attempt only the possible," he added.

The way he said that made her think uneasily that he had noticed her attempting the impossible and was subtly warning her. No doubt she did sometimes attempt the impossible. But which—or what—attempt had he noticed?

"Shall we take a stroll by the lake?" said Artz. "This cigar of mine is rather strong for indoors."

"Yes. I should like it."

They got up.

"I'll go and get a hat and be down in a moment."

"A hat! What do you need a hat for on such a fine night? Besides, you have such beautiful hair!"

"Really—have I?" she said, quite startled, and feeling as if her face had become red.

"But of course you know it. All women know their good points."

"I have always had thick hair and it doesn't turn gray."

"Why should it? Your nature will never turn gray either."

They walked on slowly, he discoursing while she greedily listened. He had always the power to hold her attention. She felt that he knew so much that was strange and that she didn't know.

Tonight he was talking about the occult causes of disease and the teachings of Bombastus Von Hohenheim, known to the world as Paracelsus. Evidently Artz had a curious sympathy with the great sixteenth-century physician who despised mere scholarship, and held the discussions of the Schools in contempt.

There was an empty bench near them on a curving promontory sticking a little way out into the darkening waters of the lake.

"Let us sit down here for a moment," he said.

They sat down. He laid his hat on the seat beside him. She thought she had never before seen him look so like the Beethoven photograph, rugged, peculiar, but almost—in her view—attractive, because so obviously a man of brains, of assured intellect.

"Paracelsus was laughed at and condemned by the medical fools of his day," Doctor Artz continued. "But he succeeded in doing things. That is the test. He did things that those who jeered at him could not do. He was hated by the doctors of Basel as I am hated by the doctors of Zurich. These cities are not very far away from each other, are they? Paracelsus and I are divided from each other by nearly four hundred years. But human nature has not changed. I spit on the medical fools!"

He said the last word with concentrated venom.

"For I, too, can do things which they cannot do, or dare not do. There are so many human beings who are companioned all their lives by fear. How lives could be altered, made glorious, if there were no fears gnawing at the roots of them."

Again she saw his small penetrating eyes glance at her and her desire grew stronger within her. She wondered if he knew of it. If he did, he made no allusion to it, gave her no hint of any occult knowledge connected with



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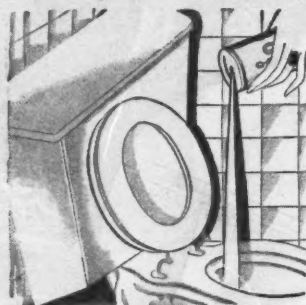
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her. He went on talking of Paracelsus, showing what seemed to her a minute acquaintance with his teachings. He told her that when a man thinks, he begets an etheric shape, and that the glandular system is the visible expression of the etheric body. He spoke at length about the glandular system, and passed on to the danger that lies in creating such thought-forms as close themselves against any new aspect of life.

"That," he said to her, "is what the medical fools do. Their doors are close-shut and barred against any new aspect which tries to find entrance. What about your doors?"

"Mine?" she said, startled.

"Yes. Are they open or shut?"

"I—don't know." She screwed up her face. She was trying to think deeply, to examine herself. "I'm not sure. It's so difficult to—one gets into habits and then—"

"If they are shut, open them." It sounded to her like a command. "A bad habit can be changed, abandoned. And you are not a doctor."

"Why d'you say that?"

"Because the average doctor lives enclosed in a thick shell of habit and prejudice that nothing can penetrate, and the everlasting murmur that never ceases in that shell is 'It can't be! It can't be!' Damnable fools! No wonder they hate me."

She thought of Carl Fügler. He wasn't a doctor.

"And the young men of Zurich, they hate me, too," said Artz. Again he had evidently read her thought.

"Do they?" she said, attempting insincerity.

"Don't you know it?"

"But I know none of them. Young men don't notice a woman like me."

Instead of commenting immediately on that statement Artz said, "Do you know what metabolism means?"

"Some sort of—of change?" she said, rather doubtfully.

"Chemical change in a living cell. Paracelsus affirmed that there can be a process of metabolism in the soul. Just now you made a statement. You said that a woman like yourself isn't noticed by young men. That remark came out of a thought-habit. You have, perhaps often subconsciously, made a habit of thinking that you are incapable of making young men take notice of you. You have been adding, daily perhaps, mud to the stream and so diminishing the clearness of the water. You have been absolutely creating in the young men whom you may chance to meet an impotence to take notice of you. Why do that? What's the good of it? Encourage metabolism in the living cells of your soul. You notice young men."

Miss Vyvyan felt that she reddened in the darkness. "I don't think I do—not much—not as a rule!" she said hastily.

"Then you aren't aware that they hate me here in Zurich?"

"Why is that—if they do?"

"It's a simple enough matter. They know I am longing to make age different from what it is. They know I am trying to give back to age powers which youth has and enjoys—terribly—and which age has lost. This rouses all the jealousy of youth. A great deal of the joy of youth comes from seeing the misery of age. Didn't you know that?"

"I—I don't believe I ever thought about it till now."

"Isn't it so?"

"It's a horrid idea," she said slowly.

"Say rather that it is a horrid fact. Young men hate me, Carl Fügler hates me, because I am fighting on the side of age. There are the two contrasts. Youth looks at age and rejoices. Age looks at youth and despairs. It is not youth but age which would like to abolish those contrasts. And sex is at the bottom of it all, sex with its sexual jealousies, keen as the sharpest knives. Young men rejoicing in their virility hate the man who claims to be able to give back virility to those who have lost it. If everyone has a thing, the value of that thing is

diminished. But if you have a thing and I lack it—what then? Ah—ha! But I go ahead careless of all their hatred. They cannot help it, any more than you can help being woman, and I man."

It was rapidly getting darker. They were out of hearing now of the distant music in Zurich, but Miss Vyvyan heard from time to time the splash of oars in the water, the sound of voices coming from boats, either hidden from her, or seen by her only as shadows. The sound of those voices seemed always young in her ears. It is young people who like to be out in the summer darkness, separated from those eyes which never cease from spying on land.

Questions about Artz rose in her mind. She longed to give utterance to them. Was he an enthusiast? It seemed so. And yet she thought that he sometimes looked sinister. Was he a pure devotee of science? Was he an altruist? She couldn't believe it. She thought of Rothberg and of Amber Braybridge's remark about his being a good patient for Artz. Was he a man full of avarice? She didn't know how rich he was. But since she had been in Zurich she had heard him talked of as a man who needed plenty of money for the life he lived. And those two divorced women? Perhaps he had to give money to them.

"No, I suppose they can't," she found herself saying, vaguely.

"But there are things that can be helped. You might learn to give up oppressing your strong personality with conventional abstractions."

"You think me conventional!" she said, with most genuine astonishment.

"Well, you were even afraid tonight to come out without covering your head with a hat."

"I thought I was rather old for—" she began hurriedly, and stopped.

"There you are with your habitual age thoughts, creating etheric shapes which are no good to you! Do you create similar shapes when you are up on the Dolder playing golf?"

"I—don't know."

He leaned over a little towards her. "Why not trust yourself to me?" he said, in a slow and guttural voice.

A sensation of almost violent repulsion came to Miss Vyvyan at that moment, an intense shrinking, partially physical, which made her want to get away from Doctor Artz. Both body and mind were full of refusal.

Perhaps, of course in inoffensive words, she would have given voice to this refusal, but at that moment she saw in the dark distance of the lake the slowly moving doubled light, red and green, of a Chinese lantern, fastened to the prow of a gliding boat and reflected in the water. And with the doubled light there voyaged a dual sound, of two distant voices singing.

These voices, strangely, prevented her from making any reply to Doctor Artz' question. The sound of them switched her off from events on shore, drew her attention irresistibly to the water. Breaking her silence, he said:

"They are singing Bolto. But what sacrilege! Putting a baritone voice in the place of a contralto!"

"I thought there was—of course it's 'La Luna Immobile' from 'Mefistofele.'"

"Travestied!"

"Yes. But what a lovely, classically pure thing it is! And really it sounds marvelous out there on the water."

She listened with greedy attention, leaning forward and gazing at the light from the lantern.

The two voices ceased. There was a very long pause. For a moment she feared there would be no more singing. Then, much nearer now, the soprano voice rose again in the night, clear, crystalline, almost cold in its purity.

"Why—but—but it's—isn't it Pauline? Yes, it's Pauline!"

She looked at Artz. He was smiling.

"You knew it was Pauline?"

"Directly I heard it."

The baritone voice followed, taking the contralto's section of the duet.

"But then that's Carl Fügler!"

"Of course it is Fügler!"

"Carl Fügler and Pauline out there at this time of night!"

"It isn't very late."

Miss Vyvyan said nothing. Now the two voices were blended together, were married in music. Pauline had on that first day in Zurich longed to sing on the water. Now she was singing on the water. It was night and she was singing. She was doing what she had longed to do—with Carl Fügler!

She was swept by a heat of anger. Pauline out at night in the middle of the lake alone with Carl Fügler; a girl of that age with a young man, almost a boy still! And no one with them!

And Carl Fügler was so—what was it Doctor Artz had told her about young Fügler? She remembered well, too well. His blood was hot. Apparently that fact was notorious in Zurich since Artz, when praising him, had specially mentioned it. He was very susceptible to women. Doctor Artz had said that of him. Miss Vyvyan knew in this moment very precisely what that meant.

Disgraceful that those two should be out there together in the darkness! Pauline should have known better. And she had always looked so innocent.

How horribly deceitful people were!

Carl Fügler too!

Miss Vyvyan thought of those games of golf on the height of the Dolder and felt that young Fügler had been playing a part with her when he had been so friendly, had seemed so interested in her, so intent on what she was saying, or on what he was saying to her. How she had listened to him, with what eagerness, what close encouraging attention! And now—she had been badly treated, abominably treated, by them both.

She got up from the bench.

"What's the matter? You are not going? How sweetly she sings. Really, her voice is beautiful, and it seems to have gained in strength. She is improving in Marakoff's hands."

"She ought to have gone to Milan! I always said so!" Miss Vyvyan said fiercely.

"Why to Milan? She is much safer here."

"Safer!" said Miss Vyvyan, with a venomous sarcasm which amazed herself.

"Shall we call to them?" Doctor Artz asked.

"Shall we give them a surprise?"

"No!" She put her hand on his big arm. His arms were out of proportion with the rest of him. "No, don't! I don't want them. I don't feel—I haven't any hat on."

She didn't say that also she didn't choose to be seen by them just then with Doctor Artz, and in her present condition of emotion.

"I never supposed that you were so self-conscious!" he said, with apparently genuine surprise, following her along the path.

"I'm not self-conscious. But I don't choose—Pauline looks upon me as—you don't understand! Don't let us discuss it!"

Her manner was extraordinarily brusque, but it did not seem to offend him. He walked placidly on, smoking and smiling. They no longer heard those two singing voices. That silence troubled Miss Vyvyan desperately, created in her a horrible ache. While they were singing—but when they were not singing!

"Shall we go on to the Café de la Terrasse and have some coffee or ices?" said Artz.

Miss Vyvyan looked at him. There was something guilty and surreptitious in her eyes, which were generally so straightforward, eager and unself-conscious.

"Thank you very much. If you are not in a hurry I think that would be very nice."

She went on with him towards the bridge.

She had quite forgotten about the hat she had left behind.

Miss Vyvyan did not mention to Pauline that she knew of the night excursion with Carl Fügler on the lake. Such an effort of repression was very difficult for her. It was quite out

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of her character to play any part, to be cautious, secretive with one she knew well. But it seemed that she was changing in Zurich.

Her native sincerity was giving place to a semblance of subtlety which she sometimes felt to be Machiavellian. She was actually beginning to check the impulsiveness to which hitherto she had invariably given the rein. Doctor Artz had ventured to point out to her how necessary it is in this evil world to take care what one is doing.

Artz had a peculiar power of impressing her. Although she was doubtful about his character, she was never doubtful about his brain power.

The episode of the night when he and she had heard the singing on the lake had cleared up for Miss Vyvyan one doubtful point about Artz. She was now convinced that the impression of the Contessa about his reason for wishing Pauline to be trained in Zurich had been a mistaken one. Artz had not shown jealousy about Carl Fügler and Pauline. Miss Vyvyan knew enough about jealousy now to feel convinced that Artz had not the slightest feeling for Pauline. Something else was to add weight to the proof in a very short time—his behavior when Rothberg arrived at the Baur-au-Lac.

Rothberg arrived on the first of September, with a secretary, a valet and his chauffeur.

He telephoned at once to Artz to come and dine with him in the evening. But Artz hadn't expected him till the following day and was engaged. It was Artz' quartet evening, and he, being second violin, couldn't throw his musical colleagues over. The musical enthusiast in him was conveyed to Rothberg through the telephone. The instrument couldn't conceal that sincere personality. The old Jew smiled faintly and arranged an appointment for the following day. A few minutes later Miss Vyvyan was invited to dinner in the place of Artz. The invitation excited her. She accepted it.

When Miss Vyvyan met him each of them looked at the other with curious eyes, but with eyes which intended to conceal their own curiosity.

As she looked at him—she looked at his eyes—it seemed to Miss Vyvyan that they were more unnaturally vital than ever. What he saw in her she didn't know. But she knew that he looked at her with a peculiar interest.

"Shall we begin with a cocktail?" Immediately she remembered and knew that he was remembering.

"Have you ever taken Doctor Artz' cocktail again?" she exclaimed.

"Very often. Have you?"

"No, never. I haven't felt the need of it."

"Perhaps that is because you have been living in Zurich," said Rothberg, with a sort of faded significance. "But I am not offering you Artz' magical potion. What I meant was a dry Martini or an inoffensive Bronx. How is Miss Iselle getting on?"

"I think she is getting on well. Of course there hasn't been enough time yet for any astonishing improvement, but I understand that Monsieur Marakoff is very much interested in her."

"But you seem at a distance!"

"At a distance?"

"Not so near to Miss Iselle as you were."

"I no longer teach Pauline. I did what I could. Monsieur Marakoff—naturally I can't interfere now that Monsieur Marakoff is in charge."

"What is Marakoff teaching her?"

"Apparently Margaret in Boito's 'Mefistofele.'"

"You have heard her sing the rôle of Margaret?"

"Only one bit of it."

"Which was that?"

"I heard her in 'La Luna Immobile.'"

"With the contralto? Is she singing concerted music already, then?"

"I heard her in that. But it was quite by chance, and she didn't sing with a contralto, but with a baritone."

"'La Luna Immobile' with a baritone!"

Marakoff couldn't have taught her that with a baritone."

"I don't know. But I heard Pauline singing it with a baritone one night on the lake."

"What baritone?"

"A young man called Carl Fügler who is studying with Marakoff at the studio."

Rothberg said nothing for a moment. His unnaturally smooth face with the two white marks near the ears looked grim, unrelenting and suddenly older.

"So Marakoff allows Miss Iselle to sing out of doors at night!" said Rothberg.

"Pauline was singing on the water at night, but I don't know whether Monsieur Marakoff knew of it."

"But haven't you spoken to him about it?"

"No, never."

"Why not?" asked Rothberg, with unusual sharpness.

"Monsieur Marakoff has his own ideas about everything. He doesn't wish me to interfere with Pauline's education."

"Has he said that?"

"Yes."

"Excuse me for asking these questions. But as I have agreed to arrange for Miss Iselle's musical education here, I naturally feel I have some right to know how she is getting on."

"Every right," said Miss Vyvyan.

"You haven't quarreled with Marakoff, I hope?"

"Oh, no! He has been very nice to me. But he has told me quite plainly that he thinks I ought to keep away from Pauline. I believe he thinks my personality overwhelms hers."

"Well, but you are staying on here. Doesn't that mean—"

"I may go any day," said Miss Vyvyan abruptly.

There was a sudden uncontrolled bitterness in her voice. This talk about Pauline had renewed within her the sense of outrage which she had felt on the night of the singing.

"I hope not," said Rothberg. "A young girl so unsophisticated as Miss Iselle appears to be needs someone to look after her in a city like this."

"But I thought you considered Zurich so much safer than Milan! I remember your saying so in London when I wished Pauline to go to Milan."

"A pretty young girl like Miss Iselle needs protection in any city. She is only a child."

"I doubt whether Pauline is quite so unsophisticated as we were perhaps inclined to suppose. I think perhaps—"

"She stopped."

"Yes," said Rothberg, with unusual energy.

"In these days young girls know a good deal. And Pauline isn't so very young. She is out of her teens. I don't live with her any longer, you know. I live in the Eden Hotel and she is in Madame Müller's pension."

"What sort of place is it?"

"Quite nice. Doctor Artz recommended it. By the way, there's a friend of yours living in it."

"A friend of mine in a Swiss pension?" said Rothberg, with an evident faint surprise.

"Who is it?"

"A Countess San Miniato."

"Tina San Miniato here in Zurich!" A rather ugly smile widened his dry lips. "What is she like now?"

Miss Vyvyan told him what impression the Contessa's physical part had made upon her.

"Ah!" he said. "But she is—forgive me—a poule de luxe. What on earth is she doing in a pension?"

"She told me that she was a patient of Doctor Artz and that she didn't want to meet a lot of people whom she knew just now."

"Tina San Miniato a patient of Doctor Artz!" Again the ugly smile stretched his lips. "That's quite amusing. And so she is still chasing after life! Temperament never changes." He looked across at Miss Vyvyan and a flicker of what seemed to her hopeless sarcasm went over his smooth, blanched face, like a wintry gleam from a muffled sky.

"I am not telling a secret when I tell you that Tina San Miniato lives for men. She always

has. She always will. Everyone knows that."

"But she's not at all young."

"That makes no difference. In some natures—hers is one—the passions become more emphatic with age."

"How dreadful!" Miss Vyvyan said.

"Why—dreadful?" he asked, in his thin and subtle voice.

"Isn't it dreadful to be eaten up by youthful passions when one isn't young any longer?"

"But—when there is Doctor Artz!"

His horribly expressive eyes seemed deliberately endeavoring to establish intimacy with hers, intimacy which she was afraid of, wished to avoid, and yet, in some strange and very secret way, had a curious, perverse desire to give some encouragement to.

"You and I—we incline to believe in Doctor Artz," he said.

"Did I say so?" It was a feeble evasion.

"But if you have given up looking after Miss Iselle?"

"I don't understand."

"You are staying on in Zurich."

In her wrinkles she felt the slow blood forcing its way to the surface.

"Only for a short time."

"Stay on—and give an eye to Miss Iselle. A voice such as hers gets no good from being used in the night air on water. And as for 'La Luna Immobile'—it is an outrage to let a baritone sing it instead of a contralto. If Marakoff is responsible he ought to be ashamed."

She never before had seen Rothberg show either violence or even the semblance of passion. But now veins swelled in his ghastly smooth face. The two scars by his ears showed red. His eyes gleamed, and the lights in them looked poisonous. His eyes were full of a greenish poison.

"I am paying and I shall see into this," he added.

He looked as if he were full of a seething anger. She was amazed at this revelation of his temperament. And all because Pauline had sung with a baritone a piece of music composed for soprano and contralto! This intensity in old age was startling. Evidently Rothberg's faded manner and weary appearance were really lies. In his eyes alone showed the truth of his temperament.

When Miss Vyvyan left him that evening she realized how horribly intelligent he was. And she realized something else, that, influenced by something that was ugly, and not at all usual in her, she had put him on the track of a truth.

How will Pauline fare when Rothberg's and Artz' plans for her conflict? The situation becomes acute in Robert Hichens' Next Instalment

Can This Pony Think?

(Continued from page 49)

questions are answered by the aid of mirrors, in the old reliable explication.

"Black Bear, where are we from?"

At once Black Bear began, with his mouth, to choose and take off the alphabetical triangles daintily, one at a time, shaking every one until his owner leaned forward, took it from him and replaced it on the bar. So the pony spelled out:

"New York."

A reasonable assumption on his part. The few who go to see him nearly all do come from New York. But observe that the pony understood the question.

Now we ask: "Do you like to go to New York?"

A vigorous nodding of the head is the reply—Black Bear's invariable form of affirmation.

We persist: "What do you do in New York?"

He selects the letters. "E-a-t."

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We look at one another. What is this experience like? Like nothing else.

Now the owner approaches with a small blackboard, stands beside the horse and says to us: "Give him some numbers and he'll add for you."

We give out random numbers—seven, nine, three, five, eight, four, two, six, one. These the owner sets down in three columns of three numbers each, and commands: "Black Bear, add these."

The pony turns his head, gives one brief glance at the board and at once takes from the fence the tin numbers: one, six, three, eight.

We hastily add, and get the total too: Sixteen hundred thirty-eight, arrived at instantly by Black Bear.

"Now give him some figures and let him subtract," says the owner impassively.

Again we give the numbers; eight, four, six, nine, two; one, three, five, seven, one.

"Subtract, Black Bear," the man says, and the little horse turns, looks briefly and takes off the tin triangles seven, one, one, two, one. Again we verify it—seventy-one thousand, one hundred and twenty-one.

One of the party abruptly asks: "Black Bear, do you know that you are a pony?"

This he does not get. Perhaps it has never even remotely occurred to him that he is a pony. Someone amends the question:

"Black Bear, were you ever in another body?"

Again the quick nod, and at our amused "Whose body?" the little horse seems to find his own amusement. He picks off the letters for "King Solomon."

"When," we inquire, "did King Solomon live?"

Rapidly, with no spacings, he spells out: "B. C. Long time ago."

We go on: "Black Bear, can you see?"

"I can see."

"What do you see with?"

"Eyes."

"How many eyes?"

"Two."

"When were you born?"

"February 25, 1917."

Now the owner brings a small clock and says: "Tell them what time it is."

The pony glances at the clock, and selects his figures: "Three twenty-eight."

"How many minutes to four?"

"Thirty-two."

"When did Columbus discover America?"

"1492."

"What was the date of the American Declaration of Independence?"

"July 4, 1775"—Black Bear's only inaccuracy!

But now we are on ground whose facts he after all might have learned before, so we come back to the present, to immediate observation, and we inquire:

"How many persons are there here?"

"Five," he spells out—and there are five.

"How many ladies?"

"Three."

"How many gentlemen?"

"Two."

Divining our desire to ask only those questions for which the pony could not well have been prepared, the owner comes forward:

"Black Bear, walk round and kiss the lady in the blue hat."

Imperturbably, with his dignity upon him, Black Bear moves outside the rail, walks straight to her of the blue hat and kisses her. "Now," says the owner, "one of you stretch out your two hands and tell him what finger you want him to touch."

One of the party extends his hands, another directs: "Touch the third finger of the right hand."

The owner interposes: "The middle finger"—which was not the finger intended by the one making the designation; and Black Bear moves to the outstretched hands and touches the right third finger, disregarding his owner's erroneous suggestion.

"Black Bear, tell us where you get your

knowledge!" someone cries, and the pony spells out: "God."

I asked Black Bear's owner whether he had heard of the Elberfeld horses which—or who!—according to Maeterlinck, could originate observations; and when the man answered in the affirmative, I added: "You have never tried this little horse with square root and cube root?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "Black Bear knows the whole thing."

We were on the point of leaving after an hour's visit, and it had not occurred to him to mention square-root and cube-root solutions as one of his pony's achievements!

We began: The square root of twenty-five, of thirty-six, of forty-nine we asked, and there was not a second's interval before, in every case, the pony reached for the tin triangles of figures and gave the correct answer. To cube-root questions the replies were as prompt.

Once, in spelling out a reply, the pony hesitated, turned his head toward his owner and seemed to wait for something. We watched intently, ready to suspect some instruction not delivered on time. Then we saw that, instead of hanging the tin letters in place as fast as the pony selected and shook one, the owner had collected three or four letters in his hand, and it was one of these which Black Bear needed for the word he was spelling.

We had told the taxi to return in twenty minutes. When it returned we had sent it away, and now the little horse had been answering our questions for an hour and a half. And he began to yawn, frankly and pointedly—willing enough still, but beginning to be bored.

"May we touch him?" we asked respectfully.

He stood quietly while we stroked and petted him, and then we noted the formation of the pony's neck, below the close-cropped mane. Very full it is, in a development which appears like little puddings clustered along the neck, close to the swell of the head. And one of the party said:

"What if animals have undeveloped ganglia which mean more consciousness, even articulation?"

Someone else said: "Once, in New York state, blind orphans were sent to insane asylums. I was on the committee that worked for the first blind orphans' home. When the children came from the asylums, they were like little animals; they didn't know as much as animals. Nobody had tried to teach them anything. Maybe—"

The man who had said nothing looked up with wide eyes, and ejaculated: "Maybe there are no dumb animals! Or maybe there are millions that needn't be dumb. Think what we've been doing to them—enslaving them, abusing them, wearing them, eating them."

"What's your idea?" we said helplessly to the owner.

He shook his head, and recited: "When Black Bear was three days old, his mother was sold away from him. He went about the streets, begging for scraps. Then the children began riding him—and he was so little. So I bought him. After a while I noticed that he could recognize numbers. Then I began to train him. Then I found what he could do. Of course it's kept me pretty close," he added. "I couldn't branch out much. But it's been worth it."

"Do you think other horses could be trained like this?" we asked.

"Any horse, any horse!" he answered emphatically.

This man loves the pony like a person, and the pony reciprocates. Innumerable times during the demonstration, Black Bear would turn, reach back and kiss his teacher.

One is reminded of Al G. Barnes' explanation of his training of lions: "You don't need much and they don't. More kindness than anything else." One is reminded of a child's explanation of garden-making: "You puts the seeds in the ground and you loves 'em till they grow." Mr. Barrett's patience and love of his pony are as beautiful as is the demonstration by the little horse.

Curious to see whether Black Bear always would answer questions in the same manner, and eager above all for that incomparable atmosphere of difference in his presence, I went back to the carriage house a fortnight later. And this time, when Black Bear was asked if he liked to go to New York and what he did there, he was in a less material mood, and spelled out, not "eat," but:

"Visit."

"Visit whom?"

"Nice people."

One incident is told of him which we did not see occur. A square was drawn on a blackboard and shown to him.

"What is that?"

"Square."

"What is the name of the line from this corner to this corner?"—meaning the diagonal. To which Black Bear returned: "Line of hypotnuise"—(sic).

Black Bear has been exhibited occasionally

in New York. They have had him at Columbia University. At a recent dinner at the home of a Columbia professor, Black Bear was mentioned and a judge who chanced to be present cried:

"I was motoring in Westchester when I saw that little horse giving a demonstration to a group of people by the roadside. We stopped and listened. We heard questions and saw him reply. Then he passed a hat, last of all to me. His owner said, 'Go and get the gloves of the lady in gray and give them to the last man who put something in the hat.' The pony went and got the gloves of the lady in gray and brought them to me. I thought there was a man inside him until he began to eat grass. I've no explanation..."

If you ask some, they merely disbelieve. If you ask the wise, they may disbelieve too. But there are those who wonder whether indeed animals are charmed and whether we do know about them all that there is to know.

Two Pairs of Silk Stockings (Continued from page 48)

Bit of a thinker, too—what? Getting so quickly at the secret of one's business. Is your wife's name Daisy? Hm! Daisy Brown. Hm! He grunted. "Thought of your own position at all?"

"My own position? With my wife had up in a police court! What does it matter about my own position?"

"You may lose your own job through this silly little wife of yours."

Tom gazed on the carpet. "I haven't thought about that yet," he said, getting up.

He stood bolt upright before Sir Andrew.

"You refuse to help me?" he asked frankly.

Sir Andrew's manner changed.

"Don't be childish," he said, somewhat ruffled. "Everybody's got a will. Those who don't choose to resist temptation must suffer for it, and there the matter ends."

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"Thanks," he said with a choked voice. "I'm sorry I troubled you, sir," and he turned to go out of the room.

Sir Andrew Ridges sat down and with a heavy look watched Tom go out.

Daisy's case came before the magistrate on the following morning. The police asked for a remand to make further inquiries and the magistrate granted it. Tom went his way like a lost dog. He slept alone in Crow's-nest. He wrote Daisy a letter:

"I don't care a rap if they send you to prison for a year, darling. I shall love you and go on loving you."

Every morning he traveled to the City alone. No one knew anything yet in the bank, though everybody who knew Tom could see how pale and worried he looked. The days went by. In a strange and horrible way Tom accommodated himself to the situation. He made plans for receiving Daisy after her release. He'd have flowers for her and a good dinner, even a bottle of wine. Why should they spend money at the seaside, pay it out to strangers, if they could use it themselves?

Tom looked at all the dark clouds he could see in the sky to see how many of them had silver linings. Only once did he catch sight of such a cloud, out in Ruislip, in the evening, as he was walking home across the fields.

"Well anyhow—that's something!"

When Daisy came into court again after a week the police made short shrift with her. Her belongings had been gone through, but there was no incriminating evidence to show that she had been stealing before. She was given a good character by the police. But unfortunately the silk stockings convicted her. The magistrate took a serious view of the case.

"Thieving is a dastardly crime," he said unctuously, "and it must be stamped out. I cannot treat this case leniently. I must do my duty. One month in the second division."

When Tom saw his wife being led away, he

nearly broke down. His solicitor, who had vainly pleaded the youth and ignorance of his client, took Tom away to a tea-shop in the neighborhood.

"Buck up, Brown," said the bird of law in a ten-guinea tone of voice. "Take care of yourself and see that no one gets to hear about it at your bank. And thank your lucky stars your name is Brown."

Tom went to the bank. He took a pride in his job. But now shame almost conquered him. There he was in that big bank with hundreds of other fellows, but none of them had a wife in prison. "I must resign my job," he said to himself. "I must forestall the shame of being sacked."

But when he got to his seat in the foreign-bills department he felt the misery of his situation to such a degree that he lost heart. Nay, he'd not resign. Probably not one of these fellows ever would know of the disaster. He could not live on nothing. He must go and brave the world. With a heavy heart he changed his jacket that evening and went home to Ruislip.

Daisy in prison! He was the only crow in the nest now!

Horror seized Tom in the train on the following morning when he read his paper.

PRETTY SHOP-GIRL SENTENCED FOR STEALING SILK STOCKINGS.

There it was.

"One month for a shoplifter. Mrs. Daisy Brown brought up in the police court and sentenced to a month in the second division."

Tom looked at all his traveling companions, looked from face to face. It seemed to him that they were all reading about Daisy.

With shaking knees he went to his seat in the foreign-bills department. He entered his bills, sat in silence, looked at the clock, bent down deeply. The chief came to his side.

"What's the matter lately, Brown?"

"Nothing, sir."

"You don't look very well."

Five or six faces looked across at him. Tom felt like fainting. There was one face among these faces he never had liked, a broad, ugly, constantly smiling face.

"I'm perfectly all right," he said to the chief, without being able to take his eyes off that unfriendly yet smiling face.

The chief went away. In the afternoon an office boy came up to Tom.

"The general manager wants to see you, sir."

"All right."

So all was finished at last. It seemed much easier than he had thought it would be at first. Why, he could walk straight and could even stand before the general manager without trembling.



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What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

They may offend others as much as these offend you

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make different mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To you they may seem correct, but others may know that they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think.

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"Brown," he heard a voice ring out, "I've been told that your wife has been put into prison for shoplifting. There's a paragraph in this newspaper which has been brought to my notice about a Mrs. Daisy Brown. Is the lady really your wife?"

"Yes, sir."
"Very awkward for you, Brown. I'm frightfully sorry for you. You must leave the bank today."

"Yes, sir."
"You will have a month's money in advance."
"Yes, sir."

Tom returned to his desk. The chief came to him a little later and put an envelope before him. Pay day! Tom put the envelope in his pocket. He got up, went downstairs, changed coats, rolled his belongings in a newspaper, put on his hat and went home.

For three weeks he worked in the cottage and the little garden. He cleaned the cottage from top to bottom, rationing his food and tobacco as if a beastly world war were on. Then—one day he went to London and waited outside a big gray wall for a long, long time. When he saw the great gate slowly swinging, opening ever so little to let the slim body of Daisy slip through, he ran to her, caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"Stop crying, darling! It's all over now. Come, let's get away quickly, there are people coming! I'm going to take you to Ruislip in a taxi all the way. Yes, I'm going to sport you a taxi this time. I don't care if it costs a pound or more."

As they taxied into the country, they spoke no word. They sat huddled together, and Tom stroked her hands. When they got home they locked the door from the inside.

They started a long, long holiday together. Not in Bournemouth, but in Ruislip in the Crow's-nest and thereabouts. They went across meadows, into the woods, listened to the birds and watched fish in the streams. For days and weeks they lazed about and sometimes they were out of their nest even at night.

"Daisy," said Tom, "I want you to forget it all. We don't ever want to talk about it again. You see, you're like a patient somehow, and I'm like your nurse taking care of you. And all the trees and flowers and meadows are just made for us."

In spite of it all there remained a shadow between them. Daisy would never tell Tom what had given her the impulse to steal.

One night under the full moon he begged her: "Tell me the truth, Daisy, why ever did you steal? The honest truth, please. I don't mind it. I'll never ask another question about it."

She could not tell and covered her face.
"You aren't a kleptomaniac, are you?" he asked, approaching his face to hers.

"No—I swear I'm not."

"Then why did you take those stockings?"
"Oh, Tom! I promised I'd never tell."

"You must tell me."

"I didn't go alone to Ridges', I went with— Oh, Tom! I gave her my word I'd never tell anyone her name."

"Then don't tell it. But tell the rest."

Daisy looked down.

"That girl was in front of me. I saw her pick up a pair of stockings and put them in her hand-bag. No one noticed her. Tom, she tempted me. I did the same thing. When they caught me she bolted. It was horrible!"

Tom chewed a long stalk of grass.

"Perhaps it's best for us, Daisy, things happened like that. One thing is certain. You'll never do it again."

He patted her on the back.

"We'll start afresh now," he whispered lovingly. "We're both cured now. I'm going to find a new job. I must. We've pawned nearly all we can spare. It'll bring us to an awful end, this sort of doing nothing. If it goes on I shall soon be one of the unemployed, drawing a dole. We've only got about three pounds left in the world. The rent's behind. Daisy, tomorrow I'm going to London to find a job. I'll find one somehow. And I'll work like blazes, you'll see. I shan't let you work in London any more. You'll keep chickens here and grow flowers. We'll sell eggs."

She looked at the moon. Its light flooded her face. He thought her very lovely and kissed her. She freed herself and gave a little snif.

"Tom," she said, "don't you think it would be decent to send some money to Ridges' to pay for those stockings?"

"Oh, I say," breathed Tom, "I never thought of it. You're right. We'll send it tonight."

"They were expensive ones. Eleven and six a pair."

Dear Sir, (wrote Tom to Sir Andrew Ridges). My wife has come out of prison and begs me to send you the enclosed money to pay for the two pairs of stockings which she stole from one of the counters of your store over three months ago. Please forgive the long delay . . .

"That's made a big hole in our last resources," said Tom. "But I feel more easy now."

He changed his voice and continued, "Of course our hens would go and molt just as we're hard up for their eggs!"

A receipt came from Ridges', also a letter signed by Sir Andrew Ridges, asking Mr. Brown to come to the office on a certain day. Tom, who was no fool, took Daisy with him.

And if, perchance, you go shopping at Ridges' stores today, you will find pretty Daisy Brown in one of the offices typing, and Tom Brown wearing a smart suit in the upper regions of linen-draperdom. To show Tom's position in the firm it is sufficient to state that he is allowed to smoke his pipe during office hours.

Ambassador of Rivington Street (Cont. from page 57)

father to move from the East Side as other rich Jews were doing was that here she met Joe at the synagogue and occasionally on the street.

But the young woman kept her face passive and only nodded a polite interest in the tale. The older women mumbled together placidly, they who stood so near to death themselves.

"Look, his head is crooked," Hortense Beckman said suddenly, bending over the casket.

Her open fur coat and trailing veil obscured for a moment the open upper portion of it and none of the women saw her fumbling with its arrangements.

"The earth bag had slipped." She had withdrawn her hand and spoke with trembling lips to the women. It is true that many of these tiny linen sacks filled with the sacred soil of Jerusalem lay under the dead man's head.

Jews whom he had defended in trouble or befriended in some crisis had brought their own treasured portion of the black earth of the homeland—hoarded against their own day of burial—that the beloved head of the patriarch might rest the easier in its long sleep.

But the women did not heed her and were withdrawing from the room, hands of sympathy extended to the widow and her children.

Hortense Beckman stood alone in the room, a bitter triumphant look in her eyes. Clutched in her clenched fist was a crumpled piece of white ribbon. No one ever knew, for Abram Levi's hand was too far down to show, and those in charge closed the casket almost immediately afterwards.

With fast-beating, rebellious heart she hungrily searched the features of Ray Levi as the girl stood beside the man she herself loved. The faith she saw there cut her deeply; the

wad of white ribbon burned her hand. Unhappy, defeated, she managed to drop the thing in a far corner of the room—she could not have held it in her hand a minute longer—and fled.

Several months later when the news was whispered about that Abram Levi had been a successful emissary, and that the prayer of his daughter-in-law was in a fair way of being answered, the entire Ghetto was jubilant.

The ecstasy of Ray and her husband knew no bounds. Ray sat in a sunny window long happy afternoons making tiny garments and crocheting yards and yards of fine lace.

"We'll open a store, maybe, with all them clothes, not?" teased Joe.

"A toy store, you said it," Ray would answer, smiling at the lumpy packages that arrived in empty butter-tubs. The heir of the house of Levi already had a kiddy car, roller-skates and two Teddy-bears awaiting him.

Hannah alone for some reason was fearful.

"When I hold the little one in these old arms and know that my daughter is safe, then will I rejoice. Then will I know that my husband has sent us his gift. Until that time comes, I fear—" The old lips moved in prayer.

This time, moreover, Hannah was in the right. There was need of prayer, greater and greater need as time progressed on the night the little soul for which Abram Levi had gone in quest started on its journey to the earth.

No one, the doctor assured them, could be sure in these matters, but if ever a woman lived with courage to win a desperate fight that woman was Ray Levi. He told this to the anxious husband and mother in the early morning hours when the struggle had become so great that even he had to admit to apprehension. Minutes passed—dragging.

Finally when his wife's shrieks of agony could be repressed no longer, Joe turned in almost equal torment to the physician and demanded the truth.

"I cannot give her more drugs on account of her weak heart," he said. "She has wonderful endurance but it is true she cannot hold out much longer. You will have to decide what I am to do."

Joseph understood, so did his mother. So, no doubt, did Abram Levi, he who went after the little life.

"We can still wait a little longer," said the doctor, pity in his anxious voice.

Joe turned to his mother for advice, but Hannah did not heed him. She brushed past the two men and hastened downstairs to the shuttered room which had been locked ever since the day her husband's casket had rested there. The year was not yet up during which the room must be kept closed according to traditional custom, but Hannah unlocked the door and stumbled into the middle of the room to the very spot where the casket had stood.

"O my husband, give me a sign!" Tears coursed down her cheeks as she spoke. "O God, let it not be that the life my husband has pleaded for must die before it has yet lived!"

With head flung back, arms outstretched, she communed with the God of Israel much as the women of old must have done on the bleak hills of Palestine.

"I would not have my daughter die even to bring my son's son into the world. I would rather they go childless all their days. But now, Most High, let my husband Abram give me a sign!"

Hannah's gaze fell on the enlarged crayon portrait of her husband that hung above the mantelpiece. The room was dark but the electric light in the hall threw some light in the musty chamber, enough for her to descry the gentle face and kind grave eyes of the man she had loved through so many years of trial and misfortune.

But the eyes did not meet hers as of old. They stared with a strange new fixity beyond her toward a distant corner of the dim room. Hannah turned and followed the gaze of the eyes, seeking she knew not what.

What could be in the corner? She groped

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along the dusty floor until her fingers touched a soft wad of something and closed over it. She hurried out to the light and examined it. A strand of white ribbon coiled about her shaking hand. She turned swiftly to the portrait. As of old, the eyes met her own, kindly, gravely, comprehendingly.

Madly she rushed up the steps, down the hall to a room redolent of disinfectants. She burst in upon the doctor and Joe. Her son was saying, "Quick, then, save my wife—let the child go. For pity's sake, be quick!"

But Hannah heeded nothing of this. She leaned over the panting woman and held out the ribbon. "Look, my daughter, a sign sent right from Heaven!" she cried.

Even in her agony Ray saw and understood. A change came over her, a new gift of strength showed in her face.

The doctor gave quick orders which were obeyed immediately. The nurse hurried the half-fainting husband from the room.

It was but a little time until there was a faint cry. Then the doctor came out. "It is all right. You have a fine boy," he said, smiling.

The news of this second miracle spread up and down Rivington Street next day and was, indeed, believed by all.

Was not Abram Levi a worthy ambassador? In kosher butcher shops where the price of chickens was ordinarily in hot debate it was

discussed in all detail; in the plush and plate-glass atmosphere of the more pretentious clothing emporiums it even preceded topics of style—on hearing of it, furtive-eyed young men in basement pool-rooms forgot to sneer.

Who could doubt the Sign made manifest when the little spirit of Abram Levi's grandson had wavered on the very threshold of existence?

Hortense Beckman heard of it and doubted least of all, knowing as she did more than all the others.

When Ray was strong enough to sit again in the sunny window, she forced herself to call upon the young mother. Wistfully she watched the baby hands so small and weak.

"I'm almost afraid to ask you now, you so fine living with your papa on the Drive," began Ray, after admiring the gold fork and spoon that Hortense had brought the baby.

"Ask me what?" Hortense asked, her cheeks ashen.

"To stand godmother to little Abie here, at the christening." Ray's eyes were conscious of the honor she disposed as well as of the favor she asked.

"Oh, Ray, could I, and can I hold him now just a little while?"

For answer Ray settled the wool bundle topped with dark down in the strong arms of the other woman.

"Be careful of his head," she admonished; "they are that tender."

Alimony by Faith Baldwin (Continued from page 79)

her. All references to Charlotte hurt her. It was damnable, he thought bitterly, that a man paid for his past and the mistakes of his past through the one person on earth dearer to him than himself.

"Eve—" And now she turned and laid her arms across his knees and looked up at him. She had forgotten for the moment the fear and anxiety which held her silent, for his sake. She had forgotten that for some days he had been different, even remote. She remembered only that she carried his child.

"What is it, darling?" she asked him softly. "I—I have to tell you something," he said simply. "It's not very pleasant. And you," he went on, wondering at the injustice of life, "you'll have to bear the burden of it."

She paled. Oh, he was ill, then, very ill—and hadn't told her! "Stephen—"

"It's Charlotte," he said heavily. "She's found out somehow that I'm making more money. That little rat of a lawyer of hers has been after me to increase her alimony. A hundred a month. Practically half of my raise in salary. I refused, of course, and said nothing to you, thinking that was the end of the affair. But they've been to court about it."

"It seems she's lost her broadcasting job—I don't know what it amounted to, in any case. Well, the increase has been granted by law, and there's nothing to do but pay it. Givens says I can't fight it. I don't understand these things," he ended wearily.

Eve's gray eyes were big and her mouth a little set. "You can't do it!" she said hoarsely. "You can't do it—not now!"

He leaned down and pulled her up so that she knelt there on the big hassock.

"I have to do it. Oh, forgive me," he said brokenly, "for letting you in for all this."

She put her hands on his shoulders and gripped him hard. She had to tell him now and all the joy in telling was gone. All the tenderness had vanished. She had thought to tell him just like this, to lay her head against his breast and tell him, simply, happily, and then fall silent, sensing the mystery and the awe and the miracle of it all—the miracle of love and love's completion. And now she must fight for the rights of her unborn child against that other woman, that sterile woman, whose undying claim upon Stephen Dane would be a perpetual menace to Eve—and to Eve's child. "Stephen," she said, and her voice was harsh,

"you can't give her more money. We'll need it."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I'm going to have a baby," said Eve, and there was no triumph in her voice, only that bugle-note which is the voice of motherhood threatened and battling.

"Oh, my Lord!" whispered Stephen, and again Eve knew a wrenching sorrow. For there was none of the joy and gratitude she had imagined she would hear in his voice after she told him. There was only anxiety. After a moment he said again: "Forgive me."

Eve schooled her voice to a matter-of-fact tone. "So you see," she said, "you simply can't afford to give her that much more. It's not fair—to me—or the baby."

"But," said Stephen hopelessly, "this doesn't alter things as far as the law is concerned. There's no way out, Eve."

She got up at that and went to her chair and took up her sewing. Her voice shook a little as she said, flatly, dully: "Well, that's that, then. We'll have to manage—somehow."

It was not until a little later that he took her in his arms and kissed her and comforted her. Now he looked at her and noted how her mouth had hardened and how bright with rebellion were her eyes. And knew that for the first time in their knowledge of each other they were estranged—through very love, through fear. He looked fleetingly into the future and shook his head, and answered, in her words and as dully: "Yes—we'll have to manage—somehow."

Later, of course, Eve had from her husband all the tenderness and deeply stirred interest and broken words of love and fear and gratitude that she had dreamed to have. But the really great moment had passed; the unique moment in a woman's life when she tells the man by whom she is beloved and whom she loves that she is the mother of his child. The fact that this moment had been spoiled and tarnished for her by the intrusion of her husband's former wife left a wound. The wound would heal, but there would be scar tissue.

In marrying Charlotte, Stephen had followed the blind dictates of his body. In marrying Eve, he had followed the equally blind dictates of his heart. And Eve must pay the penalty of his first submission to certain natural laws. She must pay it in secret jealousy and distaste and even hatred. She must pay it in resentment.

And, in a measure, she would continue paying it all her life. Not all women do, but Eve was

one of the unfortunate women to whom the thought of a predecessor is hateful and indecent. She was very ill. She had the distorted fears and blinding doubts which are often concomitants of her condition. She became irritable and inclined to hysteria. All this afflicted Stephen with wonder and terror.

Thorpe Bedford had gone South; had tired of Palm Beach and come home again. He came at once to see Eve and was shocked at the change in her. He asked for the reason and was told it. Later, staying for dinner, he questioned Stephen while Eve was in the kitchen.

"But," said Bedford finally, in exasperation, "this shouldn't have happened!"

Stephen was immediately upon the defensive. "Eve and I—," he began.

"Oh, of course," said Bedford, and brandished his cigar with an irritating gesture, "of course—you wanted children! I know. You're the types, both of you. And quite right, oo. You ought to have them; you'll make mighty fine parents—a bit on the sober and anxious side, but fine all the same. But just at present, taking on this extra burden is a little hard on Eve. I mean, she's not really adjusted to marriage yet, you know."

"I—," he didn't think of that, "said Stephen, a little humbly. "We did think, of course, of the financial side. We could have managed if it hadn't been for additional expenses which were most unexpected."

"What were they?"

"My—first wife," said Stephen grimly, "discovered somehow that I'd changed my job and bettered my prospects. So the bright young boy she employs as a lawyer and sleuth-hound proceeded to come down on me for more alimony, and got it."

Bedford swore. He cursed for a minute and a half, and Stephen, listening, fascinated, learned six new words.

Bedford planted his square heavy hand on Stephen's knee. "Look here—Eve's my step-daughter, and I think a lot of her. Let me see her through this—hospital, doctors, nurses and all. You'll be doing me a favor."

Stephen's face set into a hard mask. "Thanks—awfully. But I'm afraid we couldn't."

There was no more than that, no explanation. But Bedford understood that he was beaten. He said, without rancor:

"Well, of course, if you feel that way, there's no more to be said. But I'd like it if you'd call on me if you feel you are in a tight place."

Much later Stephen happened to mention this offer to Eve. It occurred on a day when she had been shopping for the baby's things. The cost of the simplest necessities had appalled her and she returned home tired and discouraged.

"I said no, of course," Stephen ended. "I must say I resented it—although I tried not to show it. We're not objects of charity. I'm making a very good salary."

"But you're paying out most of it," Eve told him wearily. "No, we're not objects of charity, of course. I sometimes wish we were; then we could accept things and not feel—humiliated."

Stephen looked at her in utter amazement. "Do you mean to say you would have—taken the money?"

She nodded, her eyelids heavy with fatigue.

"Oh, I know how you feel," she said, a moment later, when she found him still staring at her with amazement. "I used to feel that way, too. I don't any more. I don't know why. I suppose most women feel like this, though—that no pride's too valuable to throw aside for safety, consideration, even ease at a time like this. I'm not thinking of myself. I'm thinking of the baby. Babies—come high."

"Well, it's out of the question," Stephen told her shortly, deeply wounded.

"No doubt," said Eve, and was silent again. Stephen was struck by an instant, unworthy doubt. "Eve," he asked, "you wouldn't—go behind my back—for help—would you?"

"No," she said, and then added with her stark honesty, "at least, I don't think so."

And wondered where her courage had gone. And with that he was forced to be content.



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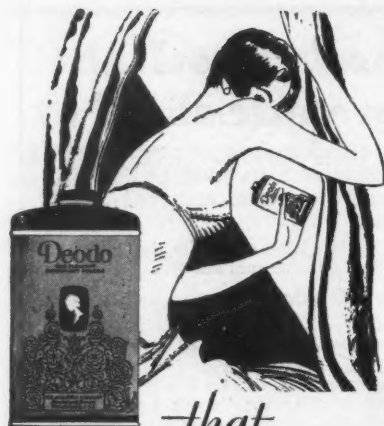
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They had not quarreled about it, yet an aching sense of rupture remained with them both.

The thing that troubled Stephen most was what he felt was the alteration in Eve. Her new inconsistency, her practical refusal of all her acknowledged standards. He did not realize that the woman about to become a mother is the most unscrupulous creature on the face of the earth; that she will overthrow all her "standards" and alter all her ideas and ideals in her desire for safety—safety for herself, for the child.

The baby, a boy, was born during a very hot and enervating summer. Eve was excellently taken care of. But she could not afford to take a nurse home with her. The result was that she was a long time in regaining her strength. And the baby had to be put on a formula, with the natural anxieties attending such a change. There were sleepless nights and worries and a baby specialist and all the small, devastating terrors.

In the autumn the baby was on a sturdy road to health, and Eve was dragging herself about, a shadow. She had very little time for Stephen. She had a woman to help her in the kitchen by the day, and she took all the care of the baby herself. It was gradually wearing her down to a very thin edge indeed.

One evening, as they sat in the living-room, she said suddenly: "Stephen—I want to go back to work."

Stephen looked at her. His mind worked slowly, and he answered with utter incredulity: "Work? What do you mean?"

"I mean I want to take a job. I think that if I did so, all our problems would be solved."

"But—Junior? I can't understand you, Eve!"

"It's for Junior that I'm thinking," she said. "It is absurd to believe that just because I'm his mother I can give him trained care. I can't. He gets on my nerves, the poor darling, and I'm sure I get on his. If I went back to work we could afford a good nurse for him; we'd know he was well taken care of. Things would run so much more smoothly, so much better. I know you hate the idea—but think it over. As Junior's nurse I'm more or less a failure. As some adult person's secretary I'd be a success."

Stephen's face was dark with anger and wounded pride. "Well, you can't do it," he said violently, "and that's that!"

"You don't own me!" she flung back, suddenly jerked into a bitter altercation.

"Perhaps I don't. But you're my wife, and I won't have you working in an office. I'm not anxious to have people say that I can't support you both."

"Well," said Eve flatly, "you can't, Stephen."

Why, she asked herself, was she being so unkind?

He got up and walked about the small room. In the bedroom, in the crib near their own bed, the child stirred in his sleep and cried out drowsily. Eve rose and went in to him. When she came back, her face softened, she found that Stephen had worked himself up into a pretty fair imitation of a rage.

"And," he ended finally, "you'll put all this out of your head. It is out of the question."

"I'm sorry," Eve told him steadily, "but it is something that I must decide for myself."

But she did not, entirely. She went first to see her doctor and laid the whole subject before him. "I want your advice," she concluded.

Doctor Dayton looked at her over his glasses. "It would be best for Junior," he decided gravely. "All your maternal love for him cannot equal professional care. That's a fact that's often denied, but doctors know it. But you have other things to consider. Yourself, for instance. You aren't strong enough physically nor yet nervously. You probably couldn't hold down a job, because your mind wouldn't be on your work, entirely. It would be like a house divided. And your physical strength is not enough to combat the form of nervousness we call worry. So I advise against it."

"Money," thought Eve, walking home, "money—that's the real solution."

And it seemed to her disgraceful, unjust, that so many of life's problems could be and were solved by money. She and Stephen were becoming irritable and estranged and alienated. They were turning into an anxious, rather haggard young woman and an equally anxious, equally haggard young man. They were quarreling. They were losing their sense of completeness, of dreams, of glamor. Each knew it; each struggled against it. They were just two human beings who, having entered the state described with some irony as holy matrimony, had taken parenthood upon themselves and were faced with a serious and very common economic problem.

And much of this problem was due to the fact that Stephen Dane had married, so to speak, too young—and too often.

That night she told Stephen: "I've given up the idea of taking a position."

Because he had gone about all day with the thought of her decision, his withdrawal from him, in his mind, he was too worn out to be generous, to appear grateful for her surrender. He merely said sharply:

"I should hope so. It was too absurd that you should entertain such an idea for a moment."

"I spoke to Doctor Dayton about it," Eve informed him, "and he told me I wasn't strong enough—yet. There's just one thing to do—to try to become strong enough. I said I had given up the idea. I meant—temporarily."

"I see," said Stephen bitterly. "You mean me to understand that what I think or feel about it makes no difference?"

"Yes, Stephen, I mean just that. We must get along this way because it appears that we have to. But I want something better than just getting along. Other women successfully combine business, wifehood and motherhood. I don't consider that I'm more stupid than other women."

She set her teeth in her lower lip to control its trembling and felt the hot rush of tears to her eyes. Later, she rose and walked steadily into the bedroom. When Stephen followed her, later, he found her tearless and silent, lying with one arm flung out, her hand touching the crib in which the baby slept.

He undressed in silence and got into bed beside her and put out his arms to draw her near. They did not speak—merely held each other close and kissed. But it was not reconciliation. It was merely the drawing together of two frightened human beings in a pitiful attempt to be comforted and to forget for a moment their terrors and their sense of ultimate forlornness and loneliness, to forget in a little tenderness this curious muddle called life. Neither had surrendered his convictions. It was not unity. It was, perhaps, marriage.

Charlotte Dane was having tea alone at an uptown hotel one afternoon in early spring when a young man came over to her table.

"Harry Stoddard!"

He nodded, and pulled out a chair opposite her. "May I?" He sat down and viewed her. "It's very good to see you," he said simply, realizing suddenly how more than good it was.

He'd left her—in anger. She hadn't cared enough to call him back. He'd gone to Chicago and worked, really worked, for the first time in his life. He'd had a fair time, too. But he hadn't been able to forget her.

Charlotte saw, dimly, the change in him. He was thinner, his mouth was firmer, but the eyes were as gay, as ardently pleading as ever. She felt her hands shake, folded them in her lap and looked across at him. All she had ever thought to say to him, all the words of reproach or indifference, vanished from her mind. She had not seen him—in almost a year.

"You've changed," she said. "Yes. You haven't. You're—lovelier than ever."

"Please don't," whispered Charlotte. "I won't, then."

"You went away," she told him. "I didn't know for a long time. Then I found out." "Yes. I went away when I found out you

weren't going to—ask me to come back, Charlotte. It was hard, my dear."

"Hard for me, too."
They looked at one another in silence. Then he said abruptly:

"Let's get out of this. Are you still living with Helene Carter?"

"No—we disagreed a little while ago. Anyway, I think she's going to marry again."

"Is that so?" he asked, not much interested, beckoning the waiter. "Who's the man?"

"Oh—you know him—my lawyer—Max."

"I see," said Stoddard, and paid the check. Then he asked: "Is there any place we can go? I must talk to you."

"My apartment," she told him, "just around the corner."

He helped her with her coat and they left the hotel, walking to the one room and bath which Charlotte had rented on West Fifty-seventh.

"You must be lonely," he said.

"I was. Not now. I like being alone now."

"You're not singing on the radio any more?"

he asked. "I've tuned in—from Chicago. But—I couldn't get you."

She said indifferently: "I lost my job at the big station. Now and then I sing for one of the smaller ones."

He nodded. Then he burst out: "What the devil did we quarrel about, anyway, Charlotte?"

She laughed, without mirth. "Nothing. Everything. My husband and his second wife."

"Yes, that was it. Eve. You were hard on Eve, Charlotte." He stopped and said, a little embarrassed, "You knew she'd had a baby? Someone wrote me." He did not say that his correspondent was Stella Bedford.

Charlotte was staring at him, paling. "A—baby! Stephen?"

"Yes—a boy."

Her eyes brimmed with tears. They were tears of emotion, having their source in her unexpected meeting with him. Stoddard was gripped with a bitter jealousy.

"Charlotte—do you still care for him—so much?"

She said honestly: "No—no, I don't care at all. Perhaps I never did. But—oh, it's all so strange, somehow. I don't know why I was such a fool—to cry about it, I mean."

Stoddard took a deep breath. With abruptness, without real warning, his hour had struck. He had come to New York for his firm; he had had no intention of seeing Charlotte Dane. Now he knew that he would have seen her even if it had not been for that unplanned encounter.

"Look here," he told her, soberly—and another woman, Stella, for instance, would not have recognized him, so halting were his words, so deep his sincerity—"look here, Charlotte. I'm in love with you. I've been in love with you all along. I thought you'd ask me to come back. You didn't, so I went away. I was determined to forget you. Well, I couldn't. And before I went—

"Oh, it's all so rotten," said Stoddard, in despair, "and I'll have to tell you. I was mixed up in an affair when I met you—with an older woman. It can't matter who she was. It had lasted—four years. I was mad about her for a time. Then, when I stopped being mad about her, I went on with it because it was—more comfortable."

Charlotte said, her lips shaking: "I never dreamed. She wouldn't marry you, Harry?"

"No. She—was divorced. She had a big alimony. She wouldn't give it up. And after a time I didn't want to marry her. There you have the whole story. You'll hate me. I don't blame you. I wasn't worth the powder to blow me up. I didn't want to work; I didn't want to do anything. I was just a—tame cat—following around in the trail of the woman I thought I cared for."

"I broke with her after I met you. No, that's not true. I've got to be honest with you. I wanted to break with her—and I was too much of a coward. I dreaded scenes and reproaches and questions. She—she broke with me. She knew I was tired, out of love. So—

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she gave me my freedom. That's all, Charlotte. Now you know why I didn't ask you to marry me that night—the night I brought you home—and kissed you—do you remember?"

She nodded.

He said, as men have said since time immemorial: "Can you forgive me?"

After a moment she answered slowly: "I suppose so. What right have I—not to? But—oh," said Charlotte, between her teeth, "how I hate her—I hate her!"

"You'd much better hate me," he said humbly.

"But—I think I love you," said Charlotte, and no one who had ever known her would have known her then.

He rose to his feet, pulled her up to hers, held her against his breast, and kissed her with the starved passion of a man who has found love and thought he had lost it, and then found it again, human and warm and responsive.

"You must marry me," he said. "You've got to. But, my Lord, Charlotte, I can't offer you much. Just the little income—and what I'm making, which is very little. And you— you should have everything."

"Sit down, Harry," she said softly. "I want to talk to you."

He sat down and she drew her chair near to him.

"I'd like to tell you," she said, "that it didn't matter to me how little you make. But it does matter. I'm a vain woman. I'm selfish. I love comfort and luxury—all the things money can buy. I don't seem to have the disposition to be sweet and good-natured and pleasant on little or nothing. I do love you. I feel as if I'd never really and truly cared before. But—I'm afraid to risk it, Harry. And you? You'd hate it, too, after a while. We're that sort of people," said Charlotte. "I tell you, I'm afraid."

Stoddard nodded heavily. "I see. I don't blame you. You aren't big enough—and neither am I—but," he said, in wonder, "we love each other."

"Yes, Harry," said Charlotte. "I can wait. So can you. If you'll work—I'll work. You'll get ahead, I know you will. I don't think I'm worth working for; I don't even know if you're worth waiting for. But—"

He laughed out suddenly, and rose and took her once more in his arms. "You're worth everything," he cried, exultant, "and I'll work like the devil, and get ahead and have something to offer you. And it's a mighty good thing I have to go back to Chicago to do it, for I'm a pretty weak man, Charlotte, and I couldn't stand being near you—and not having you. And now you know me."

"And you know me," she said.

And after they had kissed, as solemnly as two children, somehow, they went out and walked about the streets. They went to a little cheap place for dinner, and planned and planned, and talked and loved each other with their eyes. And once he asked, diffidently:

"Tell me this—losing your job and all—how are you getting on?"

She answered, instantly, indifferently: "Stephen increased my alimony."

"I see." His face darkened. He said savagely, "Lord, how I hate to think of your living on his money! Well, it won't be long before you needn't go to him."

She saw him on his late train and went back to her apartment. She was terribly happy, she was a little frightened, and she was consumed with jealousy. Well, she told herself honestly, she couldn't expect of Harry that he would come to her without any past.

But he would work. And she would wait. And some day, she thought, they'd be happy. And that was all that mattered.

Charlotte Dane and Harry Stoddard, having found one another, had found also—although they knew it not—redemption from their petty sins and a new road for their wayward feet; a road in which difficulties and obstacles were yet to be encountered, but which, as long as they traveled it together, was the road to happiness.

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physically, much herself again. So she began reading the advertisements in the Sunday papers, and wondering if there were somewhere a place for her. In her heart she knew that she agreed with Stephen—not with his arguments against a married woman's taking a position, but because she was, essentially, a home-maker, and because the real pull at her heart-strings was toward her home. But as things now were she couldn't have the life she wanted, and she fully realized that whatever she did she would be discontented, a misfit.

She got a job through an agency—without telling Stephen. And she engaged a nurse through Doctor Dayton, and when Stephen came home that night she told him.

"I'm going to work tomorrow," she said, "for a brokerage firm, downtown, Masters and Wynne. The nurse comes tonight."

Stephen made an angry, baffled gesture. "Surely you're not serious?—after all I've said!"

"Perfectly serious. Oh, Stephen," she pleaded, and went to him and put her arms about him, "don't look so hurt, dear, don't feel so angry, don't shut your heart against me! Let me try it this way—my way—for a little while. If it doesn't work, if I find I'm a failure, I'll tell you—I'll give it up. And if it's too hard for you, I'll give it up too. I promise—only, let me try it out."

He held her close and kissed her. He said, after a time: "All right. But I can't pretend to like it. You know that. Only I can't endure all this friction and misunderstanding between us. Anything is better than that. You try it your way," said Stephen, who was learning as he went along, "and I'll keep my thoughts to myself."

So Eve started back to work. It took her a little time to get into office routine again. She did not find the pleasure she'd had in it before. She worked and worked hard, but always, as Dayton had warned her, with a divided mind. And so, her heart not being in her work, her work was not distinguished by any unusual ability. When, after two months with the firm, they found it necessary to cut down their staff, she was let out with two weeks' salary and a few words of courteous regret.

She told Stephen wearily: "I've lost my job." He listened to her recital of the circumstances, and although he tried hard he could not keep his gladness from his face.

"What now?" he asked. He was hoping against hope that she'd say, "It was a mistake, a failure—I'll stay on."

"I'll look for something else," she said.

"But—" "Oh, Stephen, you've said you'd let me try. And I am trying. I'm not ready to give up yet," she said. "I've some fight left in me. I'll go to Uncle Thorpe. He'll find me a place."

"Please reconsider that," Stephen urged her. "Mr. Bedford has interfered enough as it is."

"Interfered?" she asked, on a rising inflection. "Well, put it any way you want to," he said sulkily, "but I'm not anxious to have him get the idea that he is necessary to us. I'm grateful, of course, that he gave me my chance. But—well, after all, Eve, he is no blood relation of yours and his reputation is hardly of the best. I don't want you working in his office or in any office which he controls. If you go to him in this instance," Stephen added, warming to his subject, "it will be in defiance of my express wishes. Understand that."

Eve said nothing, merely shrugged wearily. At the words "in defiance of my express wishes," she felt her entire being rise up in rebellion. She had always been independent. She had thought and acted for herself since childhood. She loved Stephen Dane. But, as Bedford had wisely said of her, she was not yet adjusted to marriage. The pull of their differing personalities was still reminiscent of a tug of war. And at Stephen's ultimatum she began to think that going to her stepfather for advice and help was the one thing on earth that she wanted to do—that she must do.

She said, therefore: "I'm sorry. But I shall go all the same, Stephen. There's no use

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arguing with me about the matter. I can't see your point and you can't see mine."

He said nothing further. He did not really believe her. It seemed incredible to him that the woman who was so completely his own in their love life, should be a stranger, with her face set against him. Eve loved him, he reasoned, therefore she would not do the thing he had practically forbidden her to do.

So on the following day he departed for his office in good spirits, and totally unaware of the fact that shortly after his departure Eve called Bedford on the telephone and made an appointment to see him that afternoon.

"Come at four. I'll be home then—we'll have tea. I let all the servants go but Rogers—I'm moving to a hotel. I expect to go to Europe within a couple of weeks. However, Rogers can boil water, I suppose, so that's that. What's wrong, Eve?"

"Nothing—really. Only I want your help."

"How's the kid?"

"Splendid."

"Am I godfather?"

She laughed, a little embarrassed. "Of course, if you want to be. I'll see you this afternoon, Uncle Thorpe."

Bedford looked forward to her visit with anticipation and curiosity. But he was not in an amiable frame of mind when he let himself into his house. Things had gone wrong at the office, things were brewing on the stock-market, and he had eaten too much luncheon—washed it down with too many cocktails. To cap the climax, his lawyer had sent for him and informed him that Angele Cordova, the motion-picture actress, was suing him for breach of contract. He had, she contended, promised to back her in her own productions and had failed.

In addition to all this, he had one of his terrible nervous headaches. A periodic megrim that came at its will and departed in its own good time. Remedies, doctors, nothing had been able to help him. He merely sat back under these onslaughts and suffered, if not in silence, at least with comparative fortitude.

He instructed his man Rogers to serve tea after his guest's arrival, and went wearily into his cluttered library.

Rogers received Eve with an air of discretion which offended her. He was a youngish Englishman with a Dickensian air of slyness. He had not been long in Bedford's employ, but had been there long enough to feel that discretion was the better part of valet. He ushered her into the library and closed the door softly.

Eve, facing Bedford as he sat at the desk and regarded her, said: "I'm back at work. Or at least I want to be."

"What do you mean?" he asked her, astonished.

She explained carefully, and ended: "I wanted to do it long ago, but I wasn't strong enough. Then I did get a place. However, they cut down their staff and let me out after two months. Now I want something else."

"What does Stephen say?"

"He doesn't like it at all," Eve answered honestly.

"Have you been quarreling?" asked Bedford.

"No. That is, not exactly. He doesn't understand, that's all." She ached with shame as she spoke. She appeared to herself so disloyal, so lacking in courage, in decency even.

"I see. Well, if I find something for you, that will put me in very wrong with your young man," Bedford mused aloud, and added, "But he's nothing to me. And you are. Would you consider coming in my own office?"

She hesitated—asked doubtfully: "Do you think I'd better?"

A particularly evil twinge took Bedford then and pierced his aching head with fiery pitchforks. He jerked out, immediately bad-tempered: "Because of the relationship? Because your mother, very rightly, divorced me? Don't be an imbecile, Eve. What has that to do with it?"

He had never looked more unattractive than as he sat there. Eve looked at him. To her, he appeared merely sullen and dissipated. She began to wish that she had not come. For some



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reason obscure to her, he seemed on the edge of a display of temper—and how terrible his tempers could be, she knew—and knew well. As a child she had often cowered beneath the bedclothes, while in a room below her he had stormed and cursed her mother.

She answered, hurriedly, conscious of a desire to get away: "I didn't mean that. But Stephen—" She stopped. She could hardly say that Stephen had forbidden her even to approach her stepfather in the matter.

"What about Stephen?" Bedford asked.

"Nothing. I was just thinking—there might be unpleasantness in your office—talk."

She meant, merely, gossip of favoritism. Bedford, of course, knew that. But his throbbing head and general sense of ill-being drove him to a wilful misunderstanding. He laughed shortly.

"Talk? Because you're a woman—young—pretty—and my own stepdaughter? Come, Eve, I draw the line somewhere!" And as she stared at him, incredulous at the sudden ugly turn of the conversation, he went on: "Not that men haven't interested themselves in their wives' daughters before."

"Please don't talk like that," said Eve.

"I'll talk how I please—to you or anyone else. Look here, what's the big idea, anyway? You women are all alike—you'll use any weapons that come to hand. Your mother used me as long as I was convenient to her, and then she dug out. As for you, Eve, you've never liked me—not really. And that precious weakling of yours dislikes me very much. But he took a job from me—and so will you. You'll use me just as long as it suits your book."

Eve was pale with anger. She entirely missed the psychology back of the brutal statement. That Bedford was putting in a plea for all the things he had missed in life, all the things money could not buy for him, disinterested affection, friendship, love untainted by sex and influenced only by what he was, not by what he had, completely escaped her. She could hear in his words only insult.

Her own temper was slow to rise, slow to take control. But when it did so, it shook her past all discretion.

"You've no right to speak to me like that!" she cried. "When I tell Stephen, he'll leave the company. We can look out for ourselves—without your help!"

"You'll starve to death," Bedford told her. She said, ignoring this: "And you shan't speak to me of my mother—that way. It's indecent. What if she did marry you for your money? She gave you value received, didn't she? You never loved her—you've never loved anyone. You tired of her—long before she left you. I remember! I wasn't too young. Your infidelities were flagrant enough. Any woman with any pride would have left you." She had risen, gathering up her things with shaking hands.

Bedford rose, too. He pointed a stubby finger at her.

"Wait a moment. If Stella had so much pride," he asked slowly, "why did she take money from me?—and a whale of a lot of money, too, if you should ask me. That's all she ever wanted. The day she married me she was looking forward to her divorce. You're a good champion, Eve, but your mother doesn't deserve it. She's a selfish, mercenary woman—she always has been. What is she doing with my money? Is she helping you—or her grandson? She's paying dinner checks for a lot of idle young men—that's what she's doing. She's a fool. I warned her—the day of your wedding. Much good it did her. She's the laughing-stock of New York—she and her infantile lovers."

Eve exclaimed, lost to all discretion, shaking with rage: "Keep quiet! If—if what you say is true—it's your fault. She's not different from any other woman. She wanted a home and a husband who cared for her—who'd be faithful to her. If she's all you say, it's you who've ruined her."

"P?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, you! You knew she was weak; you

knew she loved luxury—and you gave her all that money—with a string to it. You knew she'd never give it up to marry again. You could have afforded to do the decent thing—you could have settled a sum on her—for life. It needn't have been so very large. If you'd done that," Eve went on, forgetting her long silence, forgetting everything, thinking only that Bedford knew—had known all along, "if you'd done that, she would have married Harry Stoddard long ago!"

"Stoddard?" repeated Bedford. Like lightning his mind flashed back to a conversation he'd had with Eve. Harry Stoddard—the young man whose name was linked with that of Stephen Dane's former wife. He said swiftly, "How inexplicably comic!"

Eve said, her voice shaking: "I'm glad you think so. You wanted to know why I left Mother—why I didn't live with her on your money. Do you think I'd take a cent of your money—after I knew—about her and Harry? Do you think I really blamed her, in my heart? She couldn't help being made the way she is, weak and beautiful and vain and wanting love. She couldn't help thinking she'd found what she wanted in that equally weak man, younger than herself, dazzled by her—and by what your money could do for her. I was eighteen when I found out. Eighteen!"

"If she cared so much for Stoddard," Bedford suggested smoothly, "she'd care enough to—give up my money—and take him instead, wouldn't she?"

"Oh," cried Eve, in angry despair, "what's the use of quibbling? You had ruined her with luxury. She couldn't get along without it. So she took—everything she could get. If it hadn't been for that, she would have married him—and been happy."

"Well," Bedford commented slowly, "he threw her over—for your husband's wife. That's very amusing, isn't it?"

"You're hateful," Eve whispered, "hateful!" "Am I? You're very pretty in a rage, Eve! You've something your mother never had—fire—emotion. Funny I never saw it before."

He took a step toward her. His head was aching so that his eyes were blind and blood-shot with it. He did not know what he was doing—nor did he care. He was, for the moment, completely insane. He knew, dimly, that he was quarreling with a woman—a pretty woman—who had stirred him to rage. There was only one way to deal with a quarreling woman who was also a pretty one—and that was to frighten her—and perhaps to kiss her.

He left the desk, walked over to Eve, his head lowered. "There's only one way to shut you up," he suggested softly.

As she backed away from him, her anger dying in terror, he put out one strong hand and gripped her shoulder. In all justice to him he did not know what he was doing.

"Come here," he said.

She pulled away, with a suddenly augmented strength, and struck him full across the face.

At the blow, not in itself serious, Bedford reeled. The room was dark about him. He felt nauseated. The disease from which he suffered had reached its height. He backed blindly away from Eve, his hands outstretched before him, and while she watched him, panting, fascinated with fear, before her lips could frame a warning, he had struck his head against the outjutting mantelpiece and had fallen heavily to the floor, unconscious.

In his fall Bedford had struck his head against the fire-dogs which protruded far out upon the open hearth. There was blood on his face—not much, but enough almost to still Eve's heart with terror. She knelt beside him, felt for his pulse, listened for his heart-beat. He was alive, of course, but his color, his expression, the whole lax sprawling length and bulk of him simulated death. Eve rose from her knees and stood trembling, waiting for the servant, Rogers, to appear. Surely the sound of Bedford's fall had echoed through the house?

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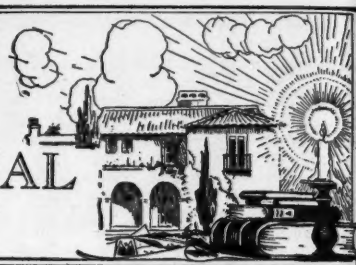
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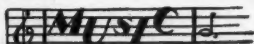
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almost craven with fear. She must arouse people, get a doctor, stay there until she knew the extent of the man's injury, face questions, offer explanations. She crossed to the bell-rope which would summon someone and pulled at it. Far away, in the servants' quarters, she heard the dim signal. She waited. No one came. She could not know that Rogers, convinced that he would not be wanted for some time, had slipped out to buy a package of cigarets. So she waited and the minutes ticked by and the prone figure did not stir.

If—if she had killed him? If she had been, unwittingly, the instrument of his death?

Every instinct in her urged toward flight. Not for her own sake but for the sake of Stephen and the boy. No one knew she was in Bedford's house save Rogers, and Rogers did not know her name or her relationship to Bedford. He would come in presently, wherever he now was, to remove the tea-things, to receive his orders.

Only a question of minutes, thought Eve frantically, before he would come, summon help. Minutes during which she might make her escape, might go home. Bedford would never tell—she knew him well enough to believe that. If he recovered—and he must recover or brand her a murderess—he would be silent.

So, shuddering, looking back, halting, hesitating, and finally slipping swiftly as a shadow through the library, through the front door of the house, she left. And never ceased, in the years that followed, to regret it. But at the time she thought of nothing save that Stephen and the child must be spared the scandal.

She was witless, bereft of her proper senses. Her mind did not work. Had she stayed, had she explained—Mr. Bedford turned dizzy and fell, striking his head—there would have been so little said. But she did not grasp that. She only knew she must get out of the house—and home.

As she turned the corner, some instinct made her look back, and she saw Rogers, hurrying, entering the basement door. She sighed deeply with relief. She had not left the injured man alone for more than three minutes.

She went home, changed to a house dress, played with her baby for a little while, and greeted Stephen when he came home.

That evening was a nightmare. Every time the telephone rang she trembled. But no word came.

Stephen was sweet to her that night. He argued, silently, from her abstraction, her sudden clinging to him, that she had repented of her decision to go to Bedford, that she was sorry they had quarreled over the matter. He was sorry, too. He was also slightly ashamed. If she wanted to work, he thought, she must be allowed her own way. He'd been narrow about it. Something of this he told her.

"Even," he ended, "even if you insist on going to see your stepfather—only I'd rather you didn't. I'd rather you found a place through other means. I'm sorry I spoke the way I did. I was on edge, I guess. Forgive me, darling—nothing really matters to me but your happiness and your peace of mind."

She kissed him—murmured something vague. He did not see the shiver which took her at his mention of Bedford.

She said, incoherently: "I'll get something. It doesn't matter. We'll manage." Then, unaccountably, she burst into tears. "Stephen, I'm so tired," she said, like a child.

He took her into the bedroom, helped her undress, comforted her with kisses and little broken words of sympathy, of affection. Long after he slept, thinking her quieted, she lay awake in the darkness and saw pictures. Bedford—advancing toward her. Bedford—retreating, hitting his head—falling, with that horrible crash—lying there, his limbs limp as a rag doll's.

Did Bedford live?

In the morning she got the paper from before the door and looked through it hastily. Not a word—not a line!

He couldn't have been so seriously injured, then. Perhaps he had come to himself, had



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explained as best he could, had shut off all inquiries, all demands, in his imperious way.

She went about her day's work with a feeling of dull relief. Stephen need never know now. Everything was all right. Except her conscience.

In the afternoon the telephone rang. She went to it and Stephen's disturbed voice reached her.

"Eve? Have you seen the papers?"

Sick with misgiving, she managed a negative. Stephen went on:

"Bedford's been hurt—robbed—the cleaning people found him this morning—unconscious. He's in the Fifth Avenue Hospital. They can't tell yet how badly he's been hurt. We don't know much as yet. The papers say very little. You'd better get in touch with his doctors."

He said more but she didn't hear him. Later she hung up and sat staring at the wall.

Hospital! Robbed! By whom?

In a flash she had the solution. Rogers! Rogers had come in, had found his master unconscious and the guest fled. He had made the most of his time, stripping Bedford of the jewelry he wore, of the large sum of cash he always carried. Rogers!

Eve put her head in her hands and shook, physically ill. She could, she should go to the police with whatever knowledge she had. It was her duty.

What would they do to her if she did? To Stephen? It would all come out—her visit to her stepfather—and—her flight.

Scandal and speculation.

She dressed, and after a long period of thought, went out and to the hospital. She was, after much red tape, permitted to see one of Bedford's nurses. The woman told her:

"He's very ill. The doctor isn't sure yet—concussion or fracture. It may be days before we know. Yes, he's unconscious, of course."

Eve had murmured her relationship to Bedford. Miss Evans said gently:

"We'll keep you informed."

She went back home. She must go to the police. But she couldn't. There was no one to advise her. How did one go about these things? Stephen came home, all his resentment against Bedford forgotten. Eve told him of her visit to the hospital. Stephen nodded.

"You must keep in touch. It's—terrifying, isn't it? To think of him—such a vital sort of creature—struck down like that. There's a flutter on the market already, and of course the office is at sixes and sevens. We heard about it before the papers came out. I was too busy. I couldn't phone you then."

He talked about it all evening. Another nightmare.

In the morning he left early, before the papers came. Eve read hers. It was all there. She need not bother to go to the police now.

Rogers had been apprehended, arrested. They had caught him trying to leave the city. Money had been found on him, and Bedford's watch. He'd confessed at once.

His master, he said, had had a lady calling on him. Rogers had served tea. Later he'd gone out, but not before he'd heard raised voices. When he'd come back he'd found Bedford on the floor by the hearth, bleeding and unconscious. He'd taken what he could and gone.

The papers speculated a little on the mystery of the woman—even the conservative papers. The others played it up in head-lines—"Who Was the Woman with Thorpe Bedford?" There was no suggestion of assault, of attempted murder. The doctors were clear on that point. He'd struck his head against the mantel, fallen, struck it again against something else—probably the andirons.

But who was the woman?

Bedford's colorful life, his success, his divorces, were all played up in the papers. And, recurrently, the strange woman. Meantime, Bedford was unconscious.

Stephen, hearing the news at the office, reading the papers later, was struck with a dreadful

misgiving. A woman had been with Bedford—a woman who, Rogers said, was "tall"—and "dark"—and "young." That woman had, according to the apprehended thief, quarreled with her host. And that woman was? ... Was she Eve?

Eve had said she would see Bedford no matter what he, Stephen, said. Had she done so?

He recalled her curious humor of that night—her abstraction, her fears, her fatigue—her apparent nervousness.

Oh, he was crazy, crazy, to entertain such a suspicion! But—it would not be silenced; it gnawed at him; drove him insane.

At the office he said shortly that he was ill—and returned home. He must ask her. Must have the truth. Eve would not lie to him.

He reached the house; let himself in. Eve was in the living-room. She had Junior in there with her, was lying with him on the couch.

Stephen's face was white. If there were no truth in his suspicions, she would hate him forever. But he must be sure.

"Tell Anna to take the baby," he said harshly.

She called Anna, and the nurse came in and took Junior away. Stephen shut all the doors. Eve had not stirred. She watched him, her face perfectly white. Only her eyes lived.

"Eve," Stephen said slowly, "the papers say—a woman was with Bedford yesterday afternoon. Were you that woman?"

She said, moving her stiff lips: "Yes."

He stood over her, an incarnate menace. She was sitting up now, her hands flat on the couch for support. She was looking at him.

"What happened?" he asked simply.

"We—quarreled," she said. "He was in a bad humor when I got there. I think now he was suffering from one of those headaches he often has—he looked wretched. But I didn't think of it then."

"Never mind that," Stephen ordered impatiently. "What did you quarrel about?"

She raised one hand and pushed back the hair from her forehead. It was a gesture he knew well—one that he often saw her use when tired or bewildered or hurt. His heart contracted, but his eyes were stern.

"What did you quarrel about?" he repeated. "Oh—I don't know—does it matter?"

He asked him to help me. He offered me a place in his own office. I don't know how we came to quarrel. But suddenly we were both angry. Mother—there were things said—"

"How did he happen to fall?"

She answered, conscious only of the relief of telling someone, not realizing how damning his words were: "We were both angry. I—struck him—across the face. He stepped back, staggered a little—hit his head—fell—"

Stephen said slowly: "You struck him. What had he said—or done?"

Too late she realized her danger. She sprang to her feet, said wildly: "Nothing! We were both angry as I told you. It doesn't matter. Oh, let me go," she cried out, "let me go!"

For he had caught her by the wrist, was holding her. Now he drew her nearer, put his hand on her shoulder, gripped it hard, forcing her to meet his eyes. She did not know him in that moment. He was out of his mind with the basest of suspicions.

"Look at me! No, I shan't let you go. What had he done?"

"Nothing," she faltered again. "Stephen, you are hurting me. I was angry, I tell you. The things he said—about my mother—I lost all control of myself. I thought—I thought absurd things—things that weren't so. I was afraid—so I struck him."

Stephen said bitterly: "Mother and daughter. I've heard things about your mother lately. I've said nothing. I didn't want to hurt you. Bedford got rid of your mother. But you? His interest in you? Eve, tell me the truth, as God is my judge I'll kill you as you stand there—what was your relation to Bedford?"

What price love and marriage? Eve wonders, deeply wounded by Stephen's dreadful accusation. And she finds the answer in Faith Baldwin's final instalment—Next Month

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